

THOROUGH GUIDES

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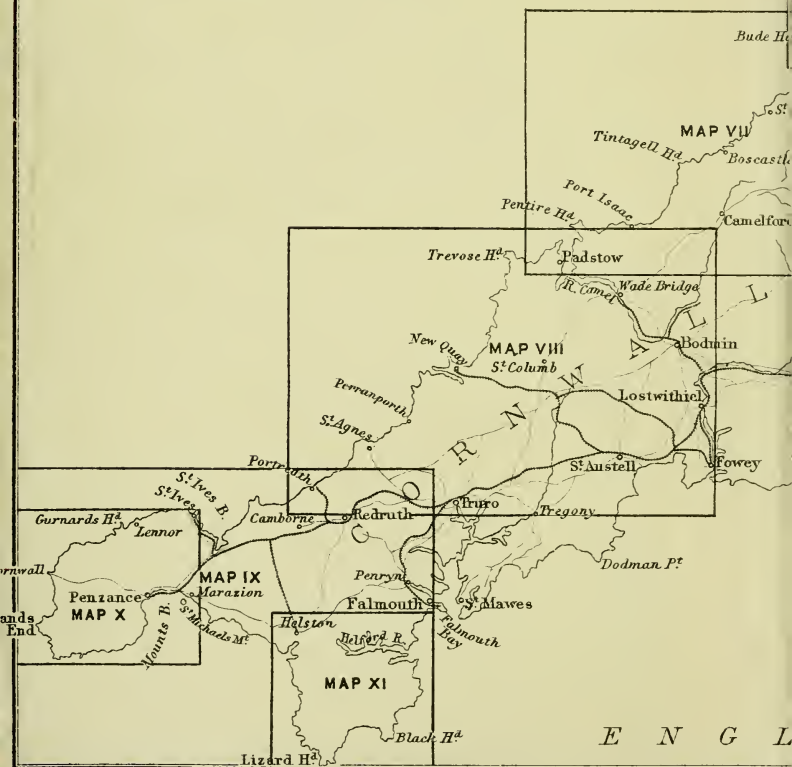
NORTH DEVON
AND
NORTH CORNWALL

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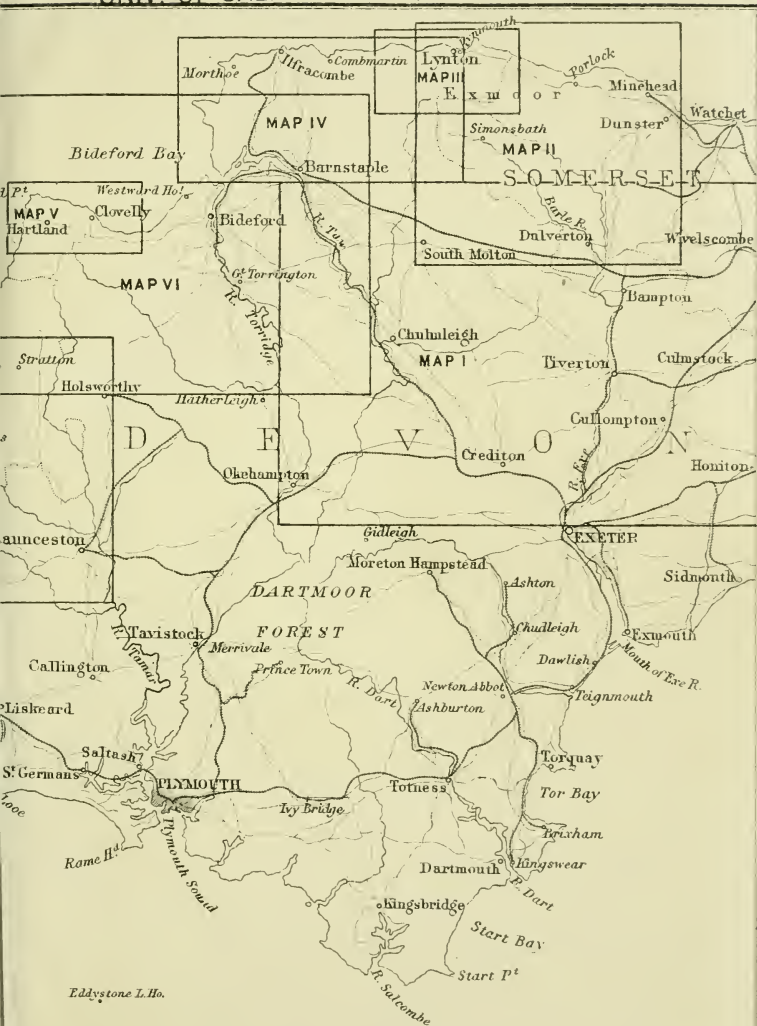
SHOWING THE MAPS IN THE GUIDE

Railways ———

Ha



E N G L



31

20

Tourist Tickets, Steamers, Coach and 'Bus Service.

Tourist Tickets.

Issued from May 1st to October 31st, available for Two Calendar Months, with arrangements for extension.

* * *There are very few alterations in these charges from year to year.*

From L O N D O N.

To	1st Cl.		2nd Cl.		3rd Cl.		Route.
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	
Barnstaple	55	0	40	0	33	0	G.W. or L. & S.W.
Bideford	55	0	40	0	33	0	L. & S.W.
Bodmin	71	3	51	0	37	6	G.W.
Bude (a)	70	0	52	0	41	3	L. & S.W.
Bude and Ilf'combe Circular)	85	0	62	0	53	0	L. & S.W.
Camelford (for Tintagel and Boscastle) b	70	0	54	0	40	0	L. & S.W.
Exeter	55	0	40	0	27	0	G.W. or L. & S.W.
Helston	80	0	55	0	44	0	
Ilfracombe (b)	60	0	43	0	35	0	G.W. or L. & S.W.
Launceston	62	6	45	6	36	0	L. & S.W.
Lidford	59	0	43	0	34	0	L. & S.W.
Lynmouth } (d or e)	60	0	45	0	38	0	{ G.W., or L. & S.W.
Lynton							
Minehead	59	0	45	0	27	0	G.W.
New Quay	77	6	55	0	40	6	G.W.
North Devon (Circular) (j)	65	0	50	0	43	0	G.W.
Okehampton	55	0	40	0	32	10	L. & S.W.
Padstow (b)	77	6	55	0	41	0	L. & S.W.
Penzance	80	0	55	0	44	0	G.W.
St. Ives	80	0	55	0	44	0	G.W.
Scilly Isles	90	6	62	6	51	6	G.W.
Torrington	56	6	41	0	34	0	L. & S.W.
Truro	77	6	55	0	40	6	G.W.
Wade Bridge (for Polseath) b	74	0	54	0	40	6	L. & S.W.
Westward Ho! ...	57	0	42	0	35	0	L. & S.W.

(a) Rail to Exeter and Holsworthy; thence Coach.

(b) Rail to Launceston; thence Coach.

(d) Rail to Barnstaple; thence Coach.

(e) Rail to Minehead; thence Coach.

(f) Rail to Minehead; Coach to Lynton and Ilfracombe; rail to Barnstaple, and London, or vice versa.

TOURIST TICKETS.

N.B.—Tourist Tickets are also issued from most towns to the other places named in the previous page.

To		MINEHEAD.						LYNTON <i>via</i> MINEHEAD.						ILFRACOMBE <i>via</i> BARNSTAPLE.					
		1 Cl.		2 Cl.		3 Cl.		1 Cl.		2 Cl.		3 Cl.		1 Cl.		2 Cl.		3 Cl.	
		s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Bath	...	27	6	20	9	12	0	38	6	31	9	23	0	36	6	26	6	17	0
Birmingham	...	48	5	40	3	24	0	59	5	51	3	35	0	59	4	46	0	28	6
Bradford	...	79	6	—	—	39	6	—	—	—	—	—	—	90	8	68	0	46	6
Brighton (<i>via</i> Havant)	...	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	75	10	53	6	37	2
Bristol	...	23	6	18	0	10	6	34	6	29	0	21	6	34	8	25	6	15	0
Cambridge	...	67	9	—	—	32	0	—	—	—	—	—	—	75	10	56	4	37	2
Cardiff	...	34	6	26	3	17	0	45	6	37	3	28	0	45	8	34	2	21	6
Cheltenham	...	36	6	26	6	16	6	47	6	37	6	27	6	46	4	33	4	21	0
Derby	...	59	6	—	—	29	6	—	—	—	—	—	—	70	8	53	0	36	6
Hull	...	85	2	64	0	43	0	—	—	—	—	—	—	96	4	72	6	49	6
Leamington	...	48	5	40	3	24	0	59	5	51	3	35	0	59	4	46	0	28	6
Leeds	...	79	0	—	—	39	6	—	—	—	—	—	—	90	2	67	9	46	6
Leicester	...	58	8	—	—	28	0	—	—	—	—	—	—	69	8	52	6	35	0
Liverpool	...	72	8	56	9	34	6	83	8	67	9	45	0	83	10	64	10	39	0
Manchester	...	71	8	58	6	34	0	82	8	69	6	45	0	81	9	62	6	38	9
Newcastle-on-Tyne	...	102	10	78	0	53	0	—	—	—	—	—	—	114	0	88	3	60	9
Norwich	...	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	91	10	68	6	47	0
Nottingham	...	63	0	—	—	31	0	—	—	—	—	—	—	74	2	55	6	38	0
Oxford	...	46	6	35	9	21	6	57	6	46	9	32	6	57	9	43	9	26	0
Portsmouth	...	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	55	0	40	0	31	0
Reading	...	49	0	37	3	22	6	60	0	45	0	33	6	60	0	43	0	27	0
Sheffield	...	69	4	—	—	35	0	—	—	—	—	—	—	80	6	60	9	42	0
Swansea	...	49	6	37	6	23	6	60	6	48	6	34	6	60	8	45	6	28	6
York	...	80	4	60	9	40	10	—	—	—	—	—	—	91	6	69	9	49	0

TOURIST TICKETS—(Continued.)

To	Barnstaple or (*) see above.			Bude via Holsworthy.			New Quay or Truro.			St. Ives or Penzance.		
	1 Cl.		2 Cl.		3 Cl.		1 Cl.		2 Cl.		3 Cl.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Bath ..	*31	6	*23	6	*15	0	68	3	48	3
Birmingham	54	4	43	0	26	6	75	4	89	9	65	0
Bradford ..	85	8	65	0	44	6	106	9	121	0	89	0
Brighton (<i>via</i> Havant)	71	0	50	6	35	9
Bristol ..	29	8	22	6	13	0	66	0	47	9
Cambridge	70	10	53	4	35	2	94	6	93	4	68	4
Cardiff ..	40	8	31	2	19	6	76	1	53	3
Cheltenham	41	4	30	4	19	0	62	3	76	9	58	6
Derby ..	65	8	50	0	34	6	86	8	101	1	76	2
Hull ...	91	4	69	6	47	6	126	7	92	0
Leamington	54	4	43	0	26	6	89	9	65	0
Leeds ..	85	2	64	9	44	6	106	3	120	7	88	0
Leicester ..	64	8	49	6	33	0	85	10	100	1	72	4
Liverpool ..	78	10	61	10	37	0	99	10	114	3	86	3
Manchester	76	9	59	6	36	9	100	3	113	3	83	9
Newcastle-on-Tyne	109	0	85	3	58	9	145	4	110	0
Norwich ..	86	10	65	6	45	0	109	4	80	6
Nottingham	69	2	52	6	36	0	90	2	104	7	83	0
Oxford ..	52	9	40	9	24	0	88	0	65	0
Portsmouth	55	0	40	0	28	9	61	9
Reading ..	55	0	40	0	25	0	77	6	54	0
Sheffield ..	75	6	57	9	40	0	96	6	110	11	90	10
Swansea ..	55	8	42	6	26	6	91	1	66	5
York ..	86	6	66	9	47	0	122	10	89	0

Also :—Circular Tour (G.W.R.), Rail to Minehead, coach to Lynton, and Ilfracombe; rail to Barnstaple, and Taunton, or *vice versa*.

Also, at proportionate rates, to all places named in the list from London on p. 1.

Steamers, &c.

I.—London, Portsmouth, Southampton, Plymouth and Falmouth.

The *British and Irish Co.*'s steamers from Miller's Wharf, Lower East Smithfield, London.

London to Plymouth (36 hrs., 15s., 11s., 7s.); to **Falmouth** (41 hrs., 20s., 15s., 10s.). Sun., Wed., 10 a.m.

Portsmouth to Plymouth (19 hrs., 13s., 10s., 6s.); to **Falmouth** (25 hrs., 18s., 14s., 9s.). Mon. Th., 8 a.m.

Southampton to Plymouth (17 hrs., 13s., 10s., 6s.); to **Falmouth** (23 hrs., 18s., 14s., 9s.). Mon., Th., 2 p.m.

Dublin (Northwall) to **Falmouth** (24 hrs.) and **Plymouth** (29 hrs., 22s. 6d., 16s. 6d., 10s. 6d.) Wed. and Sat. afternoons.

Return Tickets (two months), 1st and 2nd cabin at a fare and a half. *Return Steamers* leave Falmouth 8 a.m., Plymouth 6 p.m. on Mon. and Fri.

The *London and Liverpool Co.*'s steamers from Regent's Canal Dock, London on Sat., call at Plymouth and Falmouth.

The *City of Cork Co.*'s steamers from Miller's Wharf, London, on Th., 10 a.m.; from Cork on Saturday afternoon, call at Plymouth. Fares from London as above, but no 2nd cabin; from Cork 20s., 10s. 6d.

II.—**Swansea and Ilfracombe** (Fares: 6s., 4s.); *Ret.* (1 month) 8s., 6s. (*see Bradshaw*).

III.—**Penzance and Scilly Isles**, Fares, *Single* 7s., 5s. *Ret.* (same day or Sat. to Mon.) 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d.; on week days leaves Penzance daily (during fishing season) till the end of June; afterwards in the forenoon of Tu., Th., Sat.; returning M., W., F. mornings.

IV.—**Lundy Island**, Mail Skiff from Instow Quay (3 hrs.), alternate Thursdays. Fare, *Single* 5s., *Ret.* 7s. 6d. Apply to Capt. Dark, Instow, R.S.O., N. Devon.

Excursion Steamers run occasionally from Ilfracombe, either direct or *viâ* Clovelly.

N.B.—The *Portishead* service to *Lynmouth* and *Ilfracombe* is suspended.

Coach and Omnibus Services.

(Weekdays only, except certain mail carts.)

Barnstaple to Lynton (5s.) 3.40 (and 4.50 p.m. weekdays in summer).

Bideford to Clovelly (11 m., 1½ hrs., 3s.), and **Hartland** (14 m., 2½ hrs., 3s.), Mail-break (*see Guide p. 65*).

Clovelly Cross (10 m.), and **Bude** (26 m., 4½ hrs., 8s.), Tu. Th. Sat. afternoon, after arrival of 9 a.m. train from Waterloo.

- Bideford to Westward Ho!** (2½ m., 1s.) From Station 11.40 a.m., 2.0, 4.0, and 5.10 p.m. Mail-break (6d.) from Allaland St., morning and afternoon.
- Bodmin to Camelford** (3s.), and **Bosccastle** (5s.) weekdays 6.20 a.m. *A 'Bus connects down night-mail at Bodmin Road with this Coach at Bodmin.*
- " " **Wadebridge** (1s.), and **Padstow** (2s. 6d.) weekdays 6.20, 10.0 a.m. (to Wadebridge only), 1.40, 6.45 p.m. *A 'Bus connects down night-mail at Bodmin Road with the 6.20 a.m. Coach at Bodmin.*
- Bosccastle to Bude** (16 m., 6s.), Tu., Th., Sat. afternoon.
- " " **Camelford** (2s.), and **Bodmin** (5s.), weekdays 8. a.m.; 3.5 p.m. (mail), Sundays also.
- " " " " " " and **New Quay**, M., W., F. aftern.
- Bude to Bosccastle** (6s.), **Camelford** (9s. 6d.), and **New Quay** (16s.), M., W., F.
- " " **Clovelly** (6s.), and **Bideford** (8s.), M., W., F. morn.
- " " " " " " *N.B.—A conveyance included in coach fare meets this coach at Clovelly Cross for Clovelly.*
- " " **Holsworthy** (2s. 6d.), 8.45 and 10.5 a.m.
- Cadgwith to Helston** (1s.), W., Sat. morning.
- Camelford to Bosccastle** (2s.), weekdays 8.30 a.m.
- " " **Bosccastle and Bude**, Tu., Th., Sat., abt. 11.30 a.m.
- " " **Wadebridge and New Quay**, 6.40 p.m. weekdays for Wadebridge; M., W., F., to end of Sept., for New Quay.
- Clovelly to Bideford** (3s.), Mail-break 4.40 p.m., also M., W., F. (*see Bude to Bideford*).
- " " **Bude** (*see Bideford to Bude*).
- Hartland to Clovelly** (1s.) and **Bideford** (3s.), Mail-break 4 p.m.
- Helston to Cadgwith** (1s.), W., Sat. afternoon.
- " " **Lizard** (2s.), 4.0 p.m. (M., W.); 4.0 and 7.0 p.m. (Sat.). This is June service. Hitherto every weekday in Aug., Sept.
- Holsworthy to Bude** (2s. 6d.), abt. 3.50 and 5.15 p.m. The first in summer only.
- Ilfracombe to Lynton** (5s., *Ret.* 7s.), 9.15 a.m. and (Aug., Sept.) 3.30 p.m. Coaches cease running Oct. 20.
- Land's End to Penzance** (2s.), 2.0 and 3.45 p.m.
- Launceston to Bude** direct (5s. inside, 4s. outside), Tu., Th., Sat. 1.20 p.m.
- " " **Victoria** (for Bosccastle), **Camelford** (3s.), **Wadebridge** (6s. 6d.), [connecting M., W., F. with **New Quay** (10s. 6d.)] from Launceston L. & S. W. R. 4.15 p.m.
- Lizard to Helston** (2s.), 9.30 a.m. (M., W.); 9.30, 12.0 noon (Sat.). This is June service. Hitherto every weekday in Aug., Sept.

- Lynton to Barnstaple** (5s.), 8 a.m. (and 12 noon, weekdays in summer).
- „ „ **Ilfracombe** (5s.), 9.30 a.m. (from end of July) and 5.0 p.m.
- Lynton to Porlock and Minehead** (6s. 6d.), weekdays 8.0 a.m., 4.30 p.m. The 4.30 on M., W., F. only till July 20. After that daily till Sept. 29. Coaches cease running on Oct. 20.
- Minehead to Porlock** (2s. 6d.), and **Lynton** (6s. 6d.) 9.45 a.m., 3.25 p.m. The 9.45 a.m. on M., W., F. only till July 20. After that daily till Sept. 29. Coaches cease running on Oct. 20.
- New Quay to St. Columb** (2s.), **Wadebridge** (4s.), **Camelford** (7s. 6d.), **Launceston** (10s. 6d.), 7.30 a.m. on Tu., Th., Sat. from New Quay; every weekday from Wadebridge at 9.50 a.m., in connection with 1.50 p.m. train from Launceston (L. & S.W. R.).
- „ „ **Truro**, M., W., F., 8 a.m., returning same days.
- Padstow to Wadebridge** (1s.) and **Bodmin** (2s. 6d.), 5.30, 8.30 a.m., 3.45 p.m.
- Penzance to Land's End** *viâ* **Logan** (2s.), 8.30 and 9.0 a.m.
- „ „ **S. Just**, several times a day.
- Porlock to Lynton** (*see* "Minehead"); to **Minehead** (*see* "Lynton").
- Wadebridge to Bodmin** (1s.), 7.0, 10.0 a.m., 1.45, 5.5 p.m.
- „ „ **New Quay and Launceston** (*see* those places).
- „ „ **Padstow** (1s. 6d.), 7.30, 11.15 a.m.; 3.0, 8.0 p.m.
- Westward Ho! to Bideford Station** (1s.), 9.35 a.m., 2.0 and 7.0 p.m. Mail to Post Office (6d.) morn. and even.

NORTH DEVON

AND

NORTH CORNWALL.

Thorough Guide Series.

Edited by M. J. B. BADDELEY, B.A., and C. S. WARD, M.A.

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NORTH DEVON

[INCLUDING WEST SOMERSET]

AND

NORTH CORNWALL

FROM EXMOOR TO THE SCILLY ISLES

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF

THE VARIOUS APPROACHES

BY

C. S. WARD, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "SOUTH DEVON AND SOUTH CORNWALL," ETC.

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By J. BARTHOLOMEW, F.R.G.S.

FOURTH EDITION.

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For manhood to enjoy his strength ;
And age to wear away in !"

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MAP INDEX.

* * The revised 1-inch Ordnance Survey has thus far only been published for the extreme west of our district. The two last maps on our list have been reduced from it. In West Somerset and North Devon the issue of 1809 is not only, as might be expected, out of date, but in parts misrepresents the physical features of the country. To give an instance or two—the road from Lynmouth to Watersmeet, &c., and that from Combe Martin to Ilfracombe by the coast, are omitted, and the valleys of the Chalk Water and the Weir Water, two of the deepest combes of Exmoor, are not recognised at all, but instead a nameless stream is placed about midway between their proper positions. The head of the Exe is put 3 miles from its actual place; many combes are omitted altogether, and the shading of the hills is pure fancy-work.

We have endeavoured to correct such portions as affect the routes described in this book, but must still ask the indulgence of the public for our amateur survey. It at any rate portrays some features that hitherto have been ignored by mapmakers.

As a rule the maps are inserted so as to face the portions of the volume they illustrate.

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Introduction.

The district described in this volume extends from West Somerset along the north coast of Devon and Cornwall to the Scilly Islands. Instead of treating Devon and Cornwall in two volumes, each limited to a county, it has been considered as more likely to suit the convenience of tourists to have a separate guide to each of the sea-boards. The pleasure resorts of both counties are mainly along their coasts, and in the case of Cornwall wholly so. A visit to either North or South Devon may obviously lead the traveller to cross the Cornish border, whereas there are comparatively few tourists who during a single holiday visit both coasts of so broad a shire as Devon. The reason that has led us thus to divide our work has also limited the breadth of the district treated in detail. This has, with the exception of Exmoor, been confined to such portions of the two counties as fall within an easy walk from the coast. In the case of Cornwall the breadth of its western part is so small that the whole of it is equally accessible from either shore, and accordingly we have included the Land's End, the Lizard, and the Scilly Isles in our itinerary. The eastern side of the Lizard promontory we have treated briefly and for details must refer the tourist to our *South Devon and South Cornwall*. Under the head of "approaches" will be found hints to the pedestrian who desires to commence his walk at such inland points as Dulverton, South Molton, or Launceston, and from stations on the beautiful Exe Valley line.

The Scenery. Extending, as our limits do, along a coast-line of some hundred and fifty miles as the bird flies, they embrace a great diversity of scenery. That portion of West Somerset and North Devon with which we are concerned is a country of deep wooded combes and glens and bright trout-streams, and the thirty odd miles from Minehead, by Lynton, to Ilfracombe are at least equal in beauty to any like distance in Great Britain. On the one hand is a coast-line singularly rich in colouring and varied

in outline, and on the other for many miles the high rolling hills of Exmoor. Exmoor itself is wild and desolate. Speaking generally, its central parts are also uninteresting, but, in spite of the absence of beauty of detail, a walk or drive across it from Porlock, or Lynton, to South Molton, or from Lynton to Dulverton will be enjoyed by those who can appreciate a breezy moorland intersected by deep, occasionally well wooded and always stream-gladdened combes. Its outskirts are on all sides delightful, and the views to be had from such points as Porlock Hill, Dunkery Beacon and Ridge Head are not only wide but very beautiful.

The last named height is climbed by the road between Simonsbath and South Molton, and from it the prospect, especially in autumn, across Central Devon to Dartmoor is one that well repays the trouble of even a special excursion to get sight of it:

“Rivers that gleam, the red decay
Of woods upon their russet floors;
Highlands and hills that, far away,
Rise blue and quiet from the moors;
Slopes red with fallows, green with leas,
Lands roll'd and slanted; field and flood;
White halls and, over villages,
Towers, here and there, of God.”

Exmoor is the home of the Red deer which still roam wild over it. They are most abundant in the woods and combes about Dunkery Beacon, but the Badgworthy valley and especially the Doone valley are as likely spots as any for a sight of them by those who do not join in their pursuit.

About Barnstaple and Bideford the valleys of the Taw and Torridge abound in river scenes of rich and quiet beauty, and then, as we near Clovelly, we get the charms of an abrupt coast, clothed with woodland to the verge of the cliffs. Westward of this, wood is comparatively scarce, and interest and beauty are mainly limited to the iron-bound coast—but to such a coast as amply compensates for the lack of inland picturesqueness. It must not, however, be supposed that the northern sea-board of Cornwall has no gentler prospects than that of its tempest-weathered rocks and precipices. The pedestrian who follows its coast-line will in every few miles come across “mouths” and “porths” that form the openings seaward of as delightful “bottoms” as the pilgrim need require to tempt him to delay his onward course. As far as New Quay and for a few miles beyond it, there is no portion of the

shore-line that from a scenic point of view is unremunerative and the greater part of it is of a high order. A few miles West of New Quay are Perran sand-dunes, but from Perranporth it is a fine coast-walk to Gwithian, on St. Ives Bay which under favourable skies is one of the most beautiful around our shores.

The Land's End district and that of the Lizard are, with slight exceptions, in common with Cornwall as a whole, devoid of picturesque *inland* scenes but possess a coast-line generally beautiful and often sublime. Of mountains it cannot be said that either Devon or Cornwall contains any, but such granite districts as are included in our survey, namely the Bodmin Moors—culminating in Brown Willy and Row-Tor—and the neighbourhood of the Land's End, rise into hills of considerable elevation and not unfrequently of rugged and picturesque outline. It seemed necessary to include in this volume a description of the ascent of Brown Willy and its neighbour, because there are among tourists some who are not content until they have stood a few feet higher than their fellows, but these hills, finely shaped as they appear from the routes that skirt them, are incapable of yielding satisfaction to those whose object is to gain a fine prospect. Nothing can be imagined more dreary than the view they afford, and the way to their summits necessitates some dexterity to avoid the disagreeables of boggy ground.

The Luxulion Valley (*p.* 106) is as beautiful, as it is geologically interesting.

Accommodation. Those who desire to make some one point their head-quarters have an abundant choice. *Minchhead, Porlock, Lynton, or Lynmouth, Ilfracombe, Clovelly, Bude, Boscastle, Tintagel, New Quay, St. Ives, Penzance*, all offer fair, and some of them excellent, accommodation to visitors; and in the vicinity of each of them will be found abundant excursions and rambles to fill up pleasantly the few weeks that constitute the summer holiday. The Hotels are, generally speaking, good, and fairly moderate in their charges, and at the places above-named, which are printed in italics, there are plenty of lodging-houses. The pedestrian, content with sound but simple treatment at a modest price, will appreciate the inns to be found in the East Lyn valley, and at Hartland, Mawgan, Padstow, Perran Porth, and Portreath. Along the north coast from St. Ives to St. Just there is but primitive sleeping accommodation, but plenty of wayside houses at which to refresh, while at the

latter place the "Commercial" is an unpretending but very fair resting-place. At Sennen, the "First and Last" is of the same character, and at the Land's End there is an hotel.

Fishing. This is confined, as regards fresh water, to the North Devon district, for, with the exception of the Camel, between Camelford and Wadebridge, and the two brooks that enter the sea at Mawgan Porth and St. Colomb Porth, near New Quay, North Cornwall has none to boast. The Taw and Torridge, and the Lyns all yield good sport, but the angling waters of the first-named stream do not fall within the limits we have prescribed to this book. For the Torridge, Torrington offers good head-quarters, and for the Lyns, Lynmouth and Brendon. For sea-fishing Minehead, Lynmouth, Clovelly, New Quay, St. Ives, and Penzance are the most convenient stations.

Climate. The climate of North Devon and North Cornwall is not, as is often supposed, relaxing. On the contrary, in many parts it is distinctly bracing. The winters are as a whole less cold, and the summers less hot than in the central and south-east parts of England. The rainfall varies from 35in. to 45in. per annum, but this, though much more than the average of the Home counties for instance, must not lead the intending visitor to expect any serious inconvenience during the spring or summer from wet weather. When, for example, it rains on Exmoor it rains in earnest, and after that perhaps for some weeks the weather is unbroken. Even in those seasons that are showery there is the compensating advantage of seeing the green and ferny combes and glens at their very best.

Devonshire should certainly be visited during the interval from May to October as its beauties are largely those of wood and fern. North Cornwall on the other hand, even in winter, retains its characteristic attractions unimpaired.

Concluding Remarks. We have purposely abstained in these pages from geological or botanical details. The fern collector will as naturally arm himself with one of the portable volumes which deal with the objects of his search as with a trowel (in the use of which we implore him to observe moderation) for their uprooting. Of objects of archæological or antiquarian interest the district treated of has few, until we reach its western limits. Amongst the most noteworthy are Tintagel and Launceston Castles; St. Michael's Mount; the old oratories of St. Piran and Gwi-

thian, recovered from the sand, the frequent "cliff castles" on the Cornish coast, and the numerous cromlechs, hill forts and stone circles within reach of Penzance. The pedestrian will find himself little hampered by notices that "trespassers will be prosecuted," and with hardly an exception the sights to be seen are free from "lock and key." The natives of both counties we have always found civil and obliging. We have endeavoured as far as possible to anticipate the inquiries of the tourist as to "the way" and "the distance." Opened up as Devon and Cornwall now are by two great railway companies, it need scarcely be said that local peculiarities are fast disappearing, but many an out-of-the-world spot yet remains, especially in the north of both counties, and the people still retain much of their folklore and superstition as well as their simple habits. The tourist who wanders out of beaten tracks may still, if belated, find a farm-house welcome, and chance to sup on "squab-pie," and break his fast next morning on "white pot." "Junket," and "clouted cream," are in such homes (which in accommodation are primitive enough) reserved for festivals or for "the quality," should a visit be expected. But we can spare them for once in a way, even in Devonshire, for do not

Mutton, onions, apple and dough,
Make as good pie as any I know?

N.B.—The distances given in walks along the coast, or in rambles, otherwise than on roads or good paths, are only approximate. They have been estimated by time (say 3 miles an hour), and, where practicable, by pedometer. We have endeavoured not to understate the distances in such cases.

. For this edition most of the routes have been again travelled by the author and a good deal of the book rewritten. Some routes have been added, and the number of maps increased.

To the many travellers who have kindly made suggestions, founded on experience, for the improvement of the volume, we are much indebted and we hope for similar communications in the future. As far as possible all matter liable to alteration has been brought up to date.—
Feb 1888.

APPROACHES.

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**** For particulars of Tourist Tickets, Coaches, and Steamers see our Yellow Sheet, issued annually early in the summer, and to be had (post free 2½d.) on application to DULU & Co., 37, Soho Square, London, W.**

The district of which we write is served by some of the best and fastest train services in the kingdom, both from London and from the central and northern counties. The best points for beginning a tour are:— Minehead (for Lynton and Lynmouth); Barnstaple (for Lynton and Lynmouth); Ilfracombe; Bideford (for Clovelly and North Cornwall), and Holsworthy, for North Cornwall only. Those who wish to visit the western part of Cornwall only, commencing at Boscastle or Tintagel, may with advantage take train to Launceston. Appended is a summary of the distances and time occupied on the journey from London, and (as a focus of the central counties) Birmingham :

		m.	hrs. (approx.)
London (Paddington) to	Minehead	188	6
" "	Barnstaple . . .	208	5¾*
" "	Ilfracombe. . . .	224	7*
" (Waterloo)	Barnstaple . . .	211	5¾
" "	Ilfracombe. . . .	226	6½
" "	Bideford	220	6
" "	Holsworthy . . .	217	6¼
" "	Launceston . . .	234	6½
Birmingham (Midland) to	Minehead	162	5 †
" "	Barnstaple . . .	182	5¾†
" "	Ilfracombe . . .	198	7½†
" "	Holsworthy . . .	215	8½
" "	Launceston . . .	221	8¾†

To New Quay (Cornwall) there is a choice of routes, either by G.W.R. *viâ* Par, or by coach from Launceston, Bude, or Bideford.

All S.W. trains are 3rd class, and all G.W., except the 11.45 a.m. and 3 p.m. from Paddington and the two corresponding up-trains.

* 1st and 2nd only London to Taunton; 3rd throughout. Barnstaple, 6½ hrs., Ilfracombe, 7¼ hrs. N.B.—G.W.R. passengers now go through to Ilfracombe by rail all the way.

† 1st and 2nd only between Bristol and Taunton; 3rd class all the way, Minehead, 6¼, Barnstaple, 6½, Ilfracombe, 7½ hrs. ‡ *Via* Templecombe, 247 m.

London (Paddington) to Minehead or Barnstaple and Ilfracombe by the Great Western Railway.

London to Swindon, 77 m.; Bath, 107 m.; Bristol, 118½ m.; Taunton, 163½ m.; Minehead, 188 m.; Dulverton, 184½ m.; South Molton, 198 m.; Barnstaple, 208 m.; Ilfracombe, 224 m.

The best scenery on the Great Western line between London and Bristol is that along the Thames Valley between Slough and Reading, and along the Avon and its tributaries from the Box tunnel to Bristol, a distance of 18 miles. Near **Slough** (18½ m.), Windsor Castle comes into view on the left. There is a particularly pleasing stretch of river-scenery where the line crosses the Thames at **Maidenhead** (24 m.). Very pretty views of the Thames valley are also obtained to the north of the line near **Reading** [36 m.; *Ref. Rm.*; Hotels: *Great Western, Eastern* (Temp.), both close to the stations (G.W., S.W. and S.E.R.)], between which town and Swindon we get a pretty view of the Thames, right, at *Pangbourne* (41½ m.; *Elephant and Castle*), and then pass no object of greater natural interest than the undulating chalk downs of Berkshire and Wilts. At **Swindon** (77 m.; *Ref. Rms.*) trains stop ten minutes, except the 9 a.m. from Paddington.

The 77 miles between London and Swindon are travelled by the two 1st and 2nd class express trains in each direction in 1 hr. 27 min., or at an average speed of fully 53 miles an hour, a rate only equalled by one or two expresses of the G.N.R.

At **Chippenham** (94 m.) we cross the Avon, and 5 miles further enter the *Box tunnel* (22 m. beyond Swindon; 1¾ m. long). Hence to within a mile of Bristol we thread a narrow valley, flanked by graceful slopes abundantly wooded. A third of the way down, after re-entering the valley of the Avon between *Box* (102 m.) and *Bathampton* (104½ m.), just where the river issues from the beautiful Warleigh valley on the left hand, we reach **Bath**, (107 m.; *Ref. Rm.*; Hotels: *Grand Pump Room, York House, White Lion*), the terraces and crescents of which Palladian city are seen to very fair advantage from the railway on both sides of the station.

Between Bath and Bristol the railway, running parallel for some distance with the road, the river, and the Bath extension of the Midland system, affords a succession of very pleasing views, especially in the neighbourhood of Kelston Park, on the right, where the beautifully timbered lower slopes of Lansdown descend to the river-side. Then, after quitting the river for a while, between *Saltford* (111 m.) and *Keynsham* (114 m.), we rejoin it in a narrow ravine, of which very pretty glimpses are obtained from the short intervals between a succession of tunnels which mark the approach to **Bristol** (118½ m.). *For continuation of rail to Taunton, see p. 4.*

Bristol.

Rail. Refr. Rms. Hotels: *George*, opposite station; *Royal Talbot*, $\frac{1}{2}$ m. from sta., in Victoria St., on tram-route to the centre of the city; *Royal*, 1 m. from Sta., in College Green, close to Cathedral, also on tram-route.

Cabs: 1s. first mile, 6d. per $\frac{1}{2}$ m. addit.; 2s. 6d. first hour, 6d. per $\frac{1}{4}$ hr. addit.

The old city of Bristol, at one time second to London only in importance, is far away from the district described in this book, but as travellers, especially third-class by the "West of England" expresses of the Midland Company from the north, may choose to break their journey there, a brief notice of the chief objects of interest is given below.

These are the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, the Cathedral, and the Clifton Suspension Bridge. **St. Mary Redcliffe** is reached (6 min. from Sta.) by turning to the left from the railway bridge, which crosses the main street close to the station, into Pile St. It is one of the most beautiful parish-churches in England and was rebuilt between the latter part of the 14th and the first half of the 15th cent. by two mayors, father and son, whose tombs are in the S. aisle of the nave and the S. transept. The style is rich, Perpendicular, and the modern restoration has been admirably effected. The *reredos* and *Lady Chapel* are especially noticeable and, of the exterior, the modern *spire* (285 ft.) and the *N. porch*.

The **Cathedral**, a mile from the Station, is reached (tram-route) by Victoria St. and Bristol Bridge. When over the latter turn, left, along Baldwin St. to the Draw Bridge and beyond that left again, following the tram-line to College Green. The present building is mainly Decorated (nave rebuilt in 1868), but the *Chapter House* is late Norman; the *Elder Lady Chapel*, Early English; the *Cloisters* and *Tower*, Perpendicular. Notice the E. window of Choir. Bp. Butler (d. 1752), of the *Analogy*, is buried in the Choir.

To the W. of the Cathedral is **College Gate**, Norman, part of the original abbey.

The **Clifton Suspension Bridge** is two miles from the station and one mile beyond the Cathedral, and the pleasantest way to it is up the steep hill called Park-street, which connects Bristol and Clifton. In returning, tram-cars running along the low-level of the river are available.

Bristol to Taunton.—Issuing from Bristol and its suburb Bedminster, we obtain almost at once, on the right, a distant view of the Suspension Bridge. Nothing further of interest is encountered till we reach *Yatton* ($130\frac{1}{2}$ m.), where the branch to Clevedon (*Royal, Rock*) diverges on the right, and that to Cheddar and Wells on the left. The Mendip Hills now come into view on the latter side, and four miles further we pass almost within a stone's throw of the popular watering-place **Weston-super-Mare** (*Royal, Imperial*), the town spreading over the plain south of Worle Down. (Its station is on a loop-line.) South of it Brean Down projects far into the sea, continued at a few miles' interval by the singular rock-girdled islet called the Steep Holm. The sea itself is not in sight.

As we proceed, if the day be clear, a sudden break in the line of the Mendips is noticeable far away to the left. This marks the position of the famous Cheddar cliffs, the loftiest abrupt face of limestone rock in the kingdom. Then we continue over the wide alluvial strath of the Parrot for several miles, the only variation from the dead level being produced by Brent Knoll, which rises green and isolated close at hand on the left. Beneath it is East Brent, the benefice of Archdeacon Denison. At *Highbridge Station* ($145\frac{1}{2}$ m.) we cross the Somerset and Dorset railway, on its way from the dull watering-place of Burnham, which is only a mile or so west of our route. Then after passing *Bridgwater* (152 m.) the Quantock Hills relieve the monotony of the scene on the same side, coming nearer and nearer to us as we approach **Taunton** ($163\frac{1}{2}$ m.; *Ref. Rms.* Hotels: *London, Castle*; *Railway*, opposite Sta.). At Taunton station, if bound for Minehead, we change carriages (through carriages to Ilfracombe by certain trains), and, time permitting, the well-built town is worth a visit. The tower of *St. Mary's Church* is one of the finest in Somersetshire, and that of *St. James* is also good. In the *Castle* (11th to 15th cent.) is the Archæological Museum (adm. 2d.).

Taunton to Minehead, $24\frac{1}{2}$ m. Quitting the main line of railway at *Norton Fitzwarren*, 2 miles beyond Taunton, the Minehead branch enters the rich and beautiful vale which lies between the Quantock hills on the east, and the Brendon hills, an eastern extension of Exmoor, on the west. *Bishop's Lydeard* (5 m.) has a noticeable Perpendicular church. Beyond it and *Crowcombe Heathfield* (9 m.) we pass on the left *Stogumber* (11 m.), a village given to the production of "hygienic ales." Then come *Williton* (15 m.) and the straggling but not unpicturesque little seaport of **Watchet** (17 m. Hotel: *West Somerset*), formerly the terminus of the line. *St. Decuman's Church* is seen high up on the hill-side. After skirting the shore with its alabaster deposits, for a little distance, the line sweeps inland to Washford (19 m.; *Inn*), the station for the interesting Cistercian ruin, *Cleeve Abbey* (p. 24), $\frac{1}{4}$ m. south of the line, but out of sight.

From Watchet by Washford a mineral line, 6 or 7 miles in length, runs up into the Brendon Hills to *Combe Row*, and affords a picturesque approach to the country south of Dunster, &c., see p. 26.

From Washford the rail again turns seaward to the little watering-place **Blue Anchor** (21 m.), of which a pleasantly situated *inn* is the main feature. On the left of the line we now catch sight of the majestic pile of Dunster Castle (p. 25), and beyond it the tower on Conegar Hill (p. 24). The view of

these from the line as we approach **Dunster** (23 m.; p. 24) is particularly fine, and behind them and their encircling woods rise the eastern heights of Exmoor, with Dunkery Beacon to the west. Between the rail and the sea stretches a rich tract of meadow land, and in 2 m. further the terminus of the branch is reached at **Minehead** (p. 23) close to the shore. *For Coach to Lynton, see p. 27.*

Taunton to Barnstaple, &c. *Taunton to Dulverton, 21 m.; South Molton, 34 m.; Barnstaple, 44½ m.*

— *Dulverton Station (by road) to Tor Steps, 5½ m.; Simonsbath, 14½ m.; Lynton, 24½ m.*

— *South Molton (by road) to North Molton, 3½ m.; Simonsbath, 10 m.; Lynton, 20 m.*

This branch, the Devon and Somerset, leaves the main line at the same point as the Minehead branch, *Norton Fitzwarren*, and a few miles further reaches the southern slopes of Exmoor, which it skirts nearly all the rest of the way to Barnstaple, without anywhere encroaching on the uncultivated part of the moor. Pedestrians wishing to cross Exmoor may with advantage leave the train at Dulverton for Exford, Winsford, Porlock, Simonsbath and Lynton, or at South Molton, for Simonsbath and Lynton only.

The views obtained from the line are at first extensive and richly Devonian in character, though the county of Devon is not finally* entered till Dulverton Station has been passed. They extend from the Quantock Hills in the north to the Black Downs, which lie on the confines of Somerset and Devon in the south. Conspicuous on the latter is the Wellington Monument, which crowns a spur of the range a few miles from the town of Wellington. The scenery is particularly pleasing in the neighbourhood of *Wiveliscombe* (9 m.), where the line makes a long sweep to the right and back again, entering a little way further the *Venn Cross Tunnel*. Hence nearly all the way to Barnstaple it follows a long, shallow depression in the hills, affording no distant views except an occasional glimpse of moorland to the north and rich woodland to the south, from points where it crosses the various streams issuing from Exmoor. Chief amongst these are the *Exe* and the *Barle*, both of which are crossed just short of Dulverton Station.

Dulverton (Inns: *Carnarvon Arms* at Sta., *Red Lion*, in the town. An omnibus from the town meets all trains). The town of Dulverton is 1¾ miles north of the station, on the banks of the Barle, just where that stream, after several miles through a silvan glen, enters a more open district. There is nothing in the town itself to detain the tourist, but the picturesque neighbourhood, including *Pixton Park* (Earl of Carnarvon), affords many

* Venns' Cross and Merebath Stations are in Devon; Dulverton in Somerset.

delightful rambles. The town is a favourite resort of anglers, and, in the autumn, of hunting men, who have within reach not only some good meets of foxhounds but also many of those of the Devon and Somerset staghounds. A branch line runs *viâ* Tiverton from Exeter to Dulverton, *see p. 14.*

From Dulverton we may reach either Minehead, Porlock or Lynton. (i.) **To Minehead.** We have a choice of routes as far as *Timberscombe*. (a.) Cross the Exe at Hele Bridge and take the road up stream to *Bridgetown* ($5\frac{1}{4}$ m.; decent roadside Inn). Three-quarters of a mile further the Exe is joined by the Quarum water, a burn that comes down from the southern slopes of Dunkery. The road now has this on its left for $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. to *Bushel Bridge*, whence we rise to *Whiddons' Cross* (Inn: Rest and be Thankful) and in 10 m. from Dulverton reaches **Cutcombe**. We have already passed the watershed and now descend a pleasantly wooded vale to *Timberscombe* (13 m.), along a road said to be haunted after midnight by a ghostly four-in-hand. From *Timberscombe* it is about 5 miles to Minehead (*p. 23*) *viâ* Dunster (*p. 24*). The pedestrian is recommended to proceed over *Grabbist Hill* by the *col* that is due N. of *Timberscombe*, and then into the Porlock Road half a mile from Minehead. This will shorten his route about $2\frac{1}{4}$ m. and give a good view of the coast and a retrospective one of the country by which he has come. (b.) Another route to Minehead as far as *Timberscombe* is to take the second road on the left after passing Hele Bridge and over Combshead Hill and Exton Hill. In $7\frac{1}{2}$ m. the road going west to Bushel Bridge is crossed on the watershed, and then a descent, with a few ups and downs, begins to *Timberscombe*, which this way is $11\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Dulverton. In both routes Dunkery is the highest point N.W. and Croydon Hill, 1,253 feet, is the high ground E. of Cutcombe and the road last described. For **Minehead**, *see p. 23.*

(ii.) **To Porlock.** (a.) By Wheddon's Cross, $9\frac{1}{2}$ m., over Dunkery 17 m. As far as Wheddon's Cross (Inn) *see above* (i., a.). Thence by keeping to the ridge, W., dividing the Quarum Water and that running down to Cutcombe and the *Timberscombe* valley, in $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. the top of Dunkery can be gained. The descent, N.E., to Cloutsham and down the Horner Valley to Horner is a lovely bit of stream and woodland. A little below Horner turn off over the hill to the left direct to Porlock which is entered at the back of the churchyard. (b.) By *Exford and Dunkery*. We can either proceed direct over *Winsford Hill*, a long climb, and leaving *Withypool* (Inn) $\frac{2}{3}$ m. on our left, skirt the shoulder of Court Hill into the Exe valley, and so reach Exford in about $9\frac{1}{2}$ m., and thence $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. to top of Dunkery, or, by a longer but more picturesque route, follow the Exe to its junction with the Quarum Water (6 m.; *see above*, i., a.), and thence by West How to *Winsford* (Inn), $7\frac{1}{2}$ m. on the Exe. 5 m. up stream is *Exford* (*p. 29*), and then over Dunkery it is a stiff 7 m. to **Porlock** (*p. 28*).

(iii.) **To Lynton by Tor Steps and Simonsbath**, $24\frac{1}{2}$ m. (a.) *Driving route*, $26\frac{1}{2}$ m. By *Withypool* road, 4 m, then turn left. The Steps are 2 m. from the turn. Then back to main road and over *Winsford Hill* to *Withypool*. (b.) *Pedestrian route*, 25 m. By road, as above, $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. then by cart track on left past Ashwick Farm, and keeping along edge of slope drop to plantation, above which are the Steps. Or by road $2\frac{1}{2}$ m, then gate, left, to field track, which leads into the road above the Steps. **Tor Steps** is a rude slab bridge of 18 piers. The best way for views is to ascend to main road, and so over *Winsford Hill* to *Withypool*, but the pedestrian can follow the right bank from the Steps to *Bradley Bridge*. Thence through pastures along the left bank. This is a fisherman's track only, and involves getting through heidges near **Withypool** (Inn, good fishing quarters). Thence road to **Simonsbath** (*p. 46*) $\frac{1}{2}$ m. and **Lynton**, $15\frac{1}{2}$ m. (*p. 32*).

For the next dozen miles there is nothing to note until at thirty-four miles from Taunton we reach *South Molton Station*.

This must not be confounded with *South Molton Road Station* on the North Devon line from Exeter to Barnstaple, 9 m. south.

South Molton (Inn: *George*) is a quiet little market-town, rapidly diminishing in population, on the right bank of the Mole, one of the Exmoor feeders of the river Taw. It is a good starting point for Lynton, *viâ* North Molton and Simonsbath.

South Molton to Lynton, 20 m. The route winds up a prettily timbered vale to *North Molton* ($3\frac{1}{2}$ m.). Here the church with its fine tower and good screen is worth a visit. A succession of lanes with pleasant views on either hand leads to *Fard Farm*, another 3 miles, and then we climb rapidly to the top of North Molton Ridge at *Ridge Head*, 1580 ft. From this point the view back is very beautiful. The heights of Northern Dartmoor, Cawsand and Yes Tor, are conspicuous to the south, and far away on either hand extends the well-wooded and softly beautiful valley of the Taw. The descent to Simonsbath is by an excellent road that affords, as it winds steeply down into the upper Barle valley, a succession of prospects that combine the charms of stream and wild moorland. **Simonsbath Inn** (p. 46) is 10 miles from South Molton and about the same distance from Lynton. Those who make Lynton the end of their visit to North Devon would do well to leave it by Simonsbath and South Molton, as the reverse route to that just described has the best view *in front* of the traveller. The inn at Simonsbath affords comfortable quarters, but has only a wine license.

The next station is Castle Hill, in approaching which we cross by a viaduct the park of Earl Fortescue, with the little Bray, a tributary of the Taw, below. In 7 miles further, through pretty but in no way remarkable country, we reach **Barnstaple** (p. 61).

For continuation of route to **Ilfracombe**, see p. 17; to **Lynton**, p. 21.

London (Waterloo) to Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, Bideford, and Torrington, by the London and South-Western Railway.

London to Salisbury, 84 m; *Exeter*, 172 m; *Barnstaple*, 211 m; (*Ilfracombe*, 226 m.); *Bideford*, 220 m; *Torrington*, 225 m.

The scenery along this route presents considerable variety, and is in parts very interesting. Between London and Exeter no single river-valley is followed for more than a few miles. After leaving London the line passes for many miles through one of the favourite suburban districts, including *Wimbledon* and *Surbiton*, after which a wide area of common land, overgrown with fir-woods, heather, and gorse, but in rapid process of reclamation, is traversed. Two miles short of **Basingstoke** ($47\frac{1}{2}$ m.; *Ref. Rm.*) the fine Perpendicular church of Basing is seen on the left hand, and, right, as we leave that station the (16th cent.) ruin of the Chapel of the Holy Ghost. Then we traverse bare undulating chalk country, which extends past *Andover Junction* and along the southern boundary of Salisbury Plain to **Salisbury** (84 m.; *Ref. Rm.*, *White Hart*). The beautiful spire of the Cathedral is well seen on the left as we enter the station. Beyond Salisbury the scenery becomes richer. We pass along a succession green valleys, threaded by sparkling streams and flanked by

wooded hills. The picturesque thatched cottages of Wiltshire are a feature in this part of the journey, and as a specimen of more imposing architecture we have the fine minster of **Sherborne** (118 *m.*; *Digby*). The near view is particularly pleasing in the neighbourhood of **Yeovil Junction** (123 *m.*) where the line crosses the Weymouth branch of the Great Western Railway. Just short of **Chard Junction** (139½ *m.*; line to Taunton), passing close at hand, on the left, the old Cistercian monastery of Ford Abbey, now converted into a dwelling house, we reach the valley of the Axe. On the left hand, beyond *Axminster* (144½ *m.*) is a farmhouse called Ashe, the birthplace of the great Duke of Marlborough. Then, leaving the Axe to pursue its peaceful course to the sea, we wind upwards through a narrowing defile, and passing through the only important tunnel on the route, descend at once to **Honiton** (155 *m.*; *Dolphin, Angel*) the most pleasantly situated town on the route. Between this and **Exeter** (172 *m.*) there is nothing noteworthy.

RAILWAY STATIONS

G. & N. R.—St David's Aa
St Thomas' Bi
L. & S. W. R.—Queen St Do

HOTELS

Clarence Ed
Oliver Dd
Half Moon Et
New London Eo
Queens Dc
Rugby Dd

Albert Museum Dc
Castle Eb
Cathedral Ed
Gundball Dc
Mr Dabham Be
Northernbay Eb
Post Office Ec
Theatre Fd
Training College Hf
Thomas' College Ld



Exeter.

Railway Stations : *St. David's*, G.W.R. and L. & S.W.R., to the N.W. of the city, 20 to 25 min. walk from the Cathedral. Take footpath opposite station (see plan) and then turn to the right and keep straight on to the centre of the city. *Queen Street*, L. & S.W.R. only, close to the Castle, and the walks of Northernhay. From it Queen St. (in which on left is the Museum) leads direct to High St. and the Cathedral, 7 to 8 min. *St. Thomas* (local S. Devon traffic) across the Exe, on the S.W. of the city.

N.B.—Passengers from the East by the South Western line, who wish to spend a few hours *en route* for North Devon should leave the train at Queen St.

— **Hotels :** (see plan) *Rougemount*, first-class (table d'hôte, 5s.) ; *Clarence*, quietly situated close to Cathedral ; *Queen's*, *New London*, *Hulf Moon*, *Globe*. The *Em-field* and *Railway*, both close to St. David's Station, are smaller.

Post Office (see plan) : del. abt. 7.15 a.m. (London, &c.) ; 10.15 a.m. (North) ; desp. 4.10 p.m. (North) ; 9.15 p.m. (London, &c.).

Population : abt. 33,000.

Exeter, though exceeded in population by Plymouth, still keeps its ancient position as capital of the shire. The city proper stands on a peninsular hill rising sharply from the left bank of the Exe, nearly ten miles from its mouth. Since the 16th cent., such sea-traffic as it has has reached the city by a canal which runs from near Starcross to just below Exe Bridge. To the E., S.E., and N.W. the modern city has extended beyond the walls, which still exist in parts, but all the city gates have disappeared. The thick line on the plan shows approximately the course of the walls.

History of the City. Exeter, "the Camp on the Ex" or "water," is confessedly the capital of the West, a distinction that has belonged to it from very early times. That it was a British stronghold before the Roman Conquest is certain, and under the Romans it was strengthened, and became an important depôt of trade. Æthelstan rebuilt its walls with "square stones" about 926, and the course of these differed little, probably, from that of the existing walls.

Of its long and eventful history since then, the briefest outline must suffice. In 1003 the Danes successfully attacked the city, and did serious damage (they failed in their efforts two years previously), but the walls were soon increased in strength, and about 1050 the Bishop's see, which had hitherto been at Crediton, was removed for safety's sake to Exeter. Gytha, Harold's mother, for two years after the battle of Hastings held the city, but in 1068 it submitted to William, who built the Castle on Rougemont. In 1112 the Norman Cathedral, of which the transept-towers are still standing, was begun. Stephen, in 1137, besieged and took the castle from the partisans of Matilda, who, however, avenged themselves by burning a great part of the cathedral. Thence onward, except a visitation of the "Black Death," in 1349, and the erection of the present Cathedral at intervals during the 14th century, nothing calls for notice till the period of the dreary struggle between the houses of York and Lancaster. Exeter adhered to the latter party, and in 1469 underwent a short and

unsuccessful siege. In 1497 it was attacked by Perkin Warbeck with a like result. At the "Rising of the West" against the introduction of the English Liturgy (first used on Whit Sunday, 1549), Blackaller, the Mayor, in spite of divided counsels, gallantly held out against the rebels until relieved by Lord Russell. Twice during the Civil War did the city, which favoured the side of the Parliament, change hands. In 1643 it was taken by Prince Maurice, and in 1646 retaken by Fairfax. Since this, the last of its many sieges, the history of the city has been uneventful.

The Cathedral.

Services : 10.30 a.m. ; 3 p.m. *Admission to choir at other times, 6d.*

Dimensions : total length, 408 ft. ; width, 76 ft., including transeptal towers, 140 ft. Height of nave, 66 ft., towers, 166 ft.

This stands just off the High Street, in the quarter between that thoroughfare and South Street. The Close, known as Cathedral Yard, can be entered from either of these.

Down to 1050, when it was transferred by Edward the Confessor to Exeter, the Devon see was at Crediton. Of the monastic church that at first did duty as a Cathedral, nothing remains, and the transept-towers (Norman) are the only portions preserved of the building which early in the 12th century began to succeed it. Next in age (late 13th century) to these towers, are parts of the Lady Chapel, but the rest of the Cathedral with the exception of the West Screen was erected from the designs of Bishop Quivil (*d.* 1291) by his successors. The style, Geometrical, is nowhere seen to better advantage. The west front, "not the last part finished, is the least satisfactory ... the gable is thrown into insignificance by the battlement carried in front of it, and continued along the *sloping* tops of a piece of wall on each side of it." *E.A.F.* The screen with its sixty-eight statues was added by Bp. Brantingham (*d.* 1394). The niches on either side of the west window contain statues of Æthelstan and Edward the Confessor. The rest are too weather-worn to be identified. The best general view of the Cathedral is from the north side of the Yard near the Clarence Hotel.

The Interior. As we enter by the north-west door, the delicate lines of the clustered pillars and many-membered arches, together with the rich vaulting of the long and unbroken roof, are very beautiful. There is no triforium, but a lofty clerestory, underneath which is a small arcade, but no passage. The corbels of the vaulting shafts, though somewhat shapeless, are exquisitely carved. On the north side of the nave projects the *Minstrels' Gallery*, a fine example of an unusual feature in English churches. Notice the sculptures on its front. The windows of the nave aisles (opposite ones alike) show great variety of tracery, and that of the great west window is magnificent (execrable glass). At the west end of the north aisle is the *Chapel of St. Edmund*, used as the Consistory court, and a font originally provided for the baptism of Henrietta, daughter of Charles I., born at Exeter in 1644. Within

the Western screen on the south of the principal doorway is the small *Chapel of St. Radegunde*, converted into a chantry by Bishop Grandisson (*d.* 1369). The east end of the **Nave** has been fitted up for service, and the carved stone *pulpit*, a memorial of Bishop Patteson, killed on an island in the South Pacific in 1871, is a work worthy of the saintly hero it commemorates and of the church in which it stands. The front panel represents friendly savages caring for his corpse, and the side panels, scenes in the lives of St. Alban and St. Boniface. The Transepts were formed by Bishop Quivil out of the Norman towers. Notice the projecting galleries and the beautiful windows (1294-95). In the **North Transept** is the *Sylke Chantry*, a statue of James Northcote (*d.* 1831) by Chantry, and a curious 13th century *clock*. [The N. tower, which can be ascended from here, contains the bell Great Peter, 6 tons; the view from the tower is worth seeing.] Opening from the east side of this transept is *St. Paul's Chapel*. In the **South Transept** the principal item of interest is the restored monument of Hugh Courtenay, Earl of Devon (*d.* 1377) and his wife. It was removed to its present position from a chantry in the second bay, from the east, of the south side of the nave, close by the site of which there still remains on the floor the brass of the earl's son, Sir Peter Courtenay. Entered from the S.W. corner of this transept is the Early English, but much altered, *Chapter House*, in which is kept the Cathedral library. Between the transept and the Chapter House is the small *Chapel of the Holy Ghost*. The *choir* is divided from the nave by a stone screen of three arches, the work of Bishop Stapledon (*d.* 1326). It carries the organ, a fine instrument, originally built in 1665, but enlarged early in the present century, and very noticeable on account of its bright silver-like pipes.

The **Choir** (like most of the church, from Bishop Quivil's designs) was built by Bishop Bitton, 1292-1307. Notice the arch next the screen on either side, inserted apparently in the original Norman masonry. The roof and the corbels of the vaulting shafts are like those of the nave, but of more elaborate workmanship. The new *Stalls*, with which the Early English misereres, the work of Bishop Bruere (*d.* 1244), have been incorporated, are excellent and not unworthy to keep company with the *Bishop's Throne* (abt. 1470), which is about 50 feet in height and magnificently carved. This throne is put together without nails, and owes its preservation from the iconoclastic fury of the Puritans to this peculiarity which enabled it to be readily taken down and removed to a place of safety. The stone *sedilia*, also the work of Bishop Stapledon, are exceedingly fine; notice the head of a bishop over the middle seat, and those of a king and queen over those on either side. The *Reredos* is a very rich modern work in alabaster, with its central portion representing the Ascension. It was this that some years ago gave rise to litigation, happily unsuccessful in effecting its removal or mutilation. The **East Window**, the only one in the Cathedral not Decorated, had Perpendicular

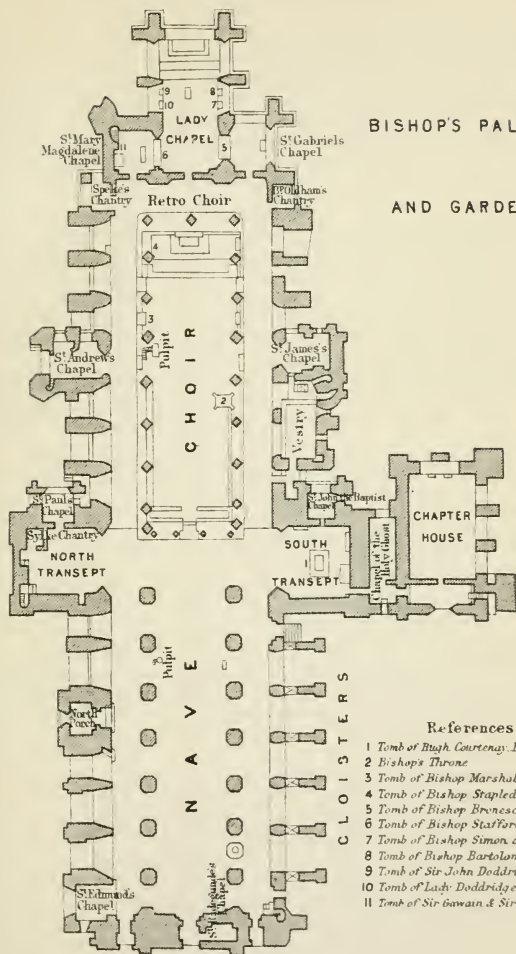
tracery inserted in 1391. The glass in part belonged to the earlier windows—viz.: the three central figures in the top row, and the three outermost at each end of the bottom row, which are assigned to Bishop Grandison (*d.* 1369). The only **monuments in the choir** that need be mentioned are those of Bishop Marshall and Bishop Stapledon. Both are on the north side. Bishop Marshall (*d.* 1203) completed the Norman Cathedral begun by Bishop Warelwast in 1112. Bishop Stapledon, some of whose work has already been mentioned, and of which we shall see more immediately, was murdered in London, in 1326, by the partisans of Queen Isabella. The alabaster pulpit in the choir is modern.

The **Choir-aisles, Chapels, Retro-choir and Lady Chapel.**

Entering the south choir aisle from the south transept, opposite the effigy of a cross-legged knight, is *St. James' Chapel*, with a chamber over it. In its present state it is Early Geometrical, Bishop Marshall's work having been altered by Bishop Brantingham. Passing another nameless effigy, on the left, we come to *Bishop Oldham's Chantry*, containing the bishop's tomb with effigy, and close by, at the end of the aisle, to *St. Gabriel's Chapel*, built by Bishop Bronescombe (*d.* 1280). The **Lady Chapel**, of three bays, was begun by Bishop Bronescombe, and finished by Bishop Quivil, whose grave is marked by a slab. No part of the Cathedral has benefited more by the recent restoration. Under the arches, communicating with the chapels of St. Gabriel and St. Mary Magdalene, are the tombs (S.) of Bishop Bronescombe, and (N.) of Bishop Stafford (*d.* 1419). Other monuments are, *on south side*, Bishop Simon of Apulia (*d.* 1223), Bishop Bartholomew (*d.* 1184), both of which are of much interest. *On the north side* are those of Sir John Dodderidge (*d.* 1628) and Lady Dodderidge. The beautiful east window, as well as the side ones, have been filled with good modern glass. The **Chapel of St. Mary Magdalene** is of the same date as the Lady Chapel, with the exception of the Perpendicular screen dividing it from the north aisle. It contains the monuments of Sir Gawain Carew, his wife, and his nephew, Sir Peter Carew (*d.* 1575), and on the floor is a brass, 1413. Adjoining this chapel on the north-west is the *Speke Chantry*, an enriched Late Perpendicular work. Just beyond it, on the right hand, is the effigy of Richard de Stapledon, brother of the bishop; and then, on the same side, corresponding to the chapel of St. James already described, is that of *St. Andrew*, now the muniment room of the Cathedral.

None of the many churches of Exeter call for special notice, unless it be for the singular position of several of them, forming a continuous line with the houses on either side of the main street. The most conspicuous one is *St. Michael's*, a little to the right of Ironbridge, on the way from St. David's station to the Cathedral (*see* p. 13).

EXETER CATHEDRAL



BISHOP'S PALACE

AND GARDEN

CHAPTER
HOUSE

SOUTH
TRANSEPT

NORTH
TRANSEPT

N
A
V
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C
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References

- 1 Tomb of Hugh Courtenay, Earl of Devon
- 2 Bishop's Throne
- 3 Tomb of Bishop Marshall
- 4 Tomb of Bishop Stapledon
- 5 Tomb of Bishop Bronescombe
- 6 Tomb of Bishop Stafford
- 7 Tomb of Bishop Simon de Apulia
- 8 Tomb of Bishop Bartholomew Iscanus
- 9 Tomb of Sir John Doddridge
- 10 Tomb of Lady Doddridge
- 11 Tomb of Sir Gawain & Sir Peter Caron

Scale

0 25 50 100 150 Feet

Of the other noteworthy buildings of Exeter:—

The **Guildhall** (*open daily, free*), in High Street, is a picturesque object in a very picturesque street. Its front, built in 1593, is “a confusion of styles, English windows between Italian columns.” The hall (1464) itself, 62 feet long and 25 feet broad, and terribly dark, has an interesting roof, and contains, amongst others, portraits of General Monk and the Princess Henrietta (born at Exeter, 1644), by Lely, and several by Hudson (*d.* 1779), one of Sir Joshua Reynolds’ masters. Above the hall is the *Council Chamber*, which is of little interest.

The **Albert Memorial Museum** (*open daily, exc. Thurs., free; Catalogue, 3d.*) is in Queen Street, and externally is a building of some merit, though still too new to be very interesting. Within, its rooms lack the dignity which size alone can give. There is on the left of the entrance, on the ground floor, a reading room; and other rooms contain a fair library and natural history, geological, antiquarian, and economic collections. A prominent feature in the natural history section, is the skeleton head of a fin-whale, cast ashore on the coast below Exeter. Of local lace manufactures, old and modern, there are several interesting frames. The ornithological collection is excellent.

Rougemont Castle, with the adjacent promenade called **Northernhay**, rises from the city just above the L. & S. W. R. Station. It may be entered either from High Street or Queen Street. The *Castle* dates from the days of William the Conqueror. Very little remains, and that little has no special interest, while the modern additions could not well be surpassed in ugliness. There are some interesting ruins, however, in the grounds of *Rougemont Lodge*, entered from Castle Street, and the tourist is allowed to examine them on presentation of his card.

The *Northernhay Promenade* is between the Castle and the railway station, and commands pleasant views, somewhat obstructed by the trees, which form an avenue. It contains statues of Sir Thomas Acland, Mr. John Dinham, and the late Earl of Iddesleigh, and one entitled the “Deer Stalker,” by E. B. Stephens, A.R.A.

Mount Dinham is close to the Exe on the west side of the city. It is best reached by turning west from Ironbridge. It is a slight eminence on the left bank of the river, and affords a fine view. Here St. Michael’s Church (modern), built for the late Mr. Gibbs, of Tyntesfield, the munificent benefactor of Keble College, Oxford, has a tower, and a fine though somewhat heavy-looking spire, and many beautiful details within and without. The style is Early English. Adjoining are the *Episcopal Charity Schools* and the *Free Cottages*, 40 in number, with tastefully laid out grounds. The place is named after the gentleman who originated the free-cottage scheme and built 24 of them.

The *College of Priest Vicars*, in South Street, containing the collections of the Architectural Society, and the 15th century *Chapel of Wynard's Almhouse*, in Magdalen Street, are worth a visit.

Pennsylvania. Tourists who wish to obtain the best and most commanding **view of the city** should turn out of High Street at the New London Hotel by Longbrook Street, which descends to and crosses the S.W. railway, and is thence continued by a long hill which leads up through Pennsylvania, the pleasantest suburb of the city. By turning to the right at one or two unmistakeable points along proprietary roads they will gain a bird's eye view, which includes not only the city itself but the country beyond as far as the sea, the estuary of the Exe, and the richly-wooded Haldon range to the right of it. On the top of the hill, left of the road, is a small *reservoir* ($\frac{1}{2}$ hr.), whence the prospect is still more extensive; ask leave at the cottage close by. Then, on the same side, a little beyond the old toll-gate, and about $\frac{3}{4}$ m. from the reservoir, is the entrance to the **Duryard Park Estate** (1d. each on foot or in carriage). Through this, two drives, of which the farther one, *Argyll Road*, is the best, lead down to the valley of the Exe, entering the high-road about half-a-mile north of St. David's Station. The entire round is about 4 miles.

Exeter to Barnstaple and Ilfracombe, by the Exe Valley line.

Exeter to Tiverton, 14 m.; *Bampton*, 19½ m.; *Dulverton*, 23¼ m.; *Barnstaple*, 47 m.; *Ilfracombe*, 63 m.

— *Dulverton to Taunton*, 21 m.

For road between Exeter and Dulverton, see p. 16.

The Exe Valley line, completed in 1886, opened up a delightful valley previously somewhat inaccessible. By it the journey from Exeter to Ilfracombe takes from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hr. longer than by the more direct South-Western route, but the scenery between Bickleigh and Bampton is ample compensation. The traveller who likes to ramble in a pretty district, quite off the line of ordinary tourist traffic, may with advantage leave the train at Thorverton or Cadeleigh.

Route. Starting from Exeter (St. David's Station), for four miles we follow the main-line towards London. At first, the Exe is seen on the left, and presently a 3-arch bridge over it. Just beyond this, the South-Western line (North Devon branch) diverges to the left, and then we get a good view, left, of *Pyne*s (Earl of Iddesleigh). After crossing the Exe twice, our line diverges, left, from the main-line, a little short of Stoke Cannon Station, and reaches **Brampford Speke** ($4\frac{1}{4}$ m.), where the station is on the E. of the river, beyond which the church appears above the trees.

In 1849-50, this parish became famous in connection with the ecclesiastical lawsuit, *Gorham v. Bp. of Exeter* (Phillpotts).

Beyond Bramford Speke we again cross the Exe, and see on its E. bank the small dilapidated church of Nether Exe. Then, through a deep-red sandstone cutting, we arrive at *Thorverton* (6 m.), where a rather striking high-arched bridge over the Exe is on the right.

From Thorverton village, which is about $\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.W. of the station and has a good (restored) church, it is a pleasant walk of $2\frac{1}{4}$ m. up a tributary valley to *Calbury Castle*, an ancient earthwork on the hill at its head. This was occupied by Fairfax in 1645. On the N. side of the hill runs the road from Crediton to Tiverton, and by that it is $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. down to the Exe valley at Bickleigh (*Cadeleigh* and *Bickleigh Station*), see below.

Once more we cross the Exe, and, passing the hamlet of Up Exe, left, reach *Up Exe* and *Silverton* ($6\frac{1}{2}$ m.). Beyond this the hillside, left, is prettily dotted with white little farmsteads and cottages, and *Bickleigh Court*, an ivied farmhouse, once a seat of the Carew family, is seen, left, as we near *Cadeleigh* and *Bickleigh* ($10\frac{1}{2}$ m.), where the road crosses the Exe by a picturesque old bridge of 5 arches.

Bickleigh (*New Inn*) village is about $\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. from the station on the E. side of the river. In the churchyard is buried the "King of the Gipsies," Bamfylde Moore Carew (1693-1770), who was born at Bickleigh Court (see above). The neighbourhood of Bickleigh is very picturesque, and the valley of the tributary river Dart, which joins the Exe (for fishing see Tiverton) on the W. bank about $\frac{1}{2}$ m. below Bickleigh Bridge, is worth exploring. It is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. up it to Worthy Bridge, and from there 3 m. N.E. by road to Tiverton.

From Cadeleigh it is a beautiful 4 miles, the valley flanked by well-wooded and steep hills, to *Tiverton*. The mansion, right, about a mile south of that town is Collipriest House, and after that, left, we see Tiverton Bridge and skirt the E. side of the town to the station.

Tiverton (Hotels: *Pulmerston, Angel*), connected with the main-line at Tiverton Junction by a branch 5 m. in length, is a pleasantly-situated town of 10,000 inhab., in a richly wooded but not otherwise remarkable part of the Exe valley. The river-fishing is preserved by the Tiverton Fishing Association. Apply to the Secretary. The **Church**, in great part rebuilt in 1853, is fine. The *tower*, *Perpend.*, and the *Greenway Chapel* (1517) are old, and the latter is richly carved. It takes its name from its merchant-founder, John Greenway (d. 1529), to whom and his wife there are brasses. Here, too, is an altar-piece, formerly in the chancel. St. Peter in prison, by Richard Cosway, R.A. (d. 1821), the miniature painter, who was a native of Tiverton. Of **Tiverton Castle**, dismantled by Fairfax in 1645, the chief portion left is the fine gateway. The **Greenway Almshouses**, in Gold Street, were founded by the merchant above named about the same date as the chapel (*above*). **Blundell's School**, the name of which is familiar to the readers of "Lorna Doone," was founded by Peter Blundell (d. 1601), a clothier. The chief importance of Tiverton is due to its being a great agricultural centre, but it also has a considerable lace manufacture. Lord Palmerston was M.P. for Tiverton from 1835 to 1835.

For **Tiverton to Hemyock** (Inns: *Culm Valley, Star*) see our *South Devon and South Cornwa'l.*

North of Tiverton we still follow the E. bank of the Exe valley for 5 miles, and beyond Cow Bridge, a single arch, left, cross the river twice. Then the line leaves the Exe valley and ascends a tributary, the Batham, to **Bampton** ($19\frac{1}{2}$ m.; *White Horse*), a dull little place, with a humble church close to the station. Beyond this the scenery is commonplace, and we join the line from Taunton to Barnstaple about midway between Morebath and Dulverton Stations, just below Morebath village, whose ridge-roofed church tower is conspicuous on the hillside. For **Dulverton**, and the rest of the journey to Barnstaple and Ilfracombe, see p. 5.

Exeter to Dulverton by Road, $27\frac{1}{2}$ m. This delightful route is so nearly identical with that of the rail just described that it is unnecessary to describe it at length. The road keeps E. of the Exe as far as Bickleigh. Thence it follows the W. bank to Tiverton, where it returns to the E. bank and keeps to it all the way to Exe Bridge. Crossing this, it ascends the W. bank of the Barle, past Dulverton Station (p. 5), to Dulverton. The **distances** are: Exeter to Stoke Cannon, $3\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Silvertown, 7 m.; Bickleigh, $10\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Bickleigh Bridge, 11 m.; Tiverton (bridge), 15 m.; *Exeter Inn* and bridge over the Batham, above its junction with Exe, $21\frac{1}{4}$ m.; *Foxford Hotel* (Post Town: Bampton), 24 m.; Exe Bridge (Inn), 26 m.; Dulverton Station, $26\frac{3}{4}$ m.; Dulverton (town), $27\frac{1}{2}$ m.

N.B.—The bridge over the Batham is about $\frac{2}{3}$ mile short of Bampton, for which we do not cross that bridge. We do cross it for Dulverton.

Exeter (Queen Street) to Barnstaple, 39 m; **Ilfracombe**, $54\frac{1}{2}$ m. (L. & S.W.R.).

— *Barnstaple to Bideford*, 9 m; *Torrington*, 14 m.

From Queen Street Station the line descends by a gradient of 1 in 24 to **St. David's Station**, where it crosses and forms a connection with the Great Western system. Oddly enough the two lines start from the station in exactly opposite directions to reach the same places. After coming *from* London by the South Western route, we proceed for two miles along the Great Western route *to* London. At that distance from Exeter, the North Devon line branches abruptly to the left. Just beyond the junction on the right hand side, but not seen from the line, is *Pynes* (Earl of Iddesleigh).

Our route now follows for a while the little valley of the Yeo, but there is nothing peculiarly Devonian in the country we are traversing except the redness of the soil. Passing **Crediton**, which lies out of sight on the right hand, we reach ($11\frac{1}{2}$ m.) **Yeoford Junction** (for Holsworthy, Launceston, and Plymouth), and the Barnstaple line becomes a single one, of no special interest for some distance.

About 8 miles beyond Yeoford and after passing **Lapford** (22 m.) we enter the valley of the Taw, one of the largest if not the most beautiful of the Devonian streams. About **Eggesford**, 2 miles further, the valley becomes richly wooded. *Eggesford House*, the





Carriage Roads described in the Book. Foot Route & Paths. in part

seat of the Earl of Portsmouth, lies some distance to the left of the line. Nearly 4 miles further is **South Molton Road**, whereat another Yeo, contributing its waters to the Taw, establishes the only physical connection between Exmoor and Dartmoor. Then, continuing side by side with the latter stream, we follow its windings through a silvan ravine past *Portsmouth Arms* and *Umberleigh*, to *Bishop's Tawton*. On the left of the line is *Tawstock Court*, the seat of Sir B. Wrey, Bart. The old mansion, of which only a gateway remains, was the residence of the Bourchiers. Fairfax occupied it in 1646.

The view of **Barnstaple**, as we approach it, is striking. The river, widening into an estuary, is crossed by a bridge of 16 arches. The town (*p.* 61) extends along the level bank on the other side, and is backed by low but graceful hills.

For Barnstaple to Lynton and Lymmouth, see p. 21.

From the main-line station at Barnstaple the line is carried over the river Taw by a curved iron bridge immediately below the one by which the road enters the town. A prominent feature on the right is the lofty Perpendicular tower of *Holy Trinity Church*. **Barnstaple Quay Station** is the first stopping place, and adjoining it on the right is *Queen Anne's Walk*, surmounted by a statue of her Majesty. The line now, passing the village of *Ashford*, keeps close along the bank of the estuary for three miles, and shortly before passing *Heanton Punchardon*, turns inland to **Wrafton Station**. The town, prominent on the opposite side of the Taw during this part of the journey, is the little port of *Appledore* at the mouth of the Torridge. One mile beyond Wrafton is **Braunton** (*p.* 60). The line, which has now turned northward, follows for the next 5 miles the valley of a tiny Yeo stream to its head. The incline for a long distance is 1 in 40, and **Morthoe Station**, on the summit of the branch, is 6 miles from Braunton, on the bleak watershed. Adjoining is an inn, the Fortescue Hotel. *Morte Village* (Inn : *Chichester*), is $2\frac{1}{2}$ m., and *Morte Point*, nearly 3 m. west of the station (*p.* 51). The 3 m. descent of 1 in 36 to Ilfracombe Station is by a succession of cuttings and curves. On the way we get one peep of the *Lee Valley*, and then, passing the Ilfracombe Reservoirs, follow the east side of the *Slade Valley*. **Ilfracombe Station** stands high up above the town (*p.* 52).

Barnstaple to Instow, $6\frac{1}{2}$ m ; Bideford, 9 m ; Torrington, 14 m.

For this line as far as Bideford see *p.* 62. Thence on to Torrington (*p.* 65) it continues up the Torridge valley.

Exeter to Okehampton, Holsworthy (for Bude), or Launceston.

Exeter to Yeoford Junction, $11\frac{1}{2}$ m; *Okehampton*, 26 m; *Holsworthy*, 46 m; *Launceston*, 52 m.

Exeter viâ Lidford (36 m.) to *Launceston*, $48\frac{1}{2}$ m.

The Plymouth extension of the South Western system, by which Launceston and the north of Cornwall are reached, branches off from the Barnstaple and North Devon route (*p.* 16) at **Yeoford Junction** (*Inn*). Hence for the first few miles the country has a barren and unattractive look. After passing **Bow**, $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles beyond Yeoford, we come in sight (left) of Cawsand Beacon (1802 *ft.*), a long whale-backed ridge, an outlier of Dartmoor. Beyond, and to the right of it are the more shapely Belstone Tors. After passing the next station, **North Tawton** (*Inn*), the line crosses the Taw just as it emerges from the wilds of Dartmoor, through which it has flowed for several miles between Cawsand and Belstone Tor.

All this part of our route is on an almost continuous rise; gradually the view northward expands till it reaches the southern flank of Exmoor. Crossing the picturesque valley of the *East Okement* we proceed, still on an ascending gradient, to *Okehampton station* (*Ref. Rm.* up-side), which is situated high up above the town, on the slope of Dartmoor. Here passengers for Holsworthy and Bude usually change carriages. *For continuation of route, see p.* 19, *and for Lidford, p.* 20.

Okehampton (*Inns: White Hart, Plume of Feathers*). This little market town lies in a pretty valley on the right of the line, at the junction of the East and West Okement, and as seen from the station cannot be described as "ugly, dirty, and stupid" (*Kingsley*), though a nearer acquaintance may, to some extent, justify the dictum of the novelist. Around the town are many modern villas much patronised by summer visitors, who come here to enjoy the bracing air of Dartmoor, on whose northern skirts the town lies. *The Parish Church* is on a hill west of the town, and with the exception of the tower is modern. *The Chapel of Ease*, in the main street, has a good Perpendicular tower, and with the adjoining old house is a picturesque object.

For Dartmoor excursions from Okehampton see our *S. Devon and S. Cornwall*.

Okehampton Castle, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from the town, to the left of the Launceston road, on a bold knoll, round which winds the river Okement, is well worth a visit. The pleasantest way is to go by the road which leaves the town by the post office. When the castle appears on the left take a footpath leading through the wood direct to it. The *Keep*, Norman, crowns the knoll, and is mantled with ivy and embowered in a grove of oak and ash, which in summer shuts out the view of the stream which is heard below. On the lower ground towards the town are the remains of the *Hall* and *Chapel*, and in the latter a piscina, on the south side, is still perfect. With the exception of the keep the buildings are E. E. with a few pieces of Norman built in. The outbuildings were of considerable extent, as is indicated by the remains of walls on the lower ground near the stream. The return to Okehampton can be made direct in $\frac{1}{2}$ m. by the river side, by crossing a bridge, over which a path goes to the *Union Workhouse*, a comely building in a singularly pretty spot.

Okehampton to Holsworthy, 20 m. For 3 miles the route is the same as that to Plymouth. *Okehampton Castle*, on its little knoll and embowered in trees, rises abruptly above the stream of the West Okement, and then we cross the *Meldon Viaduct*, 160 feet above the stream. Then we quit the main line and by a single line strike off, right, across a featureless stretch of country. At about 5 m. from Okehampton, we get, however, a good view of the chief heights of the northern and western sides of Dartmoor, and far away to the west the shapely summits of Brown Willy and Row Tor form the culminating points of the Cornish hills.

There is nothing further on this route requiring notice. We pass three roadside stations, *Ashbury* (9 m.), near which is *Ashbury House*, the seat of the Woolcombes, and then *Halwill Junction* (hence to Launceston, see p. 20), and *Dunsland Cross* (16 m.). Just before reaching **Holsworthy** (20 m.), a deep combe or two is crossed and the country assumes a less wild aspect. Here for the present the rail ends, and the journey to Bude is continued by coach.

Holsworthy by Stratton (8 m.) to Bude, 9½ m., by road.

Coach in connection with morning train from London (Waterloo).

Holsworthy (Inns: *Stanhope, White Hart*), on the eastern bank of a tributary of the Tamar. Its *Church*, of various dates and with a good Perpendicular tower, is picturesquely situated, and is a conspicuous object in the country-side. The road from the station passes the church, and, soon after, it quits the village and descends rapidly to the brook above mentioned. Climbing again it crosses, at (4 m.) *Tamarstone Bridge*, the infant Tamar, and enters Cornwall. The Holsworthy and Bude canal is then crossed, and at 5½ miles we reach *Red Post* (Inn at the cross-roads) on the main road from Hartland to Launceston. Continuing westward, in another mile, ¼ mile left of the road, is one of the curious *inclined planes* of the Bude canal, up which the small barges are drawn by an endless chain, either by water or steam power. These inclined planes, of which there are several in the course of the canal, take the place of the usual locks. Those who have not seen such an arrangement, and who do not plan a visit to the similar one at Marhamchurch, 2 miles south of Bude, will do well to diverge to this one. Passing the little village of Launcells in a valley on the right, we soon after drop sharply to **Stratton** (Inn: *The Tree*).

This little town is growing in favour with the visitors to North Cornwall. There are a good many lodging-houses, which are patronised by those who like to be near a wild coast, but to be sheltered from the rudeness of its storms. Stratton in itself has few attractions, and lies in a valley surrounded by hills scantily wooded. The *Church* is Perpendicular with a good tower. Within is the tomb of Sir John Arundell (1561), his wives and children, depicted on brasses. The inclined plane on the Bude canal at Marhamchurch is 1½ miles from

Stratton, south-east. On *Stamford Hill*, $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile north-west of the town, was fought the battle of that name in 1643. The Royalists were victorious under Sir Beville Grenville, whose tomb is in Kilkhampton Church (*p.* 77). A monument, erected on the spot in 1713, no longer exists, but there are a few remains of the Parliamentary entrenchments.

It is a straight road of $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Bude.

Halwill Junction to Launceston, 14 m.

This branch calls for no description. Two intermediate stations, *Ashwater* and *Tower Hill*, are passed before reaching **Launceston** (*p.* 86).

Okehampton (viâ Lidford Junc., 10 m.) to Launceston, 22½ m.

Quitting Okehampton we have a fine view (right) of the valley of the West Okement, on the far side of which the ruin of Okehampton Castle (*page* 18) is a picturesque object. The bare side of Dartmoor, on the left hand, along which we continue our course for three miles, is called *Okehampton Park*. Then comes a sudden break, and we cross the narrow and beautiful ravine of the West Okement by the *Meldon Viaduct*, a gossamer-like fabric spanning the valley at a height of 160 feet. The moor just above it reaches its highest point in *Yes Tor*, upwards of 2000 feet above the sea-level. Just beyond the viaduct the Holsworthy branch diverges to the right at the highest point in the route between Exeter and Plymouth. Beyond the junction the scenery becomes more barren. Sourton Church is seen, near at hand, on the right, and then, after a rapid descent, passing Lidford village (right), a mile short of the station, we reach **Lidford Junction** (*Ref. Rm.; Manor Hotel*).

Lidford village (Inn : *Castle*) is abt. 1 m. E. of Station. Its history goes back to Saxon times, when it was a borough of some importance and had a mint. Its position on the outskirts of the Dartmoor tin-streaming district also made it one of the chief Stannary towns. "Lidford law," the essence of which was to hang a man first and try him afterwards, has become a proverb. The parish includes Dartmoor, and is the largest and most thinly populated in Devonshire, the area being over 55,000 acres, and the population under 3,000.

The objects of interest here are the *Castle* and the *Cascade* and *Ravine* of the Lid. The **Castle** is conspicuous on a mound adjoining the churchyard. All that remains is the hollow shell of the *Keep*. The **Church**, Perpendicular, commands a wide view, and in the graveyard a curious tomb and epitaph to one George Routleigh should be noted. The tourist who merely breaks his journey at Lidford should, if his time be short, omit church and castle, and visit the **Cascade**, the shortest way to which is by a farm-road branching from the main road a few hundred yards from the station. *A fee of 2d. is charged.* The Fall, which in its upper part is a water-slide, has a total height of about 100 feet, and is picturesque both in itself and its surroundings. Some time ago an over-venturesome tourist missed his footing at the top of the slide and was precipitated into the pool below, whence he was fortunately rescued without serious injury, though stunned by the fall.

A longer but more satisfactory way to the Cascade is to continue on the main road to the village as far as the Lodge on the near side of Lidford Bridge. Here, on Mondays, the public are admitted to the path which threads the ravine above and below the bridge. The key is kept at the Lodge. *Fee optional.*

Beneath the road-bridge a foot-bridge has been constructed, from which the defile—a mere rift in the rock—is seen to advantage. Turning up-stream, it is $\frac{1}{4}$ mile to *Kits Steps*, where the Lid, when in flood, forms a series of fine cascades. Turning down-stream from the bridge, and passing in one place through a tunnel in the rock, we reach the foot of the Cascade. This is the finest in the South of England, and if seen in the gloaming, may fitly be termed the “Woman in White.”

For Dartmoor Excursions see our *S. Devon and S. Cornwall*.

From Lidford our route turns westward and commands the Lyd valley in its finest part from the high ground on the south of it. Then descending to the level of the stream we follow its course till it joins the Tamar, 4 miles short of Launceston. For **Launceston** see p. 86.

Barnstaple Station (L. & S.W.R.), by Loxhore and Paracombe to Lynton, 18 m.

Coach (see Yellow Sheet) *every week-day afternoon in connection with the 9 a.m. from Waterloo.*

At first the road is mainly up the valley of the Yeo, and though pretty, needs no comment. At **Loxhore** (6 m.; *Inn*) horses are changed, and passengers may breast the long steep hill that follows, afoot, leaving the coach to overtake them at the top. Then it is a rather uninteresting drive across an undulating upland district to **Paracombe** (12 m.; *Inn*: *Fox and Goose*), the descent to which is short and sharp. Again, while horses are changed, it is becoming to walk up another hill, passing the new church, on the right, after which we begin to get prospects seaward over the moor towards Hangman Hill and Heddon's Mouth. The descent to Lynton is by the West Lyn Valley, which at *Barbrook Mill* (16 m.) already gives promise of what is to follow. At *Lynbridge* (*inn*) we fairly enter the delightful glen down which our way lies, and accompanied by the sound of the foaming West Lyn, below on our right, we reach by a turn to the left, **Lynton** (p. 32).

Barnstaple to Ilfracombe by road, 11 m.

Leaving Barnstaple by the village of *Pilton*, the road steadily ascends, for $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, a somewhat commonplace valley with a little brook, to the hamlet of *Muddiford*, and then continues to *Bittadon* (6 miles), with a neat little *inn*. We have gradually attained an elevation of 600 ft. above the sea, but have yet another $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles of collar work to do before, at a cross road, the highest point (814 ft.) of the road is reached. At 9 miles from Barnstaple the road becomes prettily wooded, and has a picturesque dell on the right, whilst away in front we have the sea over the broken coast-line. For **Ilfracombe**, see p. 52.

Bideford (*viâ* Clovelly Cross) to Bude (26 m.), Boscastle (42 m.), Tintagel (45 m.), Camelford (51 m.), Wadebridge (63 m.), New Quay (80 m.).

The distances starting from **Clovelly** would be about 8 miles less.

From **Launceston** to New Quay (*viâ* Camelford, see p. 87) is 45 m.

The coach arrangements (*see Yellow Sheet*) have hitherto necessitated sleeping at Bude. At Camelford passengers change to the "Launceston and New Quay coach, which connects there to and from New Quay.

At Boscastle time is allowed to visit the harbour, and at Tintagel (Trevenna) for a hasty look at the Castle.

The route to Bude (except a short bit of road, calling for no remark, between Clovelly Cross and West Country Inn) is given under "Bideford to Clovelly," p. 65, and "Hartland to Bude," p. 77.

For "Bude to Boscastle," see p. 81, "Boscastle to Tintagel," p. 84. The journey from Tintagel to Camelford calls for no description, and onward to Wadebridge it will suffice to say that the country is for some miles well wooded. From Wadebridge to New Quay, through St. Columb Major and St. Columb Minor, is also more breezy than interesting.

Bodmin to Boscastle.

A coach (fare 5s.) has performed this journey hitherto, and one from Bodmin to Camelford, Tintagel, and Boscastle is projected; see our *Yellow Sheet* which is published annually, as soon as summer arrangements are fixed.

Minehead.

Approaches: G.W.R. *via* Taunton. Passengers from South Western stations between Basingstoke and Exeter can travel *via* Chard Junction and Chard Joint Station to Taunton. The midday train on this cross connection enables the Lynton coach (*see p. 27*) to be caught at Minehead.

Hotels: *Beach*, close to the station and the sea; *Feathers*; *Wellington* (temperance).

Post: *del.* 7.30 a.m., 3.30 p.m.; *desp.* 11.15 a.m., 6 p.m.

Distances (by road): Ashley Lodge, 8 *m.* Bossington, *via* Selworthy, 6½ *m.* Culbone, 10 *m.* Cutcombe and Dunkery Beacon, 10 *m.* Dunster, 2½ *m.* Luccombe, 5 *m.* Porlock, 7 *m.* Porlock Weir 2½ *m.* Selworthy, 5 *m.* Wootton Courtney, 4 *m.* Lynton, 20 *m.*

Coach to Lynton, *see p. 27* and *Yellow Sheet*.

This pleasant little watering-place has, since the opening of the railway, been rapidly growing in accommodation for, and in favour with visitors. It is the terminus of the West Somerset branch of the G. W. R., distant by rail 24¾ miles from Taunton, to and from which junction with the main line there are four or five trains daily. The town consists of three distinct portions: (1) *Higher Town*, on the S.E. slope of North Hill. Here are the Parish Church (fine tower, good screen, curious rood-stair, good font; also church-yard cross), a lodging-house and a few cottages. From its elevation, 230 feet above the sea, it affords a wide view over Bridgwater Bay and the sweep of richly verdant country between Grabbist Hill and the shore. (2) *Quay Town*, under the north-east corner of North Hill, along the shore—a single street, occupied chiefly by seafaring folk. At its eastern end is the coast-guard station, and at its western the Quay or pier. (3) *Lower Town* extends from the station inland about ½ *m.* Here are the hotels, some minor inns, and many good lodging-houses. This is the quarter chiefly patronised by visitors, and its well kept appearance justifies the choice. There is a new church here as well as a Wesleyan chapel. The situation of the town, well-protected by high ground from the storms of the Atlantic, is healthy and picturesque. The bathing is fair, and, compared with most places on this coast, good; ample sands afford a safe playground for children. The remains of a submarine forest extend along the coast for several miles. In clear weather the view up the coast includes Brean Down below Weston, the Steep and Flat Holms, and opposite, the coast of Wales from below Nash Point to the entrance to Cardiff Roads. It is, however, on the delightful rambles and excursions to be made in the neighbourhood that Minehead justly rests its claims on tourists. We will take the points of chief interest from east to west.

Excursions from Minehead.

1. **Cleeve Abbey.** This interesting Cistercian relic is within $\frac{1}{4}$ mile of Washford Station (6 m.), where there is a small hotel. Leave the station by road going south. When the village is reached turn to the right, and in 200 yards, over the *old bridge* to the left, enter the grounds. The road leads at once to the *Gate-house*. Notice in the gable the image of the Virgin and Child, and lower down a tablet with the inscription—

Porta, patens esto,
Nulli claudaris honesto.

The south front of the Gate-house has three beautiful niches, the centre one containing a crucifix in good preservation. Crossing a small close, in which is the shattered trunk of a giant sycamore, the *Conventual Buildings* should be entered by the *Porch*, when the tourist will find himself in the *Cloister Garth*, which is surrounded on all sides by the well-preserved ruins of the Abbey. The person in charge is entitled to a shilling from each visitor, and she will for another shilling supply the late Mr. Walcott's little guide, which contains a good plan of the building. The chief points of interest are the *Sacristy*, the *Chapter House*, the *Common Room* (a noble chamber), the *Refectory* (with a fine oak roof), and the *Dormitory*. To the north of the remaining buildings are the *Foundations* of the *Church*, enabling us to trace with exactness the proportions of this pure Cistercian building, which was of Late Norman and E. E. style, and 161 ft. in length. The visitor desiring to make a thorough examination will, of course, take Mr. Walcott as his guide, and therefore we content ourselves with adding that in the garden adjoining the south side of the abbey is a good tiled *pavement*, well preserved. The old sycamore already mentioned dates no doubt from pre-reformation times, but the fine chestnut, though of great age, cannot from its situation within the church be so old. The condition of the buildings, which allows of one's forming a complete idea of the arrangements of a Cistercian House, and the surroundings of the Abbey, including some very fine poplars, combine to tempt the visitor to tarry long in this pleasant spot.

2. **Dunster** (Hotel, *Luttrell Arms*). This is a charming village with an old-world appearance, lying in a little valley well-nigh surrounded by wooded knolls. It is $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles from Minehead by rail, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ by road. The best view perhaps of its grand Elizabethan castle is that obtained from the rail, a little to the east of Dunster station. The castle is not shown to visitors, but permission to see the grounds and park on Tuesdays and Fridays may be obtained at the Hotel. As the easiest approach we will suppose the tourist to arrive by rail. Proceeding south from the station, he will pass through a small hamlet and have before him the conspicuous knoll and tower-crowned woods of **Conegar**. This hill

should by all means be climbed. A gate on the right leads to a bridle road which winds up the northern slope, and on the way, through charming woods, affords delightful views seaward, and up and down the coast. Passing under some modern ruins the tower at the summit is quickly reached. This too is modern and of no interest or beauty when seen close at hand, though a conspicuous and pleasing feature in the landscape from the neighbourhood. There is no view from the top of the hill except a peep of the castle through the trees. A steep path on the south of the hill runs down to the village, which it enters close to the *Luttrell Arms*, a house which, besides being one of the best hostelries in the west country, is in itself interesting. It not improbably was the town house of the Abbot of Cleve, and has a Perpendicular porch. Within, some of the rooms still preserve remains of its former importance, including a good ceiling and an Elizabethan mantelpiece. The old-fashioned street with its quaint market-house and the dominating castle at its southern end, is striking. **Dunster Castle** was built at the end of the 16th century with the exception of the main gateway, which is of the 14th century. It occupies the site of a much older work, built in the 11th century, which in its turn is said to have replaced an earlier fortress. During the civil wars it was held for the king till it was captured by Blake, the Governor of Taunton. The **Park** contains many noble trees, and overlooking it on the south are the remains of a Roman encampment, a visit to which from the village will take the tourist through one of the most delightful scenes of lawn and wood in the district, and give him varied but all-alike beautiful views of land and sea. The **Priory Church** and **Parish Church** (beautifully restored by Street) form one building which is reached by turning up the street to the right. Mr. Walcott's little book, already mentioned in connection with Cleve Abbey (p. 24), also contains an account of this interesting work. The nave of the church is Perpendicular with some Norman features, and is divided from the rest of the church by a fine rood-screen. The Presbytery and Choir are E. E. Leaving the church through the village westward (or, should he take Conegar Hill after seeing the park, by a path passing through the allotment ground), the tourist should climb the abrupt spur of **Grabbist Hill**, which will afford him, perhaps the best general view to be obtained of this part of the country. Eastward, beyond Conegar and Dunster, stretch the rich meadows that fringe the coast to Blue Anchor. The Castle and the Park, with the Village, lie close below. Westward comes down the fertile valley with its little stream from Wootton Courtney and Timberscombe, while to the south is the high ground of Croydon Hill (1,253 ft.), an outlying ridge of eastern Exmoor. Dunkery Beacon (1,707 ft.) with its cairn rises to the south-west, and further off to the west Lucott Hill (1,512 ft.). Turning N.W., we see Minehead and, rising above it, the steep ridge of North Hill. The Holms and the Welsh Coast are observed to seaward, and proceeding along the ridge about 2 m. to its highest point (976 ft.) Porlock Bay and

the lovely vale in which *Holnicote* (Sir Thomas Acland) lies, with Selworthy on its northern side. The return to Minehead can be made direct by Hopcott in $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, or continuing along the ridge in a north-westerly direction a descent may be made by Heydon Down to the Porlock Road near Bratton, which is $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. west of Minehead.

3. **Brendon Hills, by Washford.** A longer excursion is by rail to Washford, for Cleeve Abbey (p. 24), and then by the Mineral line to Combe Row Station. The latter part of this journey is by a steep incline of 1 in 4, up which the train is drawn by a fixed engine. (The trains are few, but permission to walk up the line may be obtained at Washford Mineral Line Station.) The scenery of the valley will well repay the tourist, and at *Raleigh's Cross*, at the top of Brendon Hill, there is an inn. The prospect hence, except northwards along the ridge, is a wild one. About a mile west of the inn, in a steep combe to the south, is the source of the Tone. Two miles further, a descent to the north should be made to *Luxborough*, whence on *Monkham Hill* a *stone circle* may be visited. Crossing Croydon Hill by the depression nearly due north, the *Roman Camp*, commanding Dunster, may be reached, and in a mile further Dunster village, from which by rail or road the return to Minehead can be made. The whole round, supposing the pedestrian to begin walking at Washford and on to Dunster Station, is about 15 miles.

4. **To Greenaley, $1\frac{1}{2}$ m.** Leave *Quay-town* by road, passing left of the Coffee Tavern. A path is seen along the lower slope of the cliff. This leads down to the shore under the Point, and gives, as we advance, a good view of this part of the coast. A falling tide should be chosen for this excursion, when the shingle may be followed to where a steep track leads up to the top of the hill. A more interesting way is, however, to proceed to *Higher-town*, and pass to the right of the church, whence a road, which affords delightful views over land and sea eastward, gradually ascends to *Greenaley*. The prospect is less extensive and less varied than that from Grabbist Hill above Dunster, but well worth the climb. Proceeding south-west from Greenaley, the track leading over the eastern summit of North Hill (see below) is gained in less than half-a-mile.

5. **To Porlock over North Hill, $2\frac{1}{2}$ -3 hrs.** The pedestrian, proceeding westward from Minehead, who has already been to Greenaley, will do well to take the road which goes from Minehead Church to the left. When this road shortly afterwards forks, take the left hand branch. Immediately, on looking back, a charmingly-framed view, with Dunster Castle in the centre, and the curve of the bay to the left, is obtained. The road now zig-zags up to the moor, and the best direction is to keep along the top of the ridge. In a little over $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles from Minehead, a cairn, which marks the summit of the Hill, is reached.

By turning to the left a little beyond this cairn, and, where wood and fence end, taking one of the tracks downwards towards Lynch, through a grove of fine ilex, the Porlock road can be reached.

Still keeping to the ridge, in another mile is **Bossington Beacon**, which commands a magnificent view of the coast westward, with the villages of Bossington, Porlock and Porlock Weir immediately below. The course of the Horner brook, coming down through a wooded valley from Dunkery, is to the south, and westward the Lynton road is seen climbing the steep ascent of Porlock Hill. About $\frac{1}{4}$ m. from the Beacon is a mausoleum to the memory of Sir T. D. Acland. Hence the descent may be made to Bossington, and so to Porlock.

From Bossington Beacon by crossing the combe on the N. we can ascend Hurlstone Point, and then scramble down the rocky point to a good path (below an ordnance mark) which, to the left, leads to Porlock. This not a good détour when the herbage is dry and slippery.

6. **To Porlock, viâ Selworthy, $6\frac{1}{2}$ m.** Take the new road which leaves the town by the "Parks," and follow it to where a road goes off to the right, just as the main road begins to descend into the valley in which Holnicote lies. When a farm is reached, keep up to the right and turn at the top of the lane to the left. From this point Dunkery is well seen to the south-west, and Porlock Weir to the west. *Selworthy Church*, Perpendicular, is passed, and soon after, through a gate we enter *Selworthy Green*. Here, in a lovely glen, is a collection of picturesque cottages, embowered in luxuriant growth which tells plainly of the mildness of the climate. No prettier abode for old age is known to us. The occupants are those who have deserved well of the Acland family. Winding through the trim little gardens, the path again joins the road, a perfect Devonshire lane completely overhung. The main road to Porlock (p. 28) is reached shortly, near Holnicote.

Minehead to Porlock and Lynton.

Minehead to Porlock, $6\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Lymouth, 19 m.; Lynton, 20 m. Coach (see Yellow Sheet) every week-day afternoon, during season, in connection with 9 a.m. from Paddington.

To Porlock by main road. $6\frac{1}{2}$ m. This route calls for no particular description. At $2\frac{1}{2}$ m., where the road above mentioned goes off on the right to Selworthy, a beautiful view up and down the valley is obtained. At *Holnicote*, $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Minehead, the road is bordered on the left by the pleasant grounds of Sir Thomas Acland, and *Selworthy Green*, a short distance right, up a lane, should by all means be visited. From Holnicote it is two miles to Porlock (p. 28). *For road on to Lynton, see p. 29.*

Porlock and Porlock Weir.

Inns: (Porlock) *Ship*, good; *Castle*, &c.; (Porlock Weir) *Anchor Hotel*, good. *Post:* del. 8 a.m.; dep. 4.45 p.m.; *Post town*, Taunton.

This village was long ago a little port, but is now separated from the sea by a stretch of the greenest meadows, which are bounded on the west by Porlock Hill and on the east by Bossington Beacon. The seaward sides of the former are abundantly wooded, and the latter is distinguished by the extensive grove of ilex mentioned p. 27. The smooth green slopes and sharp outline may suggest, to the traveller descending Porlock Hill, a "pocket edition" of Skiddaw, while the valley in which Porlock lies, though of course much smaller and less grand in its surroundings, wears a far richer appearance both in colour and vegetation than the praise-burdened vale of Keswick.

Porlock Village is picturesque in every way. Flowers love the soil, and the people love flowers. Whitewash used with the utmost prodigality, thatch, and eccentricity of shape and position are its architectural characteristics. *The church* contains some interesting memorials (a fine cross-legged knight, 13th cent.; knight and lady, 15th cent., in alabaster), and has a charmingly ugly spire. In the churchyard is a 15th or 16th cent. altar-tomb.

Porlock Weir is $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the west at the extremity of the bay, and forms what remains of the port.

Ascent of Dunkery Beacon, 1707 ft., $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. Porlock is the best starting point for the ascent of this hill, the crowning point of Exmoor. The easiest way is to drive by Luckham, (4 m.) and 2 miles onward, but the pedestrian will be well rewarded for his trouble by taking the shorter though steeper route through Horner. Leave Porlock by the road east of the church, and cross the side of the hill to the village of *Horner* and its bright little trout stream. Go over the stone bridge, up Horner Wood and cross the stream by a little foot-bridge about 500 yds. up. A smart climb, the latter part through deep heather, gives fine views of the Cloutsham valley, well known as a favourite meet of the Devon and Somerset staghounds. The summit of *Dunkery* is marked by a huge cairn and by remains of beacon hearths. On a clear day the view from it is a wide one. Westward extend the bare rolling hills of Exmoor, culminating in Chapman Barrows, and far away, beyond, the Cornish heights of Brown Willy and Row Tor; to the south, Dartmoor with Yes Tor and Cawsand. Prominent south-east are the Black Down Hills, and to the left of them the Quantocks. Northwards extends the Bristol channel and beyond it the coast of Wales from Pembroke to Penarth. Under favourable circumstances we see the Malvern Hills to the north-east, and it is said that even Inkpen Beacon, 1,100 feet, the summit of the chalk range in the south of Berkshire, has been made out. Immediately under the hill to the north are

Cloutsham and the lovely glen of Horner, by which we have come. The village of Stoke Pero with its curious little church lies to the left. The isolation of this village and of two other not distant neighbours is recorded in the local rhyme —

Culbone, Oare and Stoke Pero,
Parishes three no parson'll go!

From Dunkery the descent, S.W., may be made in about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles to **Exford** (Inn, *White Horse*) a favourite haunt of anglers on the upper course of the Exe, and, within reach of the Barle, at *Withypool* (Inn), 2 m., and *Simonsbath* (Inn), 4 m. higher up the same stream. The fishing at the latter place is preserved by the owner of Exmoor, and his permission is necessary. From Withypool it is a delightful walk of about 9 miles, partly by the side of the Barle, to *Dulverton* and *Tor Steps*, an old bridge constructed of rude slabs; this is about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Withypool.

From Porlock the tourist proceeding westward has a choice of two routes: (1) *By old main road*, (2) *By coast-path*.

(1) **Porlock to Lynton by road.** 13 m. This on leaving Porlock zig-zags up Porlock Hill, a very steep ascent.

A new road, longer but of easier gradients and giving less extensive views, leaves the old road at the west of the village, and rejoins it in about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

During the ascent we obtain delightful views of Porlock Bay and Vale, with Bossington Beacon, North Hill, and Dunkery rising abruptly from it. The new road comes in on the right ($2\frac{1}{2}$ m.), and about half-a-mile further a road goes off to *Exford*, 5 m. from this point, which is known as *White Stones* from two blocks, said to have been thrown by the devil from Hurlstone Point, the eastern promontory bounding Porlock Bay. Our road now keeps along the ridge, having on the left a steep combe down which a tiny burn runs down to Porlock. On the right, but out of sight, is Culbone. About a mile beyond White Stones a road goes off left to the Oare Valley, but the road to Lynton still keeps along the high ground overlooking this valley on the north. *Culbone Stables* are next reached, and at a cottage on the right light refreshments may be had, as well as at *County Gate*, about 2 miles further. At this latter, immediately over **Glen thorne** (W. H. Halliday, Esq.), the road enters Devonshire. The view north over the Bristol Channel with the deep combe below is delightful. Those on foot should take the grass track going off left after passing the gate. This saves $\frac{1}{4}$ mile and affords a good view of the Brendon valley and the prettily placed village of Millslade. The stream comes down from the watershed which was passed near White Stones. Westward runs the East Lyn, here called the Weir Water, and joining it on its left bank is the Badgworthy Water, which descends from the Doone Valley and joins the Oare stream at Malmsmead immediately below us on the south. From County Gate, in $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, the road, still over moorland, reaches **Countisbury** (Inn, Blue Ball), whence a steep but good road along the sea-cliffs drops (2 m.) to Lynmouth. The bold promontory of the Foreland closes the prospect on the east; and the bay, at the head of which nestles Lynmouth with its tiny pier, is bounded on

the west by the abrupt promontory of Hollardy Hill. Lynton is seen in its sheltered upland valley, and far away to the north on a fine day the furnaces of Swansea are discernible, and to the right of them the long line of the Welsh hills comprising the Carmarthen Van, Gehirrach, and the Brecon Beacons.

(2) **Porlock to Lynmouth by the coast path, 4—5 hrs.** This is a most interesting route for pedestrians throughout. As far as Culbone there is a good road for carriages. Proceeding along the road through the hamlet of *Porlock Ford* or *West Porlock* (1 m.) another half-mile brings us to *Porlock Weir*. The sea-slopes from this point onward, are very steep and clothed from head to foot with a rich forest growth. Through this the old road to Culbone, now disused, runs, but has been replaced by another rather higher, for the use of which a small fee is payable at the entrance lodge of *Ashley Combe* (Earl of Lovelace). This house stands on an artificial platform of less than an acre, which has been notched out of the hill-side overlooking *Porlock Weir*. All around, above, and below are luxuriant woods, in which the gardens with their fine hydrangeas and myrtles lie embosomed. Past *Ashley Combe* the road winds along the cliff to **Culbone**, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles further. Here in a steep deep combe is a little glade occupied by the church and its little grave-yard. In winter the sun does not reach the church, so completely does it hide itself under the northern part of the hill. Above the church-yard is another lodge, at which persons desirous of seeing the interior of the church will find the key. The church disputes, we believe successfully, with that of St. Lawrence in the Isle of Wight, the privilege of being the smallest in England. It measures 33 ft. by 12, and yet possesses a chancel as well as nave. Note the chancel screen, the 13th cent. font, the barrel roof with bosses. Architecturally of humble Perpendicular, it seems to have preserved its original features unimpaired. From the lodge a bridle-path ascends by way of *Zeal Combe* to the *Porlock* and *Lynton Road*, but the pedestrian will do well to keep to the cliff path on to *Glenthorne*, following the lower branch from the first fork. This winds in and out round many a combe, and is rather rough as we approach *Glenthorne*, which by this route is $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Culbone. (Should the tourist have had enough of this kind of walk he can at *Broom Street*, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Culbone, strike south up to the road for *Lynton*.) The combe in which **Glenthorne** (see p. 36) lies is less confined and steep than that of Culbone, but not less beautiful.

From *Glenthorne* the tourist, bound to *Lynton* or *Lynmouth*, has a choice of routes. He can either take the coast-path (p. 31) or go straight up the combe to the main road, or proceed by the carriage-drive already mentioned. This latter for $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles winds upward through the woods, and then on to the open fell, and so to the coach-road, which is joined about 2 m. from *Countisbury*.

The Foreland



Coast Path from Glenthorne to Lynmouth, $6\frac{1}{2}$ m. 2-2½ hrs.

Follow the drive, or take the path at the top of the kitchen garden, which afterwards joins the drive, passing this way a point which affords a fine view of the coast and of the bottom of the glen. When at a sharp turn in the drive a heraldic gateway is reached, take the cliff-path leading under it; this leads to *Countisbury*, 5 miles distant from Glenthorne. At first it is bordered by flourishing rhododendrons and a lovely medley of rock and fern and heather, until a wicket-gate, marking the limits of the grounds to the westward is passed. Thence onward it winds along the cliff, passing around now a bare rocky now a richly wooded combe. Ahead protrudes far into the sea the huge mass of the Lynmouth Foreland. About $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles from Glenthorne a road is crossed which descends on the right abruptly to *Rodney*, or, as it is sometimes called, *Countisbury Cove*. [If the tourist follow this road to the left it will lead him across the moor to the main road, at a point about $\frac{3}{4}$ m. short of Countisbury.] The path descends steeply to a bare valley with a small brook, on the opposite side of which it climbs again to the corner of a wall. Proceeding westward, and keeping this wall on our left, a broad grass path is gained, which leads direct to *Countisbury Church*. on the way to which the tourist will be fain to pause in order to take in the beauty of the coast towards Lynmouth. On the right extends the bold promontory of the Foreland (*p.* 35), presenting on its landward side huge grey screes. At his feet is the sea, into which the cliffs, singularly rich in colour, descend with only here and there a small margin of sand at their base. Lynmouth lies across the bay, and above it, in its elevated valley, Lynton. The coast westward is seen as far as High Veer, the eastern side of Heddon's Mouth, and the rounded summit on its left is the Hangman Hill. The descent from Countisbury to Lynmouth has been already noticed (*p.* 29).

Lynton and Lynmouth.

Approaches: Rail to Minehead (p. 23), thence road, 20 m.
 „ Barnstaple (p. 61), „ 18 m.
 „ Ilfracombe (p. 52), „ 17 m.

Coaches: (see Yellow Sheet) to and from Barnstaple, Ilfracombe and Minehead.

Hotels at Lynton: *Valley of Rocks* (bed and attend., 4s. 6d.; table d'hôte, 5s.); *Castle* and its dependence *Lynton Cottage* (good grounds). These hotels are first-class, and command fine views. — *Queen's, Kensington* (Private), *Crown*.

Hotels at Lynmouth: *Lyndale* (bed and attend. from 3s.; table d'hôte, 3s. to 3s. 6d.; pension 8s.—9s. a day, 50s.—60s. a week); *Tors Park*, private, a dependence (same tariff); *Bath* (bed and attend. from 3s. 6d.; table d'hôte, 3s. 6d.; pension, 8s.—10. 6d. a day, 50s.—70s. a week); *Lynmouth Private* (2—2½ guineas a week); *Pedder's Refresh. Rooms* (7s. a day, 42s. a week); *Rising Sun* (bachelors; from 25s. a week).

* * * Where two prices are given the higher is for Aug.-Sept.

Post: (Lynton) del. abt. 9.45 a.m., 7.15 p.m.; desp. 7.45 a.m., 4 p.m.
 (Lynmouth) del. 10 a.m., 7.30 p.m.; desp. 7.30 a.m. 3.45 p.m.

On Sundays, a morning delivery and afternoon despatch as on week-days.

Lynmouth, at the mouth of the Lyns, occupies the bottom of a narrow valley, overhung by precipitous heights. The *East* and *West Lyns* unite their crystal waters a couple of hundred yards from the shore, and enter the sea, even at low water, without any of the unsightly appearances commonly exhibited by estuaries when the tide is out. The shore consists of rock and boulder, with a patch or two of sand, just sufficient for bathing. The village contains many good lodging-houses, a public reading-room, and a small church. We forbear to quote the well-worn description by Southey, as even that fails to do justice to the exquisite loveliness of the nook in which this little village is situated. As seen from the water it perhaps appears to the greatest advantage. The tower on the quay, unlike most modern antiques, is certainly an ornament, and when the tide is up, and the little harbour brimful, to loiter thereabouts and take in the details of the picture, is enjoyable indeed. The bathing-place for ladies is west of the pier, that for gentlemen across the stream, a quarter of a mile along the shore, towards the Foreland. Those who cannot swim, or can do so but indifferently, should be reminded that the spring tides here run swiftly. It cannot be denied that of late years some sacrifice of the cottage simplicity of the village has been made on behalf of visitors, but happily the natural beauty of the spot is almost indestructible. A great charm of the place is that lovely walks start from one's doorstep, and that the lover of hill-climbing can begin to ascend at once.

Lynton is some 400 ft. above Lynmouth and has the disadvantage of being separated from the shore by the steepest of hills, but it is fully compensated for this by a more bracing climate and fine views, including a lovely one of the deep gorge of the East Lyn. It is close to the *North Walk* and *Valley of Rocks*, and, to speak generally, better situated than its neighbour for expeditions westward, just as Lynmouth is to be preferred by those bent on exploring the glen scenery to the East. It matters little, however, which place is chosen, provided the tourist recognizes the fact that the neighbourhood is one that should not be hurried over, but leisurely explored.

Notes for anglers. The Exmoor streams, especially the two Lys, swarm with small trout, and about July salmon-peel, bull-trout, and salmon begin to run up from the sea. For the sake of clearness we may call the three fisheries (1) the *Glenthorne Fishery*, (2) the *West Lyn Fishery*, (3) the *Brendon Fishery*.

(1) *The Glenthorne Fishery.* This includes the whole of the right bank (*i.e.*, north side) of the East Lyn from Middleham past Watersmeet, Rockford (*Inn*), and Brendon (*Inn*), to County Wall. Tickets can be had of Mr. John Heywood, Bath Hotel, Lynmouth. Prices: season, 42s.; month, 15s.; week, 4s.; day, 1s.

(2) *The West Lyn Fishery.* This embraces the whole of the West Lyn and its tributaries, with the exception of that part of the main stream which is within the bounds of Glenlyn; the entire left bank of the East Lyn to Watersmeet, as well as the right bank below Middleham; the left bank of the Combe Park Water to Combe Park Gate, and above that, except for the short distance through the Park, both banks for the rest of its course. For tickets, including this and the Brendon Fishery, *see below*.

(3) *The Brendon Fishery* consists of the left bank of the East Lyn from Watersmeet to Rockford, including Long Pool, now fishable from the Brendon side; the right bank of Combe Park Water from Watersmeet to Combe Park Gate; the Farley Water; the left bank of Badgworthy Water below the Forest Wall. Tickets at Lyndale Hotel and Post Office, Lynmouth. Prices: season, 30s.; month, 10s. 6d.; week, 4s.; day, 1s.

Of other Fishings we may mention:

(a) The East Lyn above County Wall; the right bank of Badgworthy to the Forest Wall; Weir Water and Chalk Water. All these belong to Nicholas Snow, Esq., of Oare, except the part of Weir Water above the shepherd's house where Earl Lovelace's rights begin.

(b) The left bank of East Lyn, about Rockford and above Millslade, is held by several smaller proprietors, but permission is liberally given.

(c) The Heddon's Mouth stream (*page 49*), yields a good many and fair-sized trout of high quality. Towards the end of summer, when the bar of shingle at the Mouth is open, salmon-peel pass up. Tickets at Hunter's Inn, 1s. a day.

(d) The Barle at Simonsbath (*page 46*) affords fine sport for trout (Sir F. W. Knight; who also owns left bank of Badgworthy, and both banks above the Forest Wall).

Fly, spinning, and worm are the modes for trout-fishing. Wading is forbidden and quite unnecessary. Peel are chiefly caught in the pools about and above Lynmouth. Salmon and bull-trout rarely, if ever, take the fly, and are worm-fished in primitive fashion.

At Lynmouth, towards the end of summer, many bass and grey mullet are caught with rod and line in the tideway, which also abounds with eels. Rock-fish are plentiful in the bay.

Walks and Excursions from Lynton and Lynmouth.

A good general idea of the beauties of the neighbourhood will be obtained by the following walk: by road to Countisbury (*p.* 35); out to Foreland (*p.* 35) and back; then by Chiseldon Combe (*p.* 35 & 39) to Watersmeet, and thence by river (*p.* 36), road (*p.* 40), or by Summerhouse Hill (*p.* 40) to Lynton or Lynmouth. Time 4 hrs., including 1 hr. loitering. If after this a stroll be taken by North Walk to Lee Abbey (*p.* 47) the best points will have been visited.

In treating of the rambles in the neighbourhood, we shall in our description start from Lynton or Lynmouth, according as one or the other is the more convenient point of departure.

From *Lynmouth* the first and nearest ramble is to

Glenlyn (*weekdays only; 1 pers., 6d.; 2 or 3, 1s.*), up the beautiful lower course of the West Lyn. The entrance to the grounds is at the lodge, close to the Lyndale Hotel. The West Lyn is here one long succession of cascades and tiny rock-bound pools, with banks richly clothed with thickets of evergreen, and overspread by oak coppice. Of ferns there is great abundance and variety, and it is scarcely necessary to say that they are not to be gathered or removed by visitors. The fishing, too, is preserved, and is not obtainable by the public. The limits of the walk are attained when a high fall is reached, just below which the path ends. The return to the village can only be made by the outward route, but though the way is the same the scene is different. In ascending, rock, and fern, and foaming torrent overhanging by the precipitous and gorse-clad steep of Lyn Cliff are the features. In descending we get, from the upper part of the glen, delightful foliage-framed peeps of the village and the bay. From the lodge to the top of the grounds and back is half a mile.

Between Lynton and Lynmouth, clinging to the steep and thickly-wooded slopes, are *Lynton Cottage* (see *Hotels*) and *Cloonevin*. The grounds of the former are open to visitors, and afford the pleasantest walk between Lynton and Lynmouth. *Cloonevin* is a private residence, and its grounds are not usually open to the tourist.

The climb to the top of **Lyn Cliff** (Summerhouse Hill) can be made by a lane leaving the Watersmeet road on the right near the Church. It zig-zags up the hill, and the best view of the two Lyn valleys, and of the bay and its surroundings is obtained from the summit (*see top of p.* 41).

Lynmouth to Countisbury by the Tors, 2 m. Cross the bridge by the Lyndale Hotel, and a little way up the hill take the "Tors Park Hotel" drive on the right. Ascend to the top of the ridge and follow it till a wall is reached. Keep the wall on the left-hand until, at a bend, Countisbury comes in sight. Then climb by the wall about 50 yards, and turn to the right along the ridge to a gate, close to which is the Roman Camp, mentioned in the next excursion.

Lynmouth to Glenthorne, by the coast-path from Countisbury, $6\frac{1}{2}$ m. Follow the Porlock road up the steep hill from the far side of bridge by the Lyndale Hotel. The retrospect over Lynton to the Valley of Rocks and Heddon's Mouth is pleasing, and in front, as you ascend, the picturesque promontory of the Foreland is seen to advantage.

To Sillery Sands and the Foreland.

About $\frac{1}{2}$ m. from the bridge take cliff-path through the gate on the left. This path slopes and then zig-zags to *Sillery Sands*. At low spring tides we can go on to the caves that run into the Foreland, and thence to *Rodney* (Countisbury Cove) and so to the Porlock road a little beyond Countisbury. It is rough scrambling below the Foreland, which is better visited from Countisbury (see next small type).

Just where the road turns away from the sea slightly inland, above on the right, are the remains of a *British* or *Roman Camp*. Parts of the fosse and vallum are still left, and the view south, of the valley of the East Lyn down Chiselton Combe and across to Hawkse'en Tors, is worth the trifling climb. The road now runs between stone walls for half a mile to **Countisbury** (Inn: *Blue Ball*) nearly 2 m. from Lynmouth. Opposite the inn is the weather-beaten church. In the graveyard several tombs tell a tale of shipwreck on the savage rock-bound shores below. (The road goes on to Porlock and Minehead.) Passing to the right of the school-house and church take the grass-path towards the Foreland. In a few yards the view of the bay with its red and green cliffs, and the coast as far as High Veer is particularly fine. The highest point west is the Hangman Hill over Combe Martin. When the grass-path ends on the downs, make for the end of a walled enclosure on the right, and keep on its seaward side to its eastern angle. This point, 1 mile from Countisbury Church, affords a good view of the wild screes of the Foreland, beyond which to the north-east the Welsh Coast about Nash Point (2 *light-houses*) appears. Bossington Hill, east of Porlock, is prominent due east.

We are here on the neck of the **Foreland**, and one of the finest view-points in the district is at its extremity. Keep along the ridge (with a low bank of earth on your right-hand) till you are on the Foreland itself and follow its ridge past an ordnance cairn to the end, about 20 min. from Countisbury Church. The coast is commanded from Bossington, on the East, to Bull Point (beyond Ilfracombe, not seen) on the West. The Foreland promontory is a capital spot for a breezy picnic.

Across a deep combe a path is seen on the opposite side, and those who do not object to a steep descent and climb can make straight for it, or it can be gained by a $\frac{1}{4}$ mile longer but easier route by still following the enclosure wall on towards the head of the combe, which soon forks. Cross these minor combes, which are beautiful with gorse and heather and luxuriant *Lastrea Montana*. Climb a little to a rough cart-road which comes from the Porlock road (*right*) and goes down (*left*) to Countisbury Cove with its dilapidated jetty.

This cart-road leaves the main, Porlock, road on the left about $\frac{3}{4}$ m. E. of Countisbury, and is the easiest way of reaching this point for those who have already explored the Foreland.

Following this road, left, the junction with the path already mentioned as affording the more direct route is gained. Where this road slopes rapidly shoreward, at a gate take a path up above it which soon leads to another gate. At the fork that is next reached take the lower path and keep to it, avoiding turns up or down. The route henceforward winds round now a well-wooded, now a bare rocky combe, a contrast especially marked as we approach Glenthorne, where the barest and best clothed combes are next-door neighbours. A wicket gate marks the entrance to the grounds of Glenthorne and, from it, eastward, rhododendrons, heather, ferns, and moss clothe the grey rocks which border the path. A heraldic archway is passed where the coast-path joins the carriage-drive. We have now covered $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Countisbury Church, and it is about another half-mile down to **Glenthorne** (*W. H. Halliday, Esq.*). Just before reaching the house, a road to the right goes to the stables, where visitors arriving by road are requested to leave their carriages. The whole of the grounds of Glenthorne are open to the tourist, but the house is not shown. Of its kind there can be no sweeter glen than this. A small trout-stream trickles through a succession of tiny ponds to the sea, and the combe is so narrow and precipitous that the carriage-drive from the house to the *white gate* on the Lynton and Porlock road is three miles in length, although the distance by a steep footpath is less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The *house at Glenthorne*, which is very picturesque, stands on a small plateau about 200 feet above the sea, and is surrounded by bright though necessarily rather limited gardens. The liberality of the owner, which at all times allows visitors to wander about at pleasure, has so far happily not been abused. It is hardly necessary to add, that ferns and flowers are to be admired but not removed.

The route by the coast-path may be continued *viâ Culbone Church and Ashley Combe to Porlock Weir*. The start from Glenthorne is across a couple of meadows to a gate where the path enters the woods, and is for some distance rather rough and a little difficult to follow. It is hardly so varied as that from Countisbury, being more generally wooded and consequently affording less favourable seascapes, but it is by far the best way for the pedestrian to Porlock. It is described the reverse way on page 30.

The return to Lynmouth from Glenthorne, either up the combe, or by the carriage-drive, is given on *pp.* 30 & 29.

N.B.—Glenthorne is commonly given as a habitat of *Asplenium septentrionale*, but diligent enquiries and frequent searches have never enabled the writer to find a specimen either in the grounds or in the woodland around.

Lynmouth to Watersmeet by the river, 2 m. Leave Lynmouth by the road which passes between the Lyndale Hotel and a small chapel. Only a few yards beyond the last of the houses, a

bridle-path goes off to the left. Follow it down to a small hamlet, *Middleham*, where formerly only natives lived, but which now boasts a few modest "lodgings." From *Middleham* the path, keeping the river on the left-hand, makes for *Woodside*, a good lodging-house with pleasant surroundings. Just above the house, cross the river by a rustic bridge and follow the footpath by the water-side up stream.

There are from time to time tracks going upward through the woods that are to be avoided except by those who want to climb out of the Lyn valley on to the ridge separating it from the sea.

In a hundred yards, where the path climbs a little, with a deepish pool below, a good, and for these winding valleys, a more than usually extensive view is obtained. On the right the steep rock-strewn slopes of *Hawse'en Tors*, golden with furze, descend to the long, comparatively unbroken bed of the river, which here, though still a mountain-stream, presents no waterfalls of any size. On the left, abundant foliage, chiefly oak-coppice, contrasts effectively with the opposite slope, and the valley is closed, as it turns to the left, by the overlapping folds of its steep sides. If the time be early autumn, the picture is often rendered complete by a little patch of brilliant stubble on the one spot of arable land, right ahead and near the sky-line. Passing onward by the side of the stream and under the shade of the oak-coppice, the path, in a $\frac{1}{4}$ mile or less, mounts and turns to the left. The retrospect, when the top of the ascent is reached, was formerly quite beautiful, but in recent years has been disfigured by the giant form of the *Castle Hotel*, *Lynton*, on the sky-line. Down below is *Vellacott's Pool*, and above it the river-gorge is so narrow that only the angler ever cares to follow it, and he has no choice in places, but to leave the water-side for a while or to wade. The character of the glen, all the way from this point to *Watersmeet*, is that of a lovely, narrow, thickly-timbered valley, with rock, and moss, and fern doing their utmost to beautify and frame the ideal of trout streams. Not a dozen yards without its waterfall, or deep pool, or glittering stickle! There is nothing out of harmony and not an inch of ugliness or common-place. The colours of the stream-bed are singularly rich and, except after heavy rain, when the peat-brew off the moors for a little while makes the river thick, everything save the depths of the deepest pools is visible through the limpid water. The pedestrian will know that he is getting near to *Watersmeet* when for a moment the path emerges from the greenwood alongside a large still pool with a huge moss-covered rock in it midst. Passing this, the stream soon turns sharply to the right alongside the greenest of little meadows, and then a stone bridge over the river carries the path, and also the converging one from *Countisbury*, across to the left bank. Still continue up-stream after crossing the bridge [the turn down stream leads up to the *Watersmeet* and *Lynmouth* road], noting the splendid crags and precipices on the opposite hill-side, to a

wooden foot-bridge, which is about 100 yards below the confluence, **Watersmeet** (the cottage belongs to Mr. Halliday, of Glen-thorne, and is sometimes let), of the Coombe Park Water with the main river of the East Lyn (sometimes called the Brendon River). The best general view of the converging glens is to be had from just below *this* foot-bridge on the right bank, the hill dividing the channels of the two streams being specially fine from that point. Another good view, of the actual "meet" may be gained by *not* crossing the foot-bridge, and keeping the stream on the left till you are opposite the junction. Here the glen down which the Brendon River comes is seen to advantage, and by pursuing the path a few yards further, the exquisite succession of high falls, over which the Combe Park Water tumbles, comes into view. The exact spot where all its beauties are best beheld, is a yard or two above the junction. Early spring is perhaps the fairest time, but in summer or autumn the charms of this spot are scarcely less.

The rocky glen of the Brendon River, right bank, should be explored for a few hundred yards above Watersmeet Cottage.

From Watersmeet there is a choice of several routes besides the riverside path by which we have reached it from Lynmouth :—

Up the main river to Longpool, Rockford, Millslade, &c., *see below*.

Up the Combe Park Water to Combe Park Gate, *p. 39*.

By path over Horner's Neck, or by Chiseldon Combe to Countisbury, *p. 39*.

Back by road to Lynmouth, *p. 40*.

To Brendon Church, *p. 40*.

To Lynton or Lynmouth by Summerhouse Hill, *p. 40*.

Watersmeet to Rockford, 2 m., and Millslade, 3 m., by the right bank of the Brendon River. The path passes behind Watersmeet Cottage, and beyond it rises to a considerable height above the stream.

The bank of the stream can be followed closely from Watersmeet by those who do not mind a little scrambling, and the path rejoined, where it again nears the bed of the stream. This rough water-side track is highly remunerative to those who love a river dell specially rich in rock colouring, and always, even in the hottest, driest weather, pleasant and cool.

Through the trees an old lime-kiln, long since disused and now clad with bushes, appears on the opposite side of the stream, and then the path descends to the bottom of the valley, and at the next bend, again climbing a little, crosses the foot of a scree. From this point, half a mile onward, a straight reach of the river, with the path close by, brings us to *Nutcombe*, where till recently splendid timber formed a glade, still beautiful, but, thanks to the woodman, not what it once was. Another scree follows, and then the open hill-side, rising sharply from the river, is reached. Climbing again above the river, the path once more enters the woods at a wooden gate, where the pedestrian should certainly pause and look back. The opposite hill-side, some hundreds of feet in height, is clad with a graceful wood, such as a plentiful

intermingling of ash alone can furnish, and the promontory, round which the river winds, is a silvan picture. Resuming our course, in a short time the deep tone of heavy water is heard below in the glen. It is the fall at the head of **Long Pool**. Let the tourist by all means find his way down to this pool. There are several paths; the best is one that goes off just after the rise in the path is topped. This leads to the head of the pool, and from the projecting mass of rock, round which the river, here confined to a bed of 8 or 10 feet, and in places narrower, tears its way, *the pool of the whole river is best seen*. Shut in by abrupt cliffs, draped and festooned with fern and hanging creepers, dark and sunless almost always, for a length of a hundred yards and more the river creeps along, exhausted seemingly by the turmoil of its previous course. From Long Pool regain the path, and in half a mile the wooden bridge at *Rockford* is reached. (*Inn*: small, but fair—2 or 3 beds.) Without crossing the bridge the walk can be prolonged on the right bank, passing Halliford, to Millslade (*Inn*; p. 42), but it is better to cross to Rockford, see p. 41.

Rockford, *viâ* Brendon Church, to Watersmeet, abt. 2 m. This route is described the reverse way page 40. To those who have walked from Lynmouth by the riverside it offers a pleasant return route, but from Watersmeet they should take either the Watersmeet road (p. 40) or the Chiselton Combe (p. 39) route *viâ* Countisbury to Lynmouth. The only needful directions here are: ascend the hill from Rockford, and at the foot of the rise to Brendon Church take the woodland track on the right. From this (in about $\frac{1}{2}$ m.) the path to Longpool (*abore*) diverges, right, but is a *cul-de-sac*. Our track leads to the footbridge over the Combe Park Water, at Watersmeet, p. 38.

Watersmeet to Ilford Bridges by the stream, $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. From the wooden foot-bridge over the main stream follow the path up the left bank. The path passes the falls mentioned in the view, described on p. 38, and follows the left bank of the stream nearly to *Combe Park Gate*, where it joins the road from Lynmouth (see p. 41). In a few steps *Ilford Bridge* is reached. This walk has no particular features, but is given for the benefit of those who prefer, as far as possible, to avoid roads. It affords pretty combinations of wood and water, but is too confined to yield more than artistic studies.

Watersmeet to Countisbury. (a) By *Chiselton Combe*, $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. Take the path on the right bank down stream to the stone bridge. Turn up to the right having a walled enclosure on left. In a short time the grassy combe is entered, and at the top the road from Lynmouth is joined. The view down the combe across the Lyn valley is good. Turn to the right for Countisbury (p. 29). (b) Over *Horner's Neck*, 40 min. Turn sharp to the left just above Watersmeet cottage. A steep climb will soon land us on the top of the *Neck* overhanging the stream, and give views of the deep ravines that amply repay the labour of the ascent. On quitting the woods and reaching the open hill-side the stone wall must be kept on the right. Countisbury Church gives the direction, and the village is close by (p. 29).

Watersmeet to Lynmouth by road, 2 m. Descend the stream from Watersmeet cottage to the *stone* bridge, and take the path descending the left bank. This begins at once to climb, and in a short distance joins the road at a point that furnishes perhaps the best **view** of the lower portion of the East Lyn Valley. The abrupt and crag-topped slopes of the southern side are magnificent, and under an afternoon sun the light and shade of rock and gnarled timber are perfect. The river in its wooded glen is heard below, and the northern side of the valley is clothed almost to the top with oak coppice. As the road winds gently down, a constantly varied prospect is presented. Half-way to Lynmouth, on the left hand, wood gives place to rock and heather, and on the right hand the *Tors* promontory comes into view. Lynton, perched high up, closes the end of the valley, and with its picturesque villas embossomed in woods on the hill-side leaves nothing to be desired, save the absence of its too prominent "Castle Hotel."

Watersmeet to Long Pool (left bank), $1\frac{1}{4}$ m.; **and Brendon Church**, *abt.* $1\frac{3}{4}$ m. The little *foot-bridge* across the Combe Park Water, just above the junction of the two streams, gives access to a cart-track that winds through the wood on the right bank of the main river. In something over a mile, a rough track goes off on the left to **Long Pool** (p. 39), of which perhaps the best obtainable view is from the high ledge of rock at its head. Returning to the cart-track in about another $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile, we reach the high road, up which a short distance on the right is **Brendon Church**. Going over the hill past the church, we can return to Lynton or Lynmouth by *Ilford Bridges*. For both places the route over *Summerhouse Hill* is available. If this be decided on, we take the road "to Lynton" a little below the entrance to Combe Park, and proceed as described, *below*. For Lynmouth the easier and more direct course is to follow the main road that winds down the valley, and in a mile reaches a point overlooking Watersmeet (*above*). If instead of turning to the right, when we emerge on the high-road, we go in the opposite direction, **Rockford** (p. 41) is only about $\frac{1}{4}$ m. down the hill.

From Watersmeet by Summerhouse Hill to Lynton (4 m.), **or Lynmouth** ($3\frac{1}{2}$ m.). A very fine walk. From the waterfalls on the Combe Park Water (just above the actual "meet") take the path leading up into the road from Lynmouth. On reaching this turn to the left, and just short of Combe Park Gate take the road on the right "to Lynton." In a few yards this road turns sharply to the left. Here quit it and go through a gate on the right "to Lynton *viâ* East Lynn and Summerhouse Hill." A grass road leads on to the downs. Countisbury is in full view on the opposite side of the valley and the Tors, an exquisite view of Lynmouth Harbour, Hollardy Hill, and the Hangman (p. 51) come successively into view. The cart-road passes through two groups of humble farm-buildings and continues in the direction

of Hollardy Hill (cairn in sight) between hedges, and afterwards through a gate into an arable field. On leaving this we have a choice of routes. (a) Sharp to the right down a grass lane, which comes out on the cliff side, skirts a wall (left), winds round and under Hawkse'en Tors, and so by rapid zigzags leads down to Lynmouth. (b) Keep to the cart-road and along the summit of *Hawkse'en Tors*, which present some fine rock-masses. Soon the projecting spur is gained which abruptly divides the East and West Lyn Valleys. A *Summer house*, from which the hill derives its name, formerly stood here, but has now almost disappeared. We are on the summit of the sheer cliff that overhangs Lynmouth, and have before us a prospect second to none in North Devon. On the left comes down the West Lyn, heard but not seen through the luxuriant woods that clothe its sides and the bold hill between Lynton and Lynmouth. On the right is the East Lyn Valley, less wooded but not less beautiful. Immediately below is Lynmouth with its little pier and tower. The sea in front stretches away to the distant shores of Swansea Bay, just faintly visible, and is framed on the left by the green slope of Hollardy, and on the right by the rugged outline of the Tors. A zigzag path on the right leads down to *Lynmouth*. Another which keeps for a while a wall on the left descends to *Lynbridge* on the West Lyn, whence a pretty path winds up to *Lynton* through the woods.

Lynmouth to Millslade by Watersmeet Road, and back by Countisbury, 9 m. Quitting the village by the road past the little church, we gradually mount the East Lyn glen along its southern flank. In $1\frac{3}{4}$ m. a path on the left descends to **Watersmeet**, and the road turns sharply to the right up the valley, which is watered by the Combe Park stream, to **Combe Park Gate** (3 m.).

The road going off right leads over the hill to the West Lyn Valley at **Barbrook Mill** or to **Lynbridge**, and **Lynton** (finger-post).

Crossing one stream by a bridge and where the road forks, taking the left hand branch, we cross another stream by a ford (*Ilford Bridges*). A steep hill leads to **Brendon Church**, with its pretty graveyard and Lich Gate. Half-a-mile beyond this, a steep descent, is **Rockford**, with a little inn, one or two lodging houses, and a group of cottages on the banks of the East Lyn, which is here crossed by a foot-bridge.

The return to **Lynmouth** can be made by the river in 4 miles, passing **Longpool** ($\frac{1}{2}$ m. from *Rockford*) and **Watersmeet** (2 m.). This route is described the opposite way, pp. 36-38. Another on p. 39.

The road now keeps the stream on the left, and for the next $\frac{3}{4}$ mile is of great beauty, though its choicest spot, **Cranscombe**, has been marred by a lodging-house and water-wheel. **Millslade Abbey** (also called **Stag Hunters' Inn**) is not quite a mile from Rockford. The hamlet is called indifferently Brendon

or Millslade (*see below*). Here we cross the river at Livard Bridge (observe the ivy-clad old bridge now disused, 100 yards below), and the road, after descending the stream a little way, rises sharply up a narrow combe to the moor. It is 2 miles to *Countisbury*, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles further, down to *Lynmouth* from Livard Bridge.

Millslade (or Brendon).

Inn : *Millslade Abbey* (small), and country lodgings.

This is a pleasant little hamlet, especially for those who are followers of the gentle craft. As the name implies, it is situated in a vale, bright with luxuriant meadows, through which winds the East Lyn. Viewed from the heights on either side, but particularly from the little close above the wood opposite the inn, it presents a scene singularly rich in pastoral beauty, and one that is in this district only to be found here. From it the distance is 2 miles by road, $2\frac{1}{2}$ by river-side, to *Malmsmead* and the *Badgworthy Valley*, which there comes down from Exmoor and the Doone Valley on the right. A mile beyond Malmsmead is *Oare Church*, with a fine ash tree, and 1 m. further *Oareford*, at the junction of Weir and Chalk Waters. Thence the road ascends *Weir Water*, which it crosses at the *Robber's Bridge* on its way to join the Porlock road, p. 29. For *Malmsmead*, *see below*.

From Oare Church a road crosses the stream to the northern side, and goes up the hill to County Gate (p. 29), below which lies Glenthorne. There is also a path on the right bank of the stream to Millslade.

Lynmouth to the Doone Valley, $7\frac{1}{2}$ m. by *Countisbury* and over the moor (p. 43) from *Millslade*; 9 m. by *Countisbury*, *Millslade*, and *Malmsmead*. By *Watersmeet* and *Brendon Church* and *Millslade* these distances are increased $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. From *Two Gates* to *Doone Valley*, p. 45.

This excursion may be made as far as Millslade either by *Watersmeet Road* and *Brendon Church* already described (p. 41), or by *Countisbury* (p. 35). From Millslade there is choice of routes. Those who drive will continue up the valley to **Malmsmead** ($2\frac{1}{2}$ m.), where the carriage must be left. Here good farmhouse lodgings may be had, and refreshments may be obtained.

Where the road winds round the wooded spur of Southern Wood, a bridle track, right, goes over the spur and saves $\frac{1}{4}$ m., but nothing in time, owing to steepness.

A cart-road ascends the Badgworthy valley for half-a-mile, and thence onward a well-defined path follows the Badgworthy Stream through Badgworthy Wood, down which, at *Lorna's Glen* (abt. 2 m. from Malmsmead), comes a burn (crossed by a bridge, a little to the right of the path) that suggested the "Waterslide" of Mr. Blackmoore's Exmoor romance "*Lorna Doone*." A little further, at the bottom of a valley entering the Badgworthy from the right, are the so-called **Doone Houses**, the foundations of which alone remain. Here dwelt the terrible Doones, a band of outlaws who at the close of the 17th century were the terror of the country-side, on which they lived by levying black mail. The only remains beyond foundations are those, apparently, of an oven, part of whose dome is still to be seen. The robbers appear to have lived partly on the proceeds of distant expeditions, and partly on the black-mail which, as the price of leaving them unmolested, they levied on the inhabitants of the immediate country-side. It is said that in an attack on the farm-house of Yeanworthy, near Glenthorne, one of the Doones was killed, and from that time the people of the district plucked up courage, and, moved especially by an atrocious murder of a child at Exford, rose as one man and rid Exmoor of the lawless horde. The so-called "houses" could never have been more than huts, and the larger enclosures seem to have been yards or folds.

The return from **Doone Valley to Millslade** may be made over the hills by a path which passes the shepherd's house, but as it is better for pedestrians to approach this way, we here give only just sufficient necessary guidance. Proceed up the valley following a foot track from the shepherd's house in a north-westerly direction to a gateway in a stone wall. Cross the cart-road and go on in the same direction along the top of the southern side of acombe, down which a little burn flows East to join the Badgworthy Water. Near the head of this combe cross the stream at a gravelly ford. Just across the stream is a cart track going north-east, and two foot tracks. Follow none of these but go due north over the heather in a direction midway between the foot tracks. At the top of the hill a view of the rest of the way which is still due north is a forded. Keep to the left of the first walled enclosure and a cart track will shortly afterwards lead to a gate at the end of the bit of road that leads down to Millslade. During the last half of this walk a conspicuous round hollow or pit in a field across the Lyn Valley due north gives the general direction to be taken, as it is almost over Millslade.

Millslade to Badgworthy, direct over moor $2\frac{3}{4}$ m. There is a track over the moor that saves the *détour* by Malmsmead and lands the angler at the foot of the open-moorland part of the stream. Follow the road to where on the right, between two enclosures, the open moor (here grass) comes down to the road. Go up this and bear round to the left. A foot-path is then struck which gradually mounts the hill. When the top is reached bear to the right, and then round toward the head of a combe, on the left. Cross this and climb the opposite side. In a short distance across the heather a view of the *Badgworthy Valley* is obtained. A sharp descent leads down to the path up the valley alongside the stream. This walk, besides affording a change from glen to moorland, gives a good view of the softer scenery on this part of the Lyn.

Millslade to Doone Valley direct, 4 m. Take the road to "*Slocombslade*" from the bridge. When this reaches the open moor go straight ahead south. An enclosure is soon passed, on

your left, from the angle of which strike up the hill due south. After passing the summit of the ridge which is thus shortly gained, a convergence of tracks is observed on the opposite side of the next combe. Make for the junction, and cross the burn at a gravelly ford. Afterwards take the track that turns to the left, and follow it to the head of a tiny branch combe. Here a faint track goes on up the hill; avoid this and take a track to the left. You are now $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Millslade. As you proceed, the main combe, *Trout Hill*, lies to the left. In the distance on the farthest ridge, east, is the Porlock road with Culbone stables, and more to the right, south-east, the top of Dunkery Beacon is just seen. The path gradually becomes somewhat boggy and faint, its direction south-east by east. Proceed through a gate in a stone wall, and take the track which gently falls to a little burn, past which in a few yards we gain the **Doone Valley** (p. 43) which may be recognised by a solitary shepherd's house. *The route from Doone Valley to Malmsmead is given the reverse way p. 43.* For walk to Oare Ford over the moor, *see below.*

From the Doone Valley by taking the track opposite the shepherd's house, and crossing the combe and the Exe combe, Simonsbath can be reached in $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles' walk over the moor. The Exe combe is deep.

By following up the Doone Valley, the Simonsbath road is struck at Two Gates, *see below.*

From Doone Valley by Chalk Water to Oare Ford, $3\frac{1}{2}$ m.

Pedestrians who desire to make acquaintance with some of the wilder parts of the moor may do so by taking the following ramble. Quitting the Doone Valley by the gate on the right near the junction of the burn with the Badgworthy Water, keep that stream on the left, as you ascend it to where it forks. Here, except after heavy rain, a passage to the other bank can be made dry-shod. At all times, by going on a little beyond the junction, you will easily get across. Follow up the left-hand stream for 200 yards, and then quitting it, turn to the left and breast the hill, keeping the branch combe, which here comes down from the east, on your left and a wall on your right. On the top of the hill some upright stones will be passed. There is no path, but a course a little to the north of east will, in half-a-mile, place you on the watershed between Badgworthy and Chalk Water. When this is reached bear slightly to the left, and clamber over a bank topped with wire. A gentle descent in a direction nearly north-east will in another half mile land you on the steep hill-side overlooking Chalk Water, which flows at the bottom of one of the wildest little glens in all Exmoor. Looking south up the glen, the stream is seen for a mile or so winding down like a silver thread, whilst northward it widens gradually, bordered here and there with a storm-gnarled thorn-bush. The scene reminds one strongly of the Highlands, and is of its kind the finest bit on Exmoor. Follow the stream down to ($1\frac{1}{2}$ m.) its junction with *Weir Water* at *Oare-*

ford, whence the road down-stream leads in a long mile to *Oare Church*, with its noble ash-tree. From this point there is a choice of routes to *Lynmouth* either by *Millslade* and the *Lyn Valley* or by *County Gate* and *Countisbury*. For the former keep straight on by the church, along a narrow lane; for the latter turn to the right at the church and, crossing the bridge, follow the road which leads up to the *Porlock road* (p. 29) near *County Gate*. There is no inn in the *Lyn Valley* above that at *Millslade*, but farmhouse refreshments may be obtained at *Malmsmead*, one mile below *Oare Church*, on the river. Those returning this way can, if they wish, by taking the lane that goes off to the right just before reaching *Malmsmead*, visit the dilapidated parsonage house of *Oare*, which will give them a vivid idea of what was a "fat rectory" at the end of the last century. A foot-bridge crosses the *Lyn* just below this, and you can follow the stream down to *Livard Bridge* at *Millslade*. The round from *Millslade* to the *Doone Valley*, thence over the hill to *Chalk Water*, and back by *Oareford* to *Millslade*, is 12 miles.

Lyton or Lynmouth to Simonsbath 10 m. *No inn on the way.* This excursion takes the tourist into the very heart of *Exmoor Forest*. Proceed either by the road over the hill from *Lynbridge*, or up the *East Lyn Valley* by the *Watersmeet road* to *Combe Park Gate*. Then after passing over the bridge take the road to the right, and where it again divides, that to the left to *Bridge Ball*,* a little hamlet on the *Fairly Water*. A steep hill has now to be climbed past the entrance to *Brendon Rectory*, just beyond which take the road striking over the moor to the right. From this point it is 6 miles to *Simonsbath* over a high moor. *Exmoor Forest* is entered at "*Two Gates*" (see map), now a single gate across the road, but whose posts shew where the second gate was hung.

The combe (left) at right angles to the road runs down to the *Doone Houses* (p. 43).

Chapman Barrows, the highest point of *Exmoor* to the west, is recognisable on the right by the mounds that mark its summit, 1,540 ft. above the sea. Proceeding onward, we cross the infant *Exe*, which rises in some boggy ground a little to the right of the road and, on the left, is seen winding far away to the eastward down a bare combe. **Exmoor Forest**, so called, has no trees, and is a vast expanse of 20,000 acres, from which the heather is fast disappearing and its place being taken by coarse moor-grass, which affords sustenance to considerable numbers of ponies, red cattle, and a hardy race of horned sheep. The first-named of these are no longer of pure *Exmoor* breed, but of a mixed strain,

* A pleasanter way on foot is to go through gate (right), into wood, and follow path which passes near *Farley Farm* and joins the road.

larger and more useful though less pretty. The true Exmoor pony is, however, still bred at Holnicote (*p.* 27). **Simonsbath** (*Inn* and farmhouse lodgings) is reached in about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the Exe, and consists of a few cottages. It lies surrounded by flourishing plantations on the banks of the Barle, a considerable stream that flows east to join the Exe below Dulverton. This stream is a favourite one with anglers who are fortunate enough to obtain permission from the proprietor, whose house is close to the village. **Simon's Pool**, which gives its name to the place, is a little way above the village beyond the picturesque old bridge. It is connected by tradition with King Sigmund, the dragon-slayer,—with what justice we cannot say. Those disposed to explore the valley will find it a pleasant ramble up the banks of the Barle as far as an old mine.

A fair road goes west, keeping the stream on the left, past *Showlesborough Castle* and *Moles Chamber*, once a morass but now drained, to *Challacombe* (see map). This is not tourist ground.

Simonsbath by Moleschamber to Lynton, *abt.* 12 m.

Cross the old bridge and turn up the hill to the right as though bound for South Molton. At the top of the hill, known as *Ridge Head*, a noble view across the whole breadth of Mid Devon is obtained to the hills of Dartmoor, of which Cawsand and Yes Tor are prominent. Take the right-hand road, and in about a mile, at a junction of three roads, go straight on. We are now on *Span Head* (1610 feet), and the road goes on to Moleschamber, where the bog so named has long been drained, and the public-house that used to be there is now a small farm. By turning to the left at Moleschamber, and ascending to the brow of the hill, known as Showlesborough Castle, a fine view is obtained. Returning from this view-point, pass round by the house, and in about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile a gate is reached where a small stream crosses the road. Follow the track up the hill by the wall to its top corner. Thence a straight wall, nearly a mile long, is seen going up the opposite side of the valley. To reach this, bear a bit to the left as you descend into the valley, and cross the road where two gates are opposite one another, then bear to the left again to the long wall. We are now on *Challacombe Common*, and following the wall near the second of the two gates we are close to a mound or barrow, known as *Woodbarrow*. Follow the track to the left for about $\frac{3}{4}$ -mile to the corner of an enclosure, and then keep the wall on the right, down hill to a gate, adjoining which a Lynton parish boundary-board is let into the wall. Before these boundary walls were erected, the parochial limits were defined by stones placed at intervals, and the custom of beating the bounds is still preserved, though it is now only a triennial affair. Many of these boundary stones, where they adjoined the roads, came to have names assigned to them, and the one that formerly stood by the gate we have now reached, was known as *Sadlers' Stone*, and still figures on the Ordnance Map from which our own have been reduced. From "Sadlers' Stone" we descend to the wall on the left, and follow it for a mile to Shallowford Farm. Thence a straight and fairly good road runs to East Ikerton and down to *Barbrook Mill* and the road for Lynton.

N.B.—The hill due west of "Sadlers' Stone" is *Chapman Barrows* (1572 feet), and if that be included in the walk, then a rough road on its western flank will bring us into the route above given close to Shallowford Farm.

Simonsbath to Tor Steps (9 or 10 m.), and **Dulverton**, 15 or 16 m. The best route is by road all the way. As far as **Withypool**, $5\frac{1}{2}$ m. (*Inn*, frequented by anglers), the road is above the left bank of the Barle, and thence over Winsford Hill (barrows) is a fine drive or walk to Dulverton. **Tor Steps**, an old

British bridge, involves a *détour* of 2 *m.* to the right, $2\frac{1}{2}$ *m.* beyond Withypool. The pedestrian can follow left bank of stream from Withypool to Tor Steps, through pastures to Bradley Bridge, and then along right bank. There are a few hedges at starting, and except for the fisherman, the route is not recommended. For shortest way to Dulverton, enquire at Tor Steps, and see *p.* 6.

Simonsbath to South Molton Station (10 *m.*) Ascend to Ridge Head by a good road, which, as it winds up from Simonsbath gives, we think, the best general view of the Upper Barle valley, and of its vigorous plantations. From the point at which the road reaches the summit of **Ridge Head** (1,580 *ft.*) a noble view to the southward is obtained. It embraces the rich well-timbered expanse that lies between Exmoor and Dartmoor. Cawsand Beacon and Yes Tor rise prominently on the horizon some 35 miles distant. Thence the descent to **North Molton** (*Inn*) calls for no special notice, but is pretty all the way. From North Molton it is a lovely drive of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles to *South Molton Station* down a richly-timbered vale, watered by a tributary of the Mole. *For South Molton see p.* 7.

Simonsbath to Exford, &c. Those bound for the Porlock and Minehead district have a good route before them whether by road or over the hills. It is $4\frac{1}{2}$ *m.* by road to Exford (*p.* 29), whence a road runs into the Lynton and Porlock road at *White Stones* at the top of *Porlock Hill* (*see p.* 29). The walk (3 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ *hrs.*; abt. 7 miles) from Exford over the summit of Dunkery and thence down by Horner Wood to Porlock (*p.* 28), is a far preferable course in clear weather. There is nothing of particular beauty or interest till the top of **Dunkery** (*view, p.* 28) is reached, but thence, about N.E., is a delightful bit of easy down-hill work. *See reverse route, p.* 29.

Lynton to the Valley of Rocks, 1 *m.*; and Lee Abbey, 2 *m.*, by the North Walk.—Take the lane which descends between the church and the Valley of Rocks Hotel, and then turn to the left. In a little while, after passing a few villas, the path reaches the open cliff, and follows it about half-way up the slope, round successive projections. As we proceed, the sea-slope becomes rock-strewed and affords all the way extensive views of the coast. At first the bay to the east, terminated by the Foreland is seen to great advantage. Soon after, the view westward as far as *High Veer* opens, and then, as the coast bends inward, the **Castle Rock**, with its sheer precipices, suddenly appears in front. Between it, right, and the rugged pile of *Ragged Jack*, left, the path enters the **Valley of Rocks**, on the opposite side of which are the heaped-up slabs of the *Cheese Wring*. The valley itself is, as compared with the walk by which we have approached it, a little disappointing, though by those who will rest awhile between the Cheese Wring and the Castle Rock, its beauty will be appreciated. The view thence is especially delightful about sunset. The ascent of the *Castle Rock* by an

easy track is worth making, and the view from the summit, especially on the western side into *Ring Cliff Cove*, is one of the best to be had of that charming little bay. The general view from lack of framing, is inferior to that obtained below.

A descent may be made by a zig-zag path from the valley to the shore at **Ring Cliff Cove**. On the isolated mass of rock, which lies to the left of the bay, samphire grows abundantly, and the strip of sand is a good place from which to get a bath. When the tide is out the huge boulders beneath the Castle Rock may be scrambled over to some caves which pierce its base. These, however, are scarcely of sufficient extent to repay the trouble. The public road goes through the Lodge Gate of **Lee Abbey**, right, a modern mansion, with some equally modern ruins, standing on the green slope of Lee Bay, adjoining Ring Cliff, in a situation of extreme beauty. **Duty Point** is within the grounds, and can only be reached by permission. If this is obtained (and it is seldom refused), enter the lodge under the archway, and passing to the left of the mansion, follow a gravel walk round the east of the bay. This eventually, through a thick growth of oak and conifers, reaches the verge of a fine cliff that falls sheer to the sea. The bay below is a little gem, bounded by rocks, beautiful alike in form and colour. The cliff, on the edge of which we stand, safely guarded by a breast-work, presents an example not uncommon on this coast, but here well seen, of wind-carved vegetation. Yew, gorse and juniper, trimmed and rounded by the blast, in graceful outline, cling to every chink that affords the slightest root-hold. The story of Duty Point is a sad one. A daughter of the house of Whichchalse, a family of Flemish refugees that in the 16th century settled at Lee, here put an end to her sorrows by leaping from the cliff. The little castle that crowns the point is modern, and a peep through the windows shows it to be prettily furnished. Leaving Duty Point, a rough, intermittent track along the cliffs may be taken, which gives a good westward view of the Castle Rock, and leads back into the Valley of Rocks, whence it is one mile by road up the valley to Lynton.

Lee Abbey by Six Acres Farm to Lynton. *By the old Barnstaple road abt. 4½ m., or by Barbrook Mill abt. 5½ m.*

This route has not much to recommend it except that it offers a variation on the outward walk. For *Lee Abbey* see above. Opposite the lodge-archway, at the entrance of the *private* drive leading to the house, take the road which winds up-hill through the wood. On emerging from the wood proceed on to and through Six Acres Farm-yard out into the old road (from Barnstaple to Lynton) and turn to the left.

For the Barbrook Mill route mentioned above take a lane on the right a short distance onward. This leads down to the main road at the foot of Dean Steep, and, proceeding left, it is abt. 2¼ m. further to Lynton, to which we may, if we prefer it, proceed by a lane leaving the road on the left ½ m. below Barbrook Mill.

By the shorter route given above we keep straight on and from the top of the hill have a fine view of Lymouth Bay and the Foreland. The road then descends past Rock Lodge, left, to the valley in which the older part of Lynton is situated.

Lynton to Hunter's Inn and Heddon's Mouth.

This is a delightful excursion whether made there and back from Lynton or taken on the way to Ilfracombe. In the latter case those who drive must order the carriage to go by Hunter's Inn, otherwise the main road taken by the coaches will be preferred by the driver and this misses the Heddon's Mouth valley. Horsemen have the choice between the carriage route (*A*) and the road (*B*). Pedestrians only can use the cliff-path (*C*). Heddon's Mouth is about a mile, by footpath, from Hunter's Inn.

By far the finest route is by the cliff-path, and pedestrians who are returning to Lynton and wish to vary their route should go by (*A*), if they have not already seen the West Lyn Glen, and return by (*C*). Routes (*B*) and (*C*) are identical east of Wooda Bay.

(*A*) **Driving Road**: *via* Barbrook Mill and Martinhoe Common to Hunter's Inn, 5 *m*.

(*B*) **Road**, in part not fit for driving: *via* Lee Abbey, Slattenslade, and Martinhoe to Hunter's Inn, 5 *m*.

(*C*) Road through Valley of Rocks or by North Walk to Lee Abbey and then by **Cliff Path** to Heddon's Mouth, 5 *m*. whence Hunter's Inn, 1 *m*.

(*A*) **Driving Road**. Take the Barnstaple road, up the West Lyn glen, past *Lynbridge* ($\frac{3}{4}$ *m*.; Inn) and *Barbrook Mill* ($1\frac{1}{2}$ *m*.), where the valley opens, and a tributary joins the West Lyn on its right bank. The road now bears to the right, and shortly afterwards turns abruptly to the left up *Dean Steep*. Beyond this sharp ascent and about $2\frac{1}{2}$ *m*. from Lynton take the Martinhoe road, on the right, which goes pretty direct over the heathy upland (900 feet above sea-level) of Martinhoe Common.

To include **Martinhoe Church** (neatly restored, but of no particular interest) turn to the right (about $1\frac{3}{4}$ *m*. from the Barnstaple road) and make the loop shown on the map. This adds $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

Then comes a steep descent by a rough lane down a grassy combe to the chalet-like **Hunter's Inn** (*for fishing, see p. 33*) charmingly situated in a deep, wooded glen a few yards above the confluence of the Paracombe brook with one from the valley under Trentishoe. The joint stream flows down a straight and narrow valley a mile in length, to the sea at Heddon's Mouth, which can be reached by either bank. If it is desired to reach the shore at Heddon's Mouth with the least fatigue, then path (*a*) should be taken, but (*b*) affords the finer views, and is the beginning of the Cliff Path (*see p. 56*) to Lynton. Those going to Heddon's Mouth and back from the Inn may with advantage take (*b*) on the outward, and (*a*) on the return walk, but ladies may find the descent from the former to the shore a little trying. The one thing not to miss is the superb view of the coast from High Veer where (*b*) reaches the cliffs.

(a) *By the left bank*, level, and being close to the stream, the one for fishermen. Beyond the inn turn to right up a bosky lane, and in a trifling distance go through a gate on the right and follow the path.

(b) *By the right bank*. This path starts behind the Inn, and keeps well up the side of the valley. To reach the shore descend when overlooking the shingle at the Mouth, but for High Veer keep on till you reach the cliffs.

Heddon's Mouth (the Lion's Mouth) is a little bay between precipitous cliffs whose base the sea never quits. The hills on either hand attain nearly 1,000 feet, and an old lime-kiln adds to the somewhat stern appearance of the spot. The mouth of the stream is usually closed by a bar of shingle, and unless this is opened by the sea or a spate no peal can ascend.

(B) **By Road**, but not fit for driving in part. From the Valley of Rocks Hotel go up the valley and through the Valley of Rocks. Enter the Lee Abbey (p. 48) domain at the lodge and keep to the road past the gateway, leading to the house, down to another gate and lodge where bear round to the right.

To the left would take us, by a winding farm road, past Bonhill and Crosscombe, up to the road across Martinhoe Common. See (A) and map.

The road, now a mere lane, follows the sea front of the cliffs past *Lee Bay* to *Wooda Bay*, where it turns up left inland to Slattenslade and Martinhoe Church, see (A) and map.

(C) **By Cliff Path**. Start either by the *North Walk* (p. 47) or by the road (B) and when *Wooda Bay* is reached, instead of turning up to Slattenslade, keep on along the cliff-face. Wooda Bay House is seen below on the right, and the path onward is unmistakable and passes about $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. further a pretty *waterfall* draped in moss and garlic (*Allium Ursinum*). A mile beyond this we reach High Veer and the climax of the walk. The view of the coast extends E. to the Foreland, and W. past Barrow Nose to the lighthouse on Bull Point. **Heddon's Mouth** is below and can be reached by quitting the path when it overlooks the shingle at the head of the inlet. In that case *Hunter's Inn* is 1 mile by path up the left bank of the stream, turning to the left when a lane is reached through a gate. It is easier, however, to keep on by the path by which we have come. This leads in a mile direct to the Inn (p. 49).

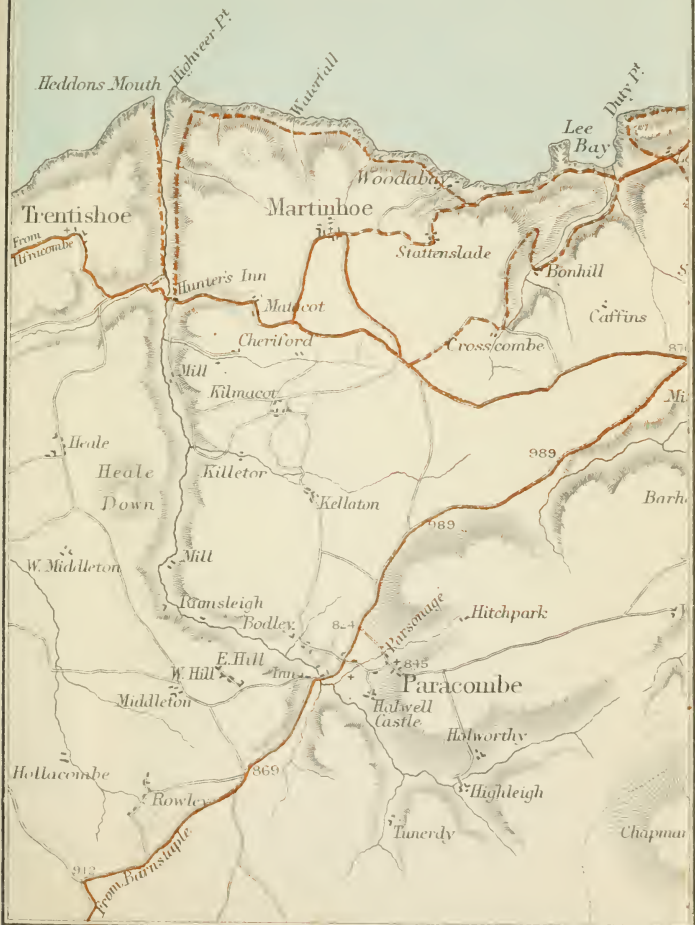
Lynton to Ilfracombe.

(A) **By coach road**: Paracombe, 6 m.; Combe Martin, 11 m.; Ilfracombe, 17 m. For coaches, see Yellow Sheet.

(B) **By Road**: Hunter's Inn, 5 m.; Combe Martin, 10 m.; Ilfracombe, 15 m.

(C) **Pedestrian route** past Lee Abbey; coast path to Heddon's Mouth and Hunter's Inn; road to Combe Martin and Ilfracombe, 16 m.

(A) *Coach Road*. This is by the Barnstaple road (p. 21) past Paracombe (6 m; Inn) to *Blackmore Gate* ($7\frac{3}{4}$ m.), so called from a



B R I S T O L

The Foreland C H A N N E L



now removed toll-gate. Here at junction of roads turn to the right. The view to the west and south-west is wide and pretty, and a bold bit of coast, to the left of a little bay, is seen as we approach **Combe Martin** (Inn: *King's Arms*), an uninteresting village of one street a mile and a quarter long. The only object of note is the *Church* (on the left of the street), which has a fine Perpend. tower (99 ft.) and contains an interesting *screen* and a monument to a Mrs. Hancock (d. 1637), whose effigy is good.

The village ends at a little cove which does duty as a harbour, and is shut in between black and precipitous rocks on the one side and green slopes on the other. Above the rocks rises *Little Hangman* (758 ft.), and behind that *Great Hangman* (1083 ft.).

The pedestrian, instead of keeping to the coach road, may, at a short distance from the Harbour, turn off to the right into a little dell with delightful cottage gardens, a miniature Selworthy Green (p. 27). A steep lane leads up to the road again.

For the **old road** from Combe Martin to Ilfracombe, *viâ Berry Narbour*, see p. 55.

From Combe Martin the road, as good as it is delightful, keeps near the sea. In about a mile is *Sandabay* (path to it on the right), and then the long promontory Barrow Nose. Beyond this we reach the curious little harbour of **Watermouth**, at the mouth of a small brook and prettily timbered vale.

A footpath across two meadows cuts off a considerable bend of the road, which is rejoined opposite Watermouth Castle, a modern residence.

A footpath on right leads down to a rocky glen, in which are *Smallmouth Caves*.

After passing Watermouth Castle, from the top of the hill a path, on the right, offers a divergence to *Rillage Point* and *Sampson's Caves*. Then the road drops to *Hele*—pretty bay—and passing below *Helesborough* (450 ft.), enters **Ilfracombe** (p. 52) by Larkstone Terrace (see plan.)

(B) *By road viâ Hunter's Inn*. This is described as far as the Inn p. 49. Then comes the mile-long ascent to **Trentishoe** beyond which we reach the open moor (*Holstone Down* 1187 ft., the highest ground west of Exmoor in this district) and about 3 miles from Hunter's Inn have a choice of roads both of which descend to Combe Martin; the one to the right is to be preferred, as it enters Combe Martin street at the fountain nearly opposite the *King's Arms*. For *Combe Martin and road to Ilfracombe* see (A) above.

(C) *Cliff Walk*. As far as Heddon's Mouth and Hunter's Inn, see (C), p. 50, and thence by (B), above.

Ilfracombe.

Approaches : by G. W. R., see p. 2 ; by L. & S. W. R., see p. 7 ; by steamer from Swansea see "Bradshaw" ; by road, &c., from Lynton see p. 50 and our Yellow Sheet.

Railway Station : on high ground S.W. of the town; and from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from the principal hotels. Buses and cabs meet the trains.

Hotels : *Ilfracombe*, well-situated, overlooking Wildersmouth, with swimming-baths, etc. (Bed and attend., from 4s., table d'hôte breakfast, 2s. 6d., do. dinner 5s.).

Royal Clarence, in High Street, 5 min. from sea (bed and attend., 3s. 6d.; table d'hôte breakfast, 2s. 6d., do. dinner, 4s. 6d.).

Belgrave Private (well spoken of) in Wilder Road; *Queen's*, *Great Western*, *Victoria*, all in High Street. *Britannia*, in Broad Street, close to the sea and harbour; *Pier*, at the foot of Lantern Hill and close to the piers; *Star*, in Market Street.

Post Office : in High St., opposite the Queen's Hotel. *Deliveries :* from London, Bristol, etc., 8 a.m., 5 p.m.; from North 12.50 p.m. *Despatches :* to London, Bristol, etc., 9 a.m., 6.25 p.m.; to North, 1.40 p.m. Sundays, del., 8 a.m.; desp., 5.40 p.m.

Receiving Office, St. James Place, desp. 8.50 a.m., 1.25 (North), 5.50 p.m.

Pillar and wall boxes cleared, on week days, for all mails, except station-box, 5.45 p.m. only.

Telegraph Office at Post Office (see above), open week days from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m., to 9 p.m. from June 14 to Oct. 14; Sundays 8 to 10 a.m. only.

Cabs : (a) By distance.

	1st mile.	Each $\frac{1}{2}$ m. beyond.	Each person beyond two.
One horse ...	1s.	6d.	3d. extra.
Two horses .	1s. 6d.	9d.	6d. „

(b) By time.

	1st hour.	Each $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. beyond.	
One horse ...	2s. 6d.	1s.	} For 1 to 4 persons.
Two horses .	3s. 9d.	1s. 6d.	

Donkey Carriages : $\frac{1}{2}$ mile 6d., 1 mile 8d. with 4d. per $\frac{1}{2}$ m. beyond; 1 hour 1s., 6d. per $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. beyond.

Drives : (including driver) there and back

<i>Watermouth Castle</i> (1 to 4 pers.)	4s., 5s.	stopping there 1 hr.
<i>Lee Beach</i> (1 or 2 pers.)	6s., (3 or 4 pers.) 7s.	„ 1 hr.
<i>Mortehoe Church</i> (1 to 4 pers.)	8s.	„ 2 hrs.
<i>Combe Martin</i> (1 to 4 pers.)	7s.	„ 1 hr.

Coaches : to Lynton (see yellow sheet) twice a day in summer, single 5s., ret. 7s.

Steamers : to *Swansea* and *Bristol*, see "Bradshaw." Excursion steamers occasionally during summer to *Clorelly* (there and back 4s. 6d. and 3s.), *Lundy* (same fares), *Lynmouth* (single 2s. 6d., ret. 3s.).

Boats : *Roving*, 10s. 6d. a day; 1s. 6d. an hour, with 6d. extra for each person beyond four.

Sailing, 2s. 6d. an hour, with 6d. extra for each person beyond five.

Excursion Yachts at nominal fares each person.

Reading Room and Library (subscription), 9, High Street.

Ilfracombe (pop. 6043) is picturesquely situated on the northern slopes of the watershed which falls abruptly towards the Bristol Channel. The town, in former days a seaport of some



importance, then consisted of one main street descending nearly W. to E. from the church to the harbour, but it is now a rapidly-increasing watering-place whose terraces and villas occupy the rising ground to the S. and S.W. of the old town. Architecturally there is little in the place to commend it. The main street, originally somewhat mean in appearance, has gradually been modernised, and the newer portions, as well as the many new streets and detached villas, are of the well-known fashionable seaside type. For the most part the stone of the district is the material of all but the quite recent buildings, but the opening of the railway has made easy the importation of bricks, and these with their underdone biscuit colour have of late years not improved the appearance of the place. Whether visitors arrive by rail or road the view of the town from the high ground is striking. On the left winds the deep valley of the Wilder, divided from the coast by the irregular line of the Tors. Then succeed the knolls of the Capstone and Lantern Hill, and eastwards the rugged cliffs of Helesborough. The town lies below with its harbour and two piers, and far away to the dim coast of Wales stretches the Bristol Channel. The *Parish Church* is a conspicuous object on rising ground to the east. It is mainly perpendicular, with some Norman and Early English features, and contains a good Norman font. The East window of the church is good Geometrical, and is flanked on either side by the late Perpendicular windows of the aisles. The church of St. Philip and St. James, is near the foot of Compass Hill.

Such as like to combine the attractions of a fashionable watering place with those of a bold rock-bound coast cannot fail to appreciate Ilfracombe. The climate is at once mild and fairly bracing. In the season the place is alive with a constantly flowing succession of visitors, for whom the hotels and the numerous lodging houses supply accommodation suited to all purses. Of walks about the town no lengthy account is necessary, we therefore give but brief particulars, and refer our readers to the plan for guidance to such points as we do not mention.

Walks about Ilfracombe.

(1) **The Tors Walk.** (Entrance, near Baths, Northfield Road; toll, 1d.) This delightful cliff-promenade extends to the west of the town, and is cut along the sea slopes of the irregular succession of heights that form so prominent a feature of the view as we approach either by rail or by road. The full expanse of the Bristol Channel and the varied stretch of coast from long low Barrow Nose on the east to Bull Point with its lighthouse on the west, and the intervening little bay of Lee, are nowhere seen to greater advantage.

(2) **The Capstone Hill.** This is an abrupt knoll, covered with turf, up which, to the summit with its flagstaff, wind sundry

paths. In addition to the coast view, which is good, though not quite equal to that from the Tors Walk, that of Ilfracombe itself is the best possible, and the broad promenade round the base of the hill, provided with seats, some of which are always sheltered even in a gale of wind, is deservedly a favourite resort.

(3) **Lantern Hill.** This is a knoll similar to the Capstone, but inferior to it in height, and more to the eastward. It is crowned by the ancient *Chapel of St. Nicholas*, now surmounted by a lantern, whence the modern name of the hill is derived, and from which a light is exhibited about the hour of high water during the winter half of the year. The hill overlooks the harbour, which it protects from north-easterly winds, and is a capital view-point, commanding the full front of the bold cliff of Helesborough, with *Rapparee Cove* and its bathing machines, sheltered from nearly all winds, at the foot.

(4) **The Quay and Piers.** These skirt the north side of the harbour, a rectangular basin which at high water is often a busy scene, and whose southern side, steep and well clad with undergrowth and ivy, is at all times a pretty sight. The new pier (*toll 1d.*) is a sheltered promenade, and adjoining it are excellent lawn tennis courts.

(5) **Helesborough** (450 ft.; donkey nearly to the top, 1s.; the path begins close to Larkstone Terrace). This prominent elevation immediately east of the town and beyond the harbour should be climbed for the sake of the fine view it affords of the town, the coast from Bull Point to Lynmouth Foreland, as well of the combes, which here and at Ilfracombe come down to the shore. On the summit are the remains of an ancient earth-work.

Excursions from Ilfracombe.

For Carriage-tariff see p. 52.

1. **Chambercombe and back by Hele, 2½ m.**

Leaving the town by Larkstone Terrace, we pass a cottage on the right with a towerlike erection in its garden, and then take a lane to the right to the pleasant little dell of *Chambercombe*. This, if the natives be trustworthy, has a gloomy tale to tell. In the farmhouse is a chamber, now walled up, in which it is said that years ago the skeleton was found of an unhappy Frenchman, sole survivor of a wreck, here murdered by the wreckers who had taken him captive. The ramble may be pleasantly continued up the tiny brook for a little distance beyond the farm, and the return to the coast afterwards made by a pretty lane to Hele, 1 mile from Ilfracombe.

2. **Watermouth** ($2\frac{3}{4}$ m.), **Combe Martin** ($5\frac{1}{2}$ m.), and back by **Berry Narbour** and **Hele** ($10\frac{1}{2}$ m. the round.)

From Larkstone Terrace follow the coast road under Helesborough to Hele ($1\frac{1}{2}$ m.) and on to **Watermouth** with its modern castle and loch-like little harbour. Here **Smallmouth Caves** (cross stone bridge on the left) which honeycomb the natural breakwater, are worth a visit. One of them affords from its interior a beautiful peep of the coast towards Combe Martin and Little Hangman. From Watermouth (a *footpath* from iron gate, left, opposite the Castle cuts off a great angle of the road) along as delightful a coast-road as we know, we reach in 3 miles the foot of the Lower Hangman at **Combe Martin** (see p. 51 for description of church and village). Then by the old road to Ilfracombe, which leaves Combe Martin close to the little harbour, we begin the return *viâ* **Berry Narbor** ($1\frac{1}{2}$ m.). This little village embowered in greenery, and lying in a hollow sheltered from all winds, is graced by a Perpendicular church-tower even more beautiful than that of Combe Martin, though it is inferior in height. In the churchyard there are two ancient yews, and hard by is an interesting 15th century manor-house (now a farm-house) which was ruthlessly despoiled years ago of its exterior stone carvings to decorate the gardens at Watermouth Castle. Jewell, the celebrated Bishop of Salisbury, was born at Bowden farm in this parish, $1\frac{1}{4}$ m. south, up a lane that keeps the little brook on its right, and his doughty opponent Harding was a native of the adjoining parish of Combe Martin. It is full 3 m. by way of Hele back to Ilfracombe.

3. **Ilfracombe to Lynton and Lynmouth** (coach road) 17 m. Coaches twice daily in summer. For description of this route the reverse way, see p. 50.

This route as far as **Combe Martin** is identical with that just described. The long street of that village is then traversed, and the road, trending inland, mounts gradually to the right of the Hangman with wide views across to Barnstaple and the coast about Clovelly, while Combe Martin itself and the cliffs form a pretty retrospect. From *Blackmore Gate* ($9\frac{1}{4}$ m., where we turn to the left; the name remains but the toll-gate has been removed) for some distance the road is devoid of interest until it falls sharply to the village of **Paracombe (Inn)**. Paracombe church, modern, is passed on the right as we climb the hill after leaving the village. When the road again reaches the higher ground, the view seawards towards Heddon's Mouth and the rounded tops of the Hangman and Holstone Down is pleasing. Some 3 miles from Paracombe we begin the descent of the West Lyn valley, which gradually increases in beauty as we advance, and as we descend Dean Steep towards *Barbrook Mill* ($15\frac{1}{2}$ m.) gives promise of the glen scenery in store.

In another three-quarters of a mile *Lyn Bridge*, with its little inn, is reached, and the visitor will here do well to quit his carriage and stroll down the hill. When the road forks, the upper one, left, leads to Lynton, the lower one, right, to Lynmouth, each of which is a short $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile further. (*For Lynton, &c., see p. 32.*)

4. **Ilfracombe to Combe Martin, $4\frac{1}{4}$ m.; Hunter's Inn, 10 m., Lynton, 15 m.** These distances are by road all the way. Except for those who wish to visit Heddon's Mouth, 1 mile by footpath from Hunter's Inn, it is not recommended as a *drive*. As a pedestrian route, taking the cliff path (see small type below) from Hunter's Inn by Heddon's Mouth to Lee Abbey, and thence by the North Walk to Lynton it is one of the best in the district. As far as **Combe Martin** (*see p. 55*). Go up the village and turn to the left at the fountain, nearly opposite the *King's Arms* (or to end of village and turn left there—the two roads join on top of the hill). A rather dull 2 miles brings us to the top of the ascent and then it is 3 miles more to *Trentishoe* from which the road descends steeply into a charmingly wooded combe to **Hunter's Inn** *p. 49*. The road to Lynton ascends steeply to Martinhoe Common, crosses it and joins the coach road to Lynton (*above*).

Hunter's Inn to Heddon's Mouth and Lynton, 6 m. by cliff-path. The path starts behind the Inn (for alternative path to Heddon's Mouth *see p. 50*) and gradually climbing reaches the cliffs at High Veer, a splendid view-point, east of and immediately over Heddon's Mouth. Following the path a waterfall is soon passed coming down a little rift brightly green with moss and garlic. To describe the beauty of the cliffs and sea would exhaust our stock of epithets. As we approach **Wooda Bay**, ($1\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Heddon's Mouth) grand dark masses project seaward, and then comes the Bay itself finely wooded. The path, now become a cart-road, forks, and we take the left (*i.e.* the lower) branch to the still prettier inlet of *Lee Bay*. The sheer cliffs of *Duty Point* crowned by its modern keep, the giant form of the *Castle Rock*, and the verdant valley in which, as it rapidly falls to the sea, nestles *Lee Abbey*, make up a picture which seen from the western promontory of Lee Bay, is as fair as any on the coast. After the track has passed through a bit of wood, we go through a gate and ascend a carriage road past the drive, left, to Lee Abbey (*p. 48*) and enter the Valley of Rocks by another gate just above Ring Cliff Cove. The North Walk is gained by path on right of the Castle Rock (path to top), and it is 1 m. more to **Lynton**.

5. **Ilfracombe by old Barnstaple road to Two Pots and back by the new road.** This short ramble of 5 m. out and home will afford those, who have arrived at Ilfracombe otherwise than by road from Barnstaple, a good sample of the district immediately south of the town, and though the outward and homeward journeys are nearly parallel, and never half a mile apart, the fact of the one being along the top of a ridge and the other down a valley prevents any repetition in the scenery. We leave the High Street, by a street on the left, just before it reaches the junction of the roads going off to the Rectory and the Station. A steep climb quickly places us on the ridge on the east of the East Wilder valley, and a good view across that valley to the

Tors is obtained, and as we continue to ascend, the prospect enlarges on both sides, and is everywhere made beautiful by the irregular coast line and the sea. In $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles we arrive at *Two Pots*, where the road joins the new road to Ilfracombe, at a point 731 ft. above the sea. Turning to the left we return to Ilfracombe by the new road (*see p. 21*).

6. **Ilfracombe to Lee** ($2\frac{1}{2}$ m.), **Bull Point** (5 m.), **Mortehoe** ($6\frac{1}{2}$ m.), and **Morte Point**. To the first of these places there is a choice of routes.

(a) Ascending the Slade Valley, with the railway above on the left and parallel to us, we reach in $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles the little hamlet of *Slade*, and then, still mounting, cross the ridge that divides the West Wilder Combe from the one that runs down nearly due west to Lee, along the right hand side of which is our road. In about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles we come to the comfortable little *Lee Hotel*, which caters specially for visitors from Ilfracombe. A short half-mile beyond the inn is Lee Bay, where the cliff route by Langley or direct from Ilfracombe drops to the beach. Thence the road ascends the steep hill forming the western side of the combe, and soon turning inland, becomes a dull and tortuous lane to Mortehoe (*see below*), 5 miles from Ilfracombe this way.

(b) A shorter and more enjoyable way is the cliff route to Lee ($2\frac{1}{2}$ miles), which, after passing the Parish Church, zigzags up to the open cliff-top, which can also be approached by way of Langley. For a mile and more there is a glorious prospect across the Channel to the Welsh coast-line on both sides of Worms head, and then comes a long descent to Lee which lies inland, at the point where the wooded combes widen out into the verdant little "bottom" that opens on the sea at *Lee Beach*. To reach the *Lee Hotel*, about half a mile from the shore, and equally pleasant for sojourn or passing refreshment, turn to the left at a stile, a little way down the hill that leads to Lee Beach. For Mortehoe descend the hill to the beach and mount the opposite steep. In about $\frac{1}{2}$ m. a narrow lane diverges, left (2 m.), to Mortehoe station. Do not take this but keep straight on, and go through a gate nearly in front and then through another to a direction-post indicating the way to Bull Point. Follow the path through yet another gate, descend, left, along the hedge and regaining the path cross the brook in the bottom and take the upper path, left. This leads to the carriage road connecting Mortehoe with the Lighthouse on **Bull Point**—those who prefer to go by train to Morthoe Station can drive, $3\frac{1}{2}$ m., to the Lighthouse; the fare to Morthoe village, more than half way, is 6d. each person, but there is no fixed tariff on to the Lighthouse. The latter, so conspicuous an object from Ilfracombe, is about $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile through and beyond the gate. During daylight the keepers are always ready to show it, and those previously unacquainted with such structures will here be enabled to examine one that includes the latest improvements,

as well as the apparatus of the Siren fog-horns which sound their warning to the mariner when the light is obscured by thick weather. Enquire for a model of (Smeaton's) Eddystone Lighthouse. From the Bull Lighthouse to **Mortehoe Village** it is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles by the carriage road, and little is to be gained by following the cliffs. The village (Inn : *Chichester*) is rather a desolate looking little place, with a conspicuous *Church* which has been modestly restored, and is chiefly interesting for the tomb of William de Tracey (1322). The De Tracey family in the 14th century held property in the neighbourhood, and the effigy on the tomb is that of a member of the family and a former vicar. It has been supposed by some that the tomb, as at present existing, is made up of an earlier one in memory of Sir William de Tracey, one of the murderers of Thomas à Becket, to which the Vicar's effigy has been added, but in all probability the connection with the fierce knight is a mistake which has arisen from the fact that Becket's murderer did retire to this neighbourhood. Tradition connects his name with a cave at the Crookhorn bathing places at Ilfracombe, and in times of storm the windings that he utters for his crime were long believed to be heard at Mortehoe. Just south of Mortehoe village is *Barracane Bay*, the strand of which is composed of shells. **Morte Point**, with *Morte Stone* abt. $\frac{3}{4}$ m. W. of it, stretches a mile westward of the village. The nearer part is enclosed, and a charge of 2d. is made by the farmer for passing through his grounds, which are entered on the south side of the church. The Point itself is a sharp, almost razor-backed ridge of no great height, but commanding a wide prospect. Late in the summer, the brightly contrasting hues of heather and stitchwort lend a great charm to the rocky foreground. During our walk we get a fine view of Morte Bay, bounded on the south by Baggy Point, and bordered by the broad belt of Woolacombe Sands, which in the sunshine are a bright, almost dazzling feature. As soon as the view north opens, Worms Head in Gower is seen nearly 30 miles away, while close at hand, Bull Point, viewed across Rockham Bay, has a striking appearance, its bright glaucous-coloured slate rocks being in complete contrast to the warm and dark tints we are used to on this coast. It is for the sake of obtaining suddenly this western view of Bull Point after rounding Morte Point that we advise those staying at Ilfracombe to take the route the reverse way as described below.

7. Ilfracombe to Mortehoe Station by rail, 3 m.; Mortehoe, 5 m.; and back to Ilfracombe by coast, $11\frac{1}{2}$ m.

The line to **Mortehoe Station** (Inn : *Fortescue*) winds up the eastern side of the Slade valley, by a gradient largely 1 in 36, to the watershed on which the station stands. Thence to *Mortehoe Village* it is a dreary descent of 2 miles. Conveyances are always found at the station (*to village, 6d. a head*). After a peep at the church (*above*) and a stroll to Barracane Bay, we

proceed to **Morte Point**, see Exc. 6. Leaving Morte Point and keeping along the cliffs, we almost directly catch sight of **Bull Point**. Its cliffs by their light colour, almost bright, are a striking feature. After visiting the light-house, we can (but it is perhaps better to return $\frac{1}{2}$ m. by road, and when through white gate at that distance—gates abound—to take path left down to and across the combe; see reverse way under Exc. 6) keep near the cliffs till we approach a steep green combe. It is then advisable to bear away to the right and cross the combe near its upper end. Thence a short climb will bring the pedestrian to a gate by which the road to Lee is gained. The descent to Lee Beach ($\frac{1}{2}$ m.) from the gate is pretty, and the cliffs which bound that little bay on the east appear to advantage. Leaving Lee Beach we again climb till we reach the cliff-top, *Lee Downs*, whence the return to Ilfracombe can be made by *Langley*, or leaving that on our right and keeping towards the coast, we can, by a delightful walk along the downs, enter the town by the road that zigzags down the landward side of the Tors to the right of the church.

8. Ilfracombe by Morte-hoe and Braunton to Barnstaple.

To drive the distances are: *Morte-hoe* 7 m.; *Georgeham* $10\frac{1}{2}$ m.; *Braunton* $13\frac{1}{2}$ m.; *Barnstaple*, $18\frac{1}{2}$ m.

Pedestrians following the coast and including the 2 m. westward loop to Morte Point and back to Morte-hoe Village, and thence along Woolacombe sands to Georgeham, will reach that village in $10\frac{1}{2}$ to 11 m, and Braunton Station in $13\frac{1}{2}$ to 14 m.

The route is already described as far as Morte-hoe (p. 57). Leaving that village, we wind round the seaward slopes of the hills that border the little combe of *Twitchen*, passing on the right *Barracane Bay*. In 1 mile along a prettily broken bit of shore we reach the hamlet of *Woolacombe*, with its small brook flowing across the sands, which for two miles stretch away south in a broad band, $\frac{1}{4}$ mile in width, to *Baggy Point*. From Woolacombe we have the choice of proceeding along the sands, which are splendid going, and firm enough to drive upon, or of turning inland across the blown-sand undulations of *Pickwell Down*. The route to Georgeham by the shore is slightly longer than the one just-mentioned, but less fatiguing, and always brightened by the near presence of the sea. The botanist will keep an eye for the naturalised *Oenothera biennis*. When the end of the sands is reached a road goes off south, to left of the low cliffs that here bound the bay [and in $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles leads to the village of Croyde, situated in valley about 1 mile from the mouth of the small brook that enters the sea at Croyde bay, with its raised beach, just south of Baggy Point. The rare *Matthiola sinuata* (Great Sea-stock) may here be found on Saunton Rocks]. In half-a-mile from the sands at Putsborough a road goes off left south-east, straight to Georgeham (Inn). **Georgeham** is a considerable village in a

pretty little valley, and its trees are a refreshing change after at least 8 miles without any shade. The *Church* is Early English and good. It contains a St. Aubyn monument, 1293.

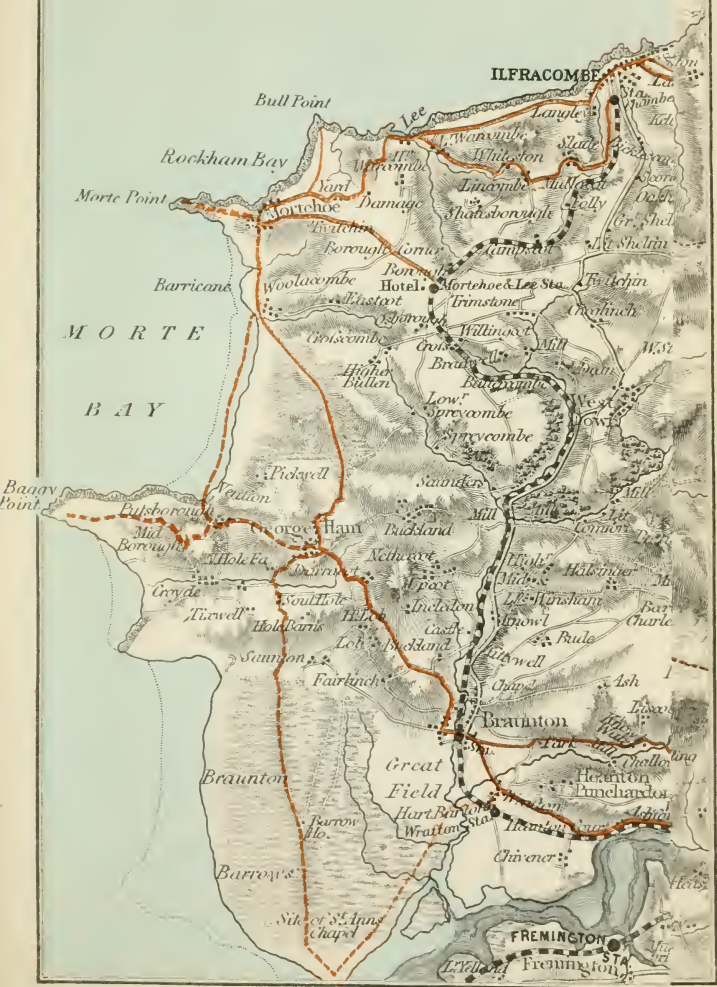
Should the pedestrian be contemplating a visit to **Braunton Burrows**, a hillocky expanse (3 m. by $1\frac{1}{2}$ m.) of blown sand, now largely fixed by coarse grasses, on the north of the Taw estuary, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles west of Braunton, he can conveniently proceed thither from Georgeham, taking the road to the right just south of the church, from which it is $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the beginning of the Burrows. This dreary waste has nothing about it to attract the ordinary tourist. Near its southern end formerly stood a little chapel dedicated to St. Anne, and at its utmost limit is the graceless though useful light-house that guides mariners bound for Barnstaple across the dangerous bar. It is to the botanist that the Burrows will be of interest, and, to name only a few, he will find in the marsh-land on the east, *Artemisia maritima* and *Chenopodium rubrum*, and on the Burrows *Isolepis*, *Asperugo procumbens* (rare) *Epipactis palustris*, *Erigeron acris*, *Teucrium scordium* (rare), and near the light-house the mud-rush, *holoschaenus*. Supposing him to traverse the whole length of the Burrows, he can, from the southern end, walking north-west, reach Braunton in $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the light-house.

It is a pleasant short 3 miles, devoid of any particular features, from Georgeham to **Braunton**. The country gets richer in appearance as we proceed, and at Braunton abundance of wood, a bright little trout stream and picturesque cottage gardens compose a peaceful scene, little disturbed by the occasional passage of a train to or from Ilfracombe. *Braunton Church*, of much interest and well cared for, has not been spoilt by mistaken pains. It is said to owe its origin to St. Branock, a missionary who came to these parts A.D. 300, but the earliest portion of the present structure is the Early English chancel. The tower is Perpendicular, and supports a lead-covered spire. In the interior, notice the roof boss, representing a farrowed sow. It is alleged that the saint received instruction, by dream, to build a church where he next saw a sow and her litter, and this he accordingly did. The carving of the benches is singularly good, and is 15th century work. On the hill, N.E. of the church, are the remains of a small chapel, said to have been built by the saint. A mile north of the village, a little to the left of the railway, is an earthwork known as the *Castle*.

By rail it is 5 miles to Barnstaple, along the estuary of the Taw. Appledore appears on and about its little knoll at the mouth of the Torridge, and on a clear day we get a peep of Bideford up that river.

By road we can either go by *Wrafton*, on a line nearly parallel to the river and rail, or by a cross-country lane up the valley of the *Knowl Water* to the old Ilfracombe road, then through the suburb of *Pilton* (p. 62), and across the *Yeo*, enter *Barnstaple*. These roads are both about 5 miles in length.

Foot Routes wholly or in part —



Carriage Roads dashed in the Book Fast Routes wholly or in part

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 Miles



Barnstaple.

Stations : "*Barnstaple*" (South-Western), on line from Exeter to Bideford, and the junction for Ilfracombe. "*Barnstaple*" (Great Western), on line from Taunton. Both the above stations are connected by rail with "*Barnstaple Quay*," the first station on the Ilfracombe branch.

Hotels : *Golden Lion, Fortescue Arms, King's Arms.*

Post Office (in Cross St.): Del. * 7 *a.m.* and 4.15 *p.m.* from London, etc.; 4.15 *p.m.* from North. Desp. 7.40 *a.m.*, 11.10 *a.m.*, * 8.2 *p.m.* to London, etc.; 3.20 *p.m.* to North. [*Sundays also.]

Tel. Off. open 8 *a.m.* to 8 *p.m.* on weekdays; 8 to 10 *a.m.* Sundays.

Coach to Lynton (the year round on weekdays). from "*Barnstaple*" (South-Western), in connection with 9 *a.m.* from Waterloo. Fare 5*s.* See *Yellow Sheet*.

** G. W. R. passengers join the coach at the office in Joy Street, about a mile from the G. W. station, but are not sure of finding room during the season, as the Coach is primarily for South-Western passengers.

Distances : *by road*, Ilfracombe, 11 *m.*; Lynton, 18 *m.*; *by rail*, Bideford (for Westward Ho! and Clovelly), 9 *m.*; Dulverton, 21 *m.*; Exeter, 39 *m.*; South Molton (for Simonsbath), 8 *m.*; Taunton, 42 *m.*; Torrington, 14 *m.*

Barnstaple, a thriving municipal town, the commercial capital of North Devon, is on the northern bank of the Taw, some 8 or 9 miles, as measured along the devious channel, from its mouth. Seen from the southern bank it has a particularly pleasing appearance and situation. The broad river, the long bridge, the lofty tower of Holy Trinity Church are the prominent features, whilst behind the town rise the well-timbered slopes and gently-swelling hills that completely shelter it from the north. Though of great antiquity, Barnstaple presents now scarce a trace of its former self. In the time of Athelstan it not only existed, but its defences were dilapidated with age, and were by him repaired. It retained its walls for many centuries; but, in 1842, the last remnant of them was removed. Of its *Castle* and *Priory* only the sites remain, the former being marked by a mound. The **Parish Church** of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, is in parts of the 14th Century, and has been restored. *The Chapel of St. Anne*, hard by, now the Grammar School, dates possibly in parts from pre-Norman times.

Of modern buildings there are none requiring mention; but the well-restored "*Queen Anne's Walk*," an exchange built in the beginning of the 18th Century, and surmounted by a statue of Queen Anne, should be visited. It is close to Barnstaple Quay Station.

The suburb of **Pilton**, $\frac{1}{2}$ m. north of the town, on the Ilfracombe road, has an interesting Priory *Church*, of which the lower portion of the tower and some adjoining parts of the nave are old. The screen is good and the pulpit has attached to it an hour-glass stand.

The well-shaded walk east of the town, along the river bank, is pleasant.

Of excursions from Barnstaple we need not here make mention, as we have already described the routes to and from Ilfracombe and Lynton, and are about to proceed on our way south-west. It is, however, worth the short run by rail to **Swimbridge** ($3\frac{3}{4}$ m.) on the Devon and Somerset line, to visit its little *Church*, which contains a beautiful Perpendicular screen. Here for many years lived as rector the far-famed worthy Rev. John Russell. He died in 1883 at Black Torrington, but was buried here.

Barnstaple by Instow [Appledore] to Bideford (for Westward Ho!).

Barnstaple to Instow, $6\frac{1}{2}$ m. ; Bideford, 9 m. by rail.

As we leave Barnstaple behind, soft and wide views are obtained across the Taw estuary towards Wrafton and Braunton, and, approaching Instow, Appledore, on the opposite side of the Torridge, becomes, with its cluster of masts and rapidly rising and wooded background, a conspicuous and picturesque object. **Instow** (Inn : *Marine*) is a quiet little place, with a sweet prospect across the water, and a few unpretending lodging-houses and shops. *For Lundy see p. 69.*

A ferry crosses to **Appledore** (*Inns*), as old-fashioned a little port as any in the West. By crossing from Instow to Appledore, *Westward Ho!* (p. 64) can be reached by a pleasant walk, of 3 miles, *vid* Northam, or, by the mouth of the Taw, the *Pebble Ridge*, and *Northam Burrows*, in $4\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

Continuing by rail past Instow we get a pleasant retrospect down the Torridge and across the Taw, and soon come in sight of the clean-looking town of *Bideford*, rising steeply from the riverside quay across the stream.

The station is on the east-side of the river, and the town is reached by crossing the bridge (*see next page*).

Bideford.

Hotels ($\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Station across the Bridge): *New Inn Family*; *Tanton's*; *Newfoundland*. **Pop.** 6,512.

Post: Del. 7.15 a.m.; 12.15 (North); 4.20 p.m. Desp. 7; 10 a.m.; 2.30 (North); 7 p.m. Sundays—Del. 7.15 a.m.; Desp. 5.45 p.m.

Public Conveyances: Coach to *Bude*, via Clovelly Cross (for Clovelly); mail-break to *Clovelly* and *Hartland*; omnibus (meets trains) for *Westward Ho!* See Yellow Sheet and p. 22.

Carriage (1-horse) to Clovelly, 14s., (2-horse), 20s. There and back, 18s. and 26s., including driver in each case.

Every visitor to these parts ought to be familiar with Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" and so we need not quote his description of this old-fashioned town and port. It stands on the margin and steep western bank of the Torridge, and is fully seen as we approach by rail. The town is of considerable antiquity, and was formerly of relatively greater importance than at present. Its principal streets are wide, and the general appearance of the place throughout is suggestive of quiet and healthy ways, not unaccompanied with fair prosperity. The bridge, originally built in the 14th century, has 24 pointed arches and is 741 feet long. It has been more than once widened, and affords a delightful promenade when the tide is up and the softly beautiful Torridge valley is bright with the windings of its then broad stream. There are no particular points of interest in the town, but it is a pleasant place for a day or two's sojourn whilst exploring the neighbourhood. The *Church*, with the exception of the tower, is modern, and there are no other public buildings of any moment.

Chudleigh's Fort, on the east-side of the river (reached by turning to the right after crossing the bridge and then, after mounting the hill, through gate, left, opposite the last of the houses) is of no interest in itself, as it consists only of a rough and slight modern rampart, enclosing the site of a Parliamentary fort. It is for the **view** that it affords of the neighbourhood that it should be visited. Bideford is across the river, and its bridge and quays immediately below, and from the foreground to the right and left extends the valley of the Torridge, bounded, especially on the western bank, by a well-clad range of gently rounded hills. Due north we catch sight of Wrafton, across the estuary of the Taw, and to the right and left of the mouth of the Torridge lie the pretty villages of Appledore and Instow, with its quay. Turning southward, we see the wooded glen-like valley down which the river comes from Torrington and Wear Giffard, though the windings of the stream shut out the view of these places. A little above the town, on the western side of the stream, is the old house, "*Little America*." Taken as a whole, there are few English prospects of the softer kind more beautiful than this from this old fort.

Bideford to Westward Ho! $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. from the Bridge. Omnibuses, to and fro, meet the trains. The road leaves the town on the north west, and is for the first mile across a mead. Where it forks take the left hand branch (that to the right goes to **Northam**, 1 m., and **Appledore** (p. 62), $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. from the fork) which is at once pleasantly wooded. For the next $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles we gradually climb, and though the route is pretty, it presents no features calling for notice. We come upon **Westward Ho!** (Hotels: *Westward Ho!*, *Torridge House*, *Rowena*. Post week-days only, del. 8.15 a.m., 12.50, 5.10 p.m., desp. 9.10 a.m., 1.10, 5.50 p.m.) suddenly, as it is at the foot of the high ground that is here within a few yards of the shore before it begins to fall seaward.

The view from above the village is wide and varied. Immediately below is the Westward Ho! Hotel, and stretching away to the right are the modern villas and lodging houses that constitute the healthy little watering place. An expanse of fine sand lines the shore, on the landward side of which, running northward towards Barnstaple Bar, is the **Pebble Ridge**, a long bank of huge boulders cast up by the restless waters of the bay. **Northam Burrows** is an irregular area of rough grass and gorse separated from the sea by the Pebble Ridge. Here golf has its chief habitat south of the Tweed. The *Bathing* at Westward Ho! in calm weather is good, and to afford a safe dip at times when the sea is too rough on the open shore, pools have been cut out of the rock. There is a small church here, erected in 1870, as well as spacious Baths.

Westward Ho! to Appledore abt. 4 m. The road for $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. is the same as that to Bideford. Then we turn left, about 1 m. more, to **Northam**, whose church is on the high ground to the south of the Burrows. It is a short $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. onward to **Appledore** (Inns), a quaint little port opposite Instow. The return, on foot, can be made across the Burrows in abt. 3 m.

Westward Ho! to Clovelly, 12 m. by road through Abbotsham. See *Bideford to Clovelly*, p. 65.

Bideford to Wear Gifford (3m.) and **Torrington** ($5\frac{1}{2}$ m.) by road. This route keeps the river on the left for $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Bideford Bridge, when it crosses a small tributary. Immediately beyond it turns to the right, and in 2 miles has *Lancross Church* a trifle to the left. At Lancross was born General Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, who mainly contributed to the restoration of the Stuarts. When a fork is next arrived at, take the road to the left. A canal, which has a small inclined plane, here takes the place of the river navigation, and in 3 miles from Bideford we are opposite the village of *Wear Gifford*, on the left. Here is a small Perpendicular church of some interest, and a 15th century *manor-house* belonging to Earl Fortescue. The latter was used as a farm-house for a considerable period with the natural result, but some years ago it was restored, and is now well cared for. The *hall*, with its fine roof, is especially noticeable, and throughout the house is much good oak panelling. Of the surrounding wall little but the *gate-house* remains. Continuing our route, accompanied by river and canal up the winding valley, well timbered with oak, in 5 miles we reach *Rothern Bridge*, which we cross, and then with canal and river on the right in $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles arrive at Torrington.



Torrington (pop. 3,445. Inn : *Globe*), situated on the high eastern bank of the Torridge, is a town of considerable antiquity, but its chief historical interest is connected with the Civil War. It was hard by that Fairfax in 1646 won his victory over Hopton, and crushed the royalist cause in the West. Then, too, the 14th century church was destroyed by an explosion. The present building was erected a few years later, but the tower is modern. The town is the seat of a glove manufactory, and the neighbourhood is a favourite one with fishermen. Without being in any way remarkable, this is a pretty corner of North Devon. The only object of antiquarian interest is the *Priory at Frithelstock*, a mile west of Rothern Bridge, but of this the remains are trifling; they are close to the church.

Bideford to Clovelly, 11 m., and Hartland, 14 m.

Mail-break leaves Bideford at 7.20 a.m., arr. at Clovelly (in summer viâ Hobby Drive) at 9.15 a.m., and reaches P.O. Hartland Town at 9.45 a.m. Returns from Hartland at 4 p.m., and Hobby Gate, Clovelly 4.45. Fare 3s., return 5s. Places booked by T. Oatway, Allalands Street, Bideford. For Coach to Bude viâ Clovelly Cross (for Clovelly) see Yellow sheet.

For carriage to Clovelly see p. 63.

The pleasantest way is to take the road leaving the town, due west, past *Duddon Hall*, left, just before reaching which we get a peep to the right over Northam Burrows and the Taw estuary. When, in $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, the road forks, take the left branch and in a few yards you reach **Abbotsham**, with an interesting little *Church*. In the south-east of the church-yard there is a good modern *Iona Cross*, and through the trees we get a glimpse away across the Taw Valley. The church contains good bench ends and a curious font. Half a mile beyond the church we join the main road, $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Bideford, which having climbed a ridge, keeps it nearly all the way to Clovelly. Passing through the little hamlet of *Ford*, in $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles at *Fairy Cross* is a poor road-side inn, and a little further on another of like quality. At $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles we reach the *Hoops Inn*, an excellent though humble house where good refreshment and a clean bed can be had. We have, before reaching this, had occasional views of the coast westward, though of no striking kind. At 6 miles a road left goes off to *Woolfardisworthy*, and then over a gate on the right is a good view of Lundy and the cliff Gallantry Bower.

The Pedestrian can take a lane on the right that leads to a field overlooking the hamlet of *Bucks-mill* in its steepcombe leading to the sea. The prospect which we come upon suddenly is charming, and from no other point does Lundy, which fills the centre of it, appear to rise more sheer from the water. Observe the Light-house at the left extremity of the island, and beyond to the right the line of the Welsh coast. By turning into the wood on the left of the field a track descending thecombe is gained, which joins a cart-road coming down from the main-road just west of where we turned off. Passing a little green with a belt of oaks and some white-washed cottages, we gain the bank of the burn that runs down thecombe to the sea. The view of the coast from the shore here is fine and reaches from Morte past Baggy and Westward Ho! on the right, to Gallantry, here seen as a sheer cliff, on the left. A disused lime-kiln offers a sufficient resemblance to a small castle to improve the foreground. On a falling tide Clovelly can be reached by the shingle, a very rough walk beneath

the cliffs ($2\frac{1}{2}$ m.). There is no path along the top of the cliffs. In $\frac{1}{4}$ m. and again at $\frac{3}{4}$ m., from Bucks by the shore, are minor *water-falls* and a good one at Veerham, in a tinycombe, adjoining which is a curious natural archway. Just before we reach Clovelly there is another cascade, called Freshwater, mentioned in *Westward Ho!*

Just beyond the 8th milestone from Bideford, on the right, is the entrance to the **Hobby Drive** (*adm.* on foot 4d.; one-horse carriage 1s., two-horse 1s. 6d.; closed on Sundays, on which day Clovelly can be reached by Clovelly Cross $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. further on) which is 3m. long and lovely throughout.

For the first half mile the drive,

“..... where art with votive hand has twined
A living wreath for Nature's grateful brow,”

is through plantations, and then, as the road turns a corner westward, we get a pretty outlook on the right, down the glen which terminates in Freshwater cascade just east of Clovelly. Soon the road again bends sharply to the left, and we have as we descend a view up the coast eastwards. The scenery improves continuously, and is at its best just as the drive again bends inland towards the head of the ravine at the mouth of which is the village. From this point on to *New Road Gate*, where carriages stop, delicious is the only word that conveys at all the beauty of the route.

Clovelly.

Approaches. From Bideford, see above. From Bude by coach to Clovelly Cross and thence by waggonette (included in coach-fare) to New Road Gate. This approach is described the reverse way, *pp.* 68, 77.

* * * At New Road Gate, where vehicles stop, sledges and donkeys meet the luggage.

It is well for the traveller to decide on his inn before arriving here, as the nuisance of hotel touts is not unknown. In summer a bed should be secured in advance.

Hotels: *New Inn* (table d'hôte 3s. 6d.), in the village street, half way down. *Red Lion* (unpretending but good; Bed and Attendance 3s., meat breakfast 2s., lunch 2s., dinner 3s.), at the bottom of the village, close to and overlooking the sea.

Post: *del.* 9.30 a.m.; *desp.* 4.30 p.m. (Sundays 3.30). **Tel. Off.** open weekdays: 8 to 8; Sundays: 8 to 10 a.m.

N.B.—For a good account of Clovelly and views (better than photographs) see the *English Illustrated Magazine* for December, 1884 (1s.). The village is also described at length in Dickens' *A Message by the Sea*. The father of Charles Kingsley (*b.* 1819) was rector of Clovelly, 1830-6.

From New Road Gate a steep winding track conducts to the head of **Clovelly Street**, which consists of a zig-zag stair, on either side of which, no two on the same level, cling the houses. The village occupies a mere rift in the steep cliff slopes. Above and on each side of it, it is embowered in abundant woods, and

from its tiny cove juts out a short pier that thus forms a small harbour. At one time it seemed as though the irregular quaintness of the place was to be sacrificed to meet the supposed needs of the omnipresent tourist, but happily, not much damage has thus far been done, and it is still the funniest and most primitive of fishing villages, a very paradise for the sketcher. Only at the lowest tides is there any sand, but the sheltered bay is perfect for a swim from a boat. Both the hotels are apt to be full in summer. There are a few small lodgings of an unconventional type.

Of directions for exploring the immediate neighbourhood but few are needful. To even the hurried visitor we would say, however, that the main street is not the whole of the village, and that many a quaint study is to be found in the little by-lanes westwards. Of walks that eastward by the Hobby Drive (for charges see p. 66, weekly tickets, 1s.) is given above. Westward are the charming grounds of **Clovelly Court**, which are entered at *Yellery Gate* (closed on Tues. and Sat., but open on Sundays; 6d. each person) a little beyond and opposite New Road Gate. Keeping along the seaward side of the lovely park, well shaded paths bring us in $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. to **Gallantry Bower** (387 ft.), an almost perpendicular cliff commanding a superb view. Beyond this, down the glade it is a short $\frac{1}{2}$ m. to **Mouth Mill**, a sweet spot where a brook enters the sea. Here the forms of the rocks are very striking and suggest the idea of having been ploughed by some giant plough. Of sea weeds a great variety can be collected, and the deep clear pools left by the tide are studies for the naturalist.

The return to Clovelly can be made by the upper of two tracks, on the E. of the Mouth, which leads through the grounds of Clovelly Court, and, left, into a road near the house and church.

Clovelly Dikes or *Ditchen Hills* (2 m.). These are 3 concentric earthworks of unknown date, at the junction of the road from Clovelly, with the one from Bideford to Hartland. Those who drive must go through New Road Gate and along the road passing below the Coastguard cottages.

Pedestrians should save half-a-mile by taking the narrow lane to the left of New Road Gate. This will take them past the School at Winklebury and out into the road at *Lower Slerra* (Inn).

The house in front is the Rectory, and on the right we pass an ivied gateway that gives a picturesque approach to the Church, adjoining Clovelly Court. The road now turns sharply to the left and passes the hamlets of *Lower Slerra* (*Farmer's Inn*) and *Higher Slerra*, where is kept the Rocket Life-Saving Apparatus. The next hamlet is *East Dikes*, and here a gate on the right admits us at once to the encampment. The mounds (three) are a tangled brake of bramble and gorse, whilst the space between the two inner ones is under cultivation. The outer mound is now imper-

fect, having been cut through by the road. The view from the Dikes (the highest point is on the western side) is extensive, but rather lacking in interest. On a clear day the heights of Dartmoor are seen on the south horizon, and beyond Hartland, over Hartland Quay, is the sea, which is also in sight northwards to Gallantry, and Lundy north-west. The return can be made along the Bideford road ($1\frac{1}{2}$ m.), and then down the Hobby Drive.

Those who desire to appreciate the romantic situation of Clovelly should, if they have not arrived by water, by all means choose a bright, calm evening for **a row in the bay**. Down by the little pier and harbour a civil boatman with a decent craft can always be found, and for 2s. 6d., or a trifle more in the height of the season, he will row to Mouth Mill and back. The cliffs to the west of the village come down dark and sheer into the sea, and the strata of which they are composed are in places singularly contorted. From Clovelly Pier Gallantry Bower appears only sharply inclined, but now as we pass under it, its height, nearly 400 ft., and its perpendicular face make it singularly impressive. Here and there is a cave in which on occasion a stray seal has been seen, and a group of rocky islets with a natural archway, *Church Rock*, navigable in calm weather, just west of Gallantry, adds much to the beauty and interest of the coast. Lundy is of course a prominent object seaward, and the bluff promontory of Hartland is seen to advantage. At *Mouth Mill* in the absence of a ground-sea, we can land and explore the woodland charms of that pretty mouth, but if this water-excursion is made, as it should be, near sunset on a summer's evening, the visitor will, we think, be loath to quit the water, and will prefer leisurely coasting along back to Clovelly.

From Clovelly a visit can be paid to Lundy for which the charge for a sailing-boat is 20s. to 30s. according to the number of the party. In summer a steamer from Ilfracombe occasionally calls at Clovelly and goes on to Lundy. It is, however, only in calm weather that a landing can there be safely made. *For other approaches to Lundy, see next page.*

It may be well to inform the tourist that to attempt to pass by water from Clovelly to Hartland Quay is, owing to the sudden and impossible-to-be-foreseen rising of a ground-sea, an expedition not wisely made, and one that is declined by the prudent boatman.

Clovelly to Bude by road, 18 m. This route is by Clovelly Cross and is identical with the road from Hartland to Bude (*p.* 77) from West Country Inn. For **Coach** see Yellow Sheet.

Lundy.

Map opposite p. 96.

Approaches. The only *fixed service* is by the *Gannet* (40 tons), on alternate Thursdays, from Instow, at hours varying with the tide. The voyage, about 25 miles, takes 3 hours, and the skiff remains about 5 hours at the island. Single fare, 5s.; return, 7s. 6d. Capt. Dark (*Primrose Cottage, Instow*) has made this trip regularly for 20 years, and on other than mail-days the *Gannet* can be hired, to Lundy and back for 30s.

Excursion steamers (4s. 6d., 3s.) occasionally during the summer from Ilfracombe (25 m.) and Clovelly (17 m.).

Sailing-boat from Clovelly, 20s. to 30s.

Postal Address: "Lundy Island, Cardiff."

Tel. Off. open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Pop. (in 1881): 61.

Accommodation: No inn, but a farm-house, near landing-place, supplies refreshments.

Description. Lundy—to add "island" is redundant—lies 12 m. N.W. of Hartland Point and is about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles long. Its outline, much indented, has been compared to a long, notched, oak leaf. In breadth it nowhere measures a mile, and its northern portion averages less than half that width. It consists of a plateau of granite slightly depressed in the middle, of a mean elevation exceeding 400 ft., and attaining at Beacon Hill, in the south-west, a height of 525 ft. The only landing place is at the south-east corner, where the peninsular of *Lamator* and the adjoining *Rat Island* form, with the main portion of the island, a fairly sheltered anchorage. Lundy is in fact a natural breakwater, on the east of which, during westerly and south-westerly gales, many vessels find temporary shelter. The cliffs are impressive as the island is neared. The landing from steamers is effected by boats, and from the beach a good road winds up to the top of the island to a farm-house. Mr. Heaven's house nestles on the right in a little glen called *Millcombe*. The trees about it and the gardens, which contain many shrubs, not hardy enough for the mainland, form the only relief to the natural bareness of the island, which, with slight exceptions at its southern extremity, is chiefly moorland. The circuit of the island may be made by the cliffs, a rough walk of about 9 miles.

History. We know nothing definitely about Lundy till after the Norman conquest. Soon after that event we find it in the possession of the Marisco family, whose ownership appears to have extended with some interruptions to the beginning of the 14th century. Edward II. in 1326 intended to seek refuge on the island, but adverse winds compelled him to abandon his purpose and retire into Wales. For a time Hugh Despenser had a grant of the island. After passing through several families, we find it in the middle of the 17th century the property of the wife of the gallant admiral Sir Richard Grenville, father of the hero of Stamford Hill. The island all through this period was the haunt of pirates and foreign privateers, and with short intervals continued so to be as

late as the reign of Queen Anne. In 1748 Lord Gower, then the owner of the island, leased it to a Bideford merchant, named Thomas Benson, who, pretending to ship convicts to the American colonies, landed them at Lundy for the sake of their labour. Convicted later on of smuggling and piracy and of frauds on underwriters, all Benson's property was confiscated, and he fled to Portugal, where he died. Since Benson's time the island has frequently changed hands. In 1834 it was purchased by W. Heaven, Esq., to whose family it still belongs.

Walk round the Island. Just after passing Mr. Heaven's house we have on the right the projecting rock, called the *Sugar-loaf*, which marks the limit of the granite in this direction. That corner of the island on which we landed is composed of clayey shales. A quarter of a mile beyond the Sugarloaf we pass the *Quarter Wall*, which runs across the island, and then have before us the deserted workings and cottages of the Lundy Granite Company. Some of these cottages are occasionally used by visitors. We next reach *Half-way Wall*, which divides the island, as its name implies, into two nearly equal portions. The Logan stone near its eastern extremity can no longer be moved. Next ahead is the *Templar Rock*, with its singularly natural outline of a man's face. Beyond it we rise to *Tibbett's Hill* (510 ft.), on the left-hand of which are the remains of one of the several *Round Towers* which the island formerly boasted. Off the shore, on the right, is the *Gull Rock*. Proceeding onward, in a quarter of a mile, we reach the promontory known as *Brazen Ward*, so called from a battery of brass pieces that in the 17th century marked the spot. A little beyond this we pass a freak of rock arrangement not inaptly called the *Mouse-trap*, and a quarter of a mile beyond it, across a boggy depression, arrive at the *Gannet Rock*, so named from the birds that frequent it. We are now close to the northern end of the island, and the visitor will note the large quantities of guano here deposited. The pyramidal rock just beyond the ruined *John o' Groat's House* is called the *Constable*. On the north-west of the island a narrow ridge protrudes, on either side of which is a chaos of huge fragments of granite. The group of islets off this point is called the *Hen and Chickens*. Turning southward, the western side of the island for the first half-mile is comparatively unindented. After passing a little stream, off the second considerable promontory is *St. James's Stone*, and then, when we have on our left the remains of the Round Tower already mentioned, the sea-slopes exhibit the singular rifts or crevasses locally termed *Earthquakes*. After repassing *Half-way Wall*, near the end of which the forms assumed by the granite justify the name of *Cheeses*, and skirting *Jenny's Cove*, with the rock called the *Devil's Chimney*, we reach the *Punch Bowl Valley*, so named from a singular granite basin which appears too shapely to be a natural bowl. From this point onward the crevasses already alluded to increase in size and number, and are of sufficient width to allow the inquiring tourist to examine them. Many of them are of great depth. After repassing the *Quarter Wall* we have below us the *Signal Battery*, the guns of which are fired at intervals during thick weather.

Nearly half a mile beyond it on *Beacon Hill* is the *Light-house*, which exhibits two lights, one at the base and the other at the top. To the east of the *Light-house* is the site of *St. Helen's Chapel*, which was the parish church of the island until, its revenues being confiscated on the suppression of Cleeve Abbey, in Somerset, it was allowed to fall into ruins. Since then there has been no spiritual provision for the island, except such as has been supplied by successive owners. At present there are two services on Sunday. Continuing down the coast past the *Light-house* we reach, at the south-west corner of the island, its most remarkable natural feature, the *Devil's Lime Kiln*—a huge cavity more than 350 ft. in depth, communicating with the sea by a couple of tunnels. Off it lies the *Shutter Rock*, so named from the notion that if it could be hurled into the chasm it would fill it. Beyond the *Shutter Rock* is the huge mass of *Black Rock*. Turning eastward, in a few hundred yards we quit the granite and re-enter the shaley corner of the island, and complete our tour by examining the remains of *Marisco Castle*, of which the keep, converted into cottages, is the only part preserved. Hard by is *Benson's Cave*, which in the days of high protective duties was a smuggler's storehouse.

Those whose visit to the island is limited to a few hours will embrace all that is best worth seeing if they proceed north from the landing-place as far as *Tibbett's Hill*, and then crossing the island wander south along its western margin. The *Light-house* should by all means be ascended, as from it not only is the whole of this little territory seen at a glance but fine views of the adjoining coast are obtained.

Those contemplating a more or less prolonged visit should endeavour to obtain "*Lundy Island*," by J. R. Chanter, published by Cassels; price 3s. 6d. This little volume contains a full treatment of the fauna and flora of the island, but has long been out of print.

Clovelly to Hartland (6 m.).

The road by way of Clovelly Dikes is devoid of interest.

Pedestrian Route. The pedestrian can proceed by the coast to *Mouth Mill*, and then, mounting the west side of thecombe, take the track to *Brownsham*, rather over a mile from the Mouth. Thence he can gradually work his way westward and back to the coast, but his walk will be a fatiguing one and scarcely worth the trouble. If he desires to visit *Hartland Point* before going to Hartland Town, his better way is to proceed from Brownsham by *Beckland* to *Fatucot* and *Titchberry*. This is a rough and rather uninteresting road, but at the last named farm or hamlet, close to the cliffs, the interest is renewed and Hartland is only 1 mile further. It is possible to follow the coast-line all the way from Mouth Mill, but there is little to compensate for the toil.

Hartland Town (Inn: *King's Arms*), as entered from the eastward, is a singularly unattractive village, but the inn is a convenient resting-place from which to explore several miles of magnificent scenery, as well as to visit the fine church and

beautiful vale of Stoke. *Hartland Point* is 4 miles N.W., and the way there somewhat difficult to find. The most direct route is by *Pallard Bridge*, where the tiny trout stream, running west to Hartland Abbey, is crossed; thence, bearing shortly afterwards westward, we pass *Pallard*, and at *Pallard Cross*, keeping straight onward, reach the hamlet of *Longfurland*, $1\frac{3}{4}$ m. Next, after crossing a little brook, we take the left-hand road, which keeps along the southern slope of the hill and has the brook below on the left, and so reach *East Titchberry*. Thence, in a general westerly direction, there is no difficulty, and a cliff road cut out of the rock conducts us to the **Lighthouse**, which stands on a ledge below the summit of the cliff, and was erected in 1874. From the gallery round the lantern is a good view of the stern headland and of the wide Atlantic, which, after a storm, rolls in grandly, and may be seen breaking in clouds of spray on the cliffs of Lundy Island. Adjoining the lighthouse is a Siren fog-horn, worked by an air-engine.

Returning from the light-house the pedestrian can proceed up and down along the top of the cliffs to the fine bay called *Black Mouth Mill* (2 m.) and on to **Hartland Quay** (3 m., *no Inn*) with its little pier that affords shelter to an occasional small craft or two on this terrible coast. From Hartland Quay the cliff-walk is also fine as far as *Spokes Mouth*, another mile. Either from the Quay or Spokes Mouth it is about 2 miles back to Hartland. For this route from Black Mouth Mill, see page 73.

Those who drive to and from Hartland Point from the Town are practically confined to the same route out and home; but, if it is desired to return from the Point to Clovelly, Hartland Town may be avoided, and a road going east, from Longfurland or Pallard Cross, taken.

From Hartland to Stoke, Black Mouth Mill, Hartland Quay, Spokes Mouth, and back to Hartland, 6 m. This round includes, with the exception of Hartland Point, the best scenery of the neighbourhood. Leaving the Town at the west end, which is as neat and comely as its east end is the reverse, we can either keep the main road or, entering at the lodge, proceed down *the Vale* to Hartland Mill. This latter route is only open to carriages by the courtesy of the proprietor, but a public foot-path traverses most of it. The Vale, as its name implies, is a comparatively open valley, down which the road winds, well timbered on both sides. In contrast to the bare upland country, across which we have come from Clovelly, it is delightful, and in any country side indeed would, as it opens out on the banks of the little trout stream at Hartland Mill, where we re-join the public road, be deemed beautiful. **Hartland Abbey** (Col. Stuckley), a castellated mansion built at the end of last century on the site of an Augustinian Monastery, of which some portions of the cloisters (Early English) are preserved in the basement, is next passed on the right, and its lawns add much to the picturesque of the spot.

A private road goes from the Abbey on the right bank of the stream to Black Mouth Mill, and visitors staying at the King's Arms, Hartland, can obtain leave to drive that way. No dogs are allowed as they disturb the deer. For pedestrians the road given below is better.

After mounting a short hill we arrive at **Stoke Church**—the cathedral of North Devon it has been called—of which the humble building at Hartland Town is a chapel of ease as well as of ugliness. It is dedicated to S. Nectan, and the lofty and graceful tower (Perpendicular) must often, before the days of Hartland Lighthouse, have seconded the efforts of the saint—who is credited with having preserved Earl Godwin, amongst others, from shipwreck—in giving warning to mariners to give a wide berth to the iron-bound shore below. The churchyard, entered by a Lich Gate, shaded by limes, formerly contained a dead-house, happily now no longer required, for the reception of the bodies of the drowned. The most noteworthy details within this church are the fine Perpendicular rood-screen and the good carving of the ceiling of the north aisle of the chancel. The whole building, some few years ago, was well restored. Enquire for the epitaph, "Here lies I, at the chancel-door," etc.

For **Black Mouth Mill**, those who drive, and have permission, should return to the Abbey and proceed by the road on the north side of the valley. The pedestrian will quit the churchyard by a path which, from the north-west corner, keeps along the top of a meadow. A good view of the valley on the right is obtained, and when the stile at the end of the meadow is reached, he must strike off downward and across the next meadow. In the bottom a track will be found leading to a bridge across the stream, which, however, should not be crossed but kept on the right hand. In a few yards he will gain a point above the bay, where a coast view of grandly savage beauty suddenly arrests him. Sheer black precipices are on either hand, and from them huge rocky ribs, like groins, in endless succession, run out seaward, over which, even in the finest weather, the waves dash in one continuous roar. Hartland Quay, with its little cluster of houses and tiny pier, appears close by on the left, and we can trace the coast-line west to Upper Sharpness Point. Northward the view is more limited, and terminates by the half-island promontory of Berry Point. The vertical line of the strata will be noticed in the cliffs close at hand on the right.

The cliff path to Hartland Point is seen, beyond the stream, climbing the hill at the back of some cottages. To gain it, it is needful to return to the bridge.

Those who have driven down the valley should by all means cross to the point to which we have conducted the pedestrian, as from no other can nearly so good a view be obtained; and we recommend them to order the carriage to return inland, and proceed to Hartland Quay, to which on foot we propose to conduct them.

Along the coast to **Hartland Quay** is a breezy walk over the Warren and past a small ruin, whose history we do not know, after which we gain the road and wander down to the Quay, from

which we obtain another good view of the cliff scenery. Till a few years ago there was a small inn here, but it is now closed. Regaining the cliffs westward, we can ramble on over short turf, and having on our right the ever changing beauties of this cove-indented shore. *Tor Point* and *Catterin Tor* are two bold prominences that drop sheer to the sea, and the former exhibits once more very contorted strata. A little stream here falls to the strand in a pretty cascade and a path at the side of it leads down to the shore.

We next proceed a little way inland up the stream so as to round *Catterin Tor*, when we again approach the edge of the cliff and get a view of its precipices on the right and of the coast westwards to **Spokes Mouth**, which is itself reached after a steep descent, followed by a stiff little climb. Here is another stream-cascade which comes down over a huge black slab into a narrow chasm. The rough track down to the shore is used for fetching sand to the farms inland, on which formerly it was largely employed as manure. Proceeding up the stream, which holds a few trout, and crossing it, it is worth while to climb to the top of the next headland, as thereby the character of the coast on to *Morwenstow* is well seen. It is less abrupt than that along which we have come from *Hartland Point*,

From *Spokes Mouth* it is 2 miles back to *Hartland Town* by road, winding up the valley on its left hand. Nothing on the way will arrest the tourist's attention till he is within half a mile of his destination, when, if he is a lover of rural beauty, he will long to transfer to his sketch-book the charming little cottage, in its wooded nook, called *St. Leonard's*. Just after passing this cottage he can take the public foot-path on the left, across the *Vale*, and so regain his inn.

Spokes Mouth cannot conveniently be included in the drive unless from *Stoke* the carriage be sent on there, and the visitor walk from *Black Mouth Mill* or *Hartland Quay* to rejoin it.

Hartland to Bude (*by the coast, 17 miles.*)

The pedestrian proceeding down the coast we suppose to resume his walk at *Spokes Mouth* (*above*). For some 3 miles he will follow the top of the sea-slopes, and by keeping a little back from the shore avoid any serious combs. Where, after passing the *Gull Rock*, the shore line bends inwards half a mile to a round little bay, he should avoid descending thecombe on the left and keep along the ridge of *Hembury Beacon*, on which, overlooking the sea, is a *cliff castle*. Thence he will do well to strike inland a little and down thecombe to *Welcomb Mouth*. *Welcomb church* lies to the left, a mile from the sea. "Dark-grained as a *Welcomb woman*" is a local simile that tells its own tale. Thence on to *Marshland Mouth*, $\frac{1}{4}$ m. from *Welcomb Mouth*. Both of these Mouths afford fine cliff scenery, and each has a little brook

hurrying to the sea. The latter marks the limit of Devon and Cornwall, and is the termination of a glen beautiful throughout its whole length of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Marshland Mouth is one of the few spots on this coast where in moderate weather it is possible to land from a boat. From the Mouth it is advisable, after walking up the combe for half a mile, to take the road, striking up its south side, and then past *Marshland* farm and across a combe to *Cory*. After this hamlet avoid the first turn to the right (unless desirous of making for *Hennacliff*, the highest cliff on this part of the coast), and when again there is a choice of routes take that to the right. This leads to *Morwenstow*.

From Marshland Mouth those who do not mind two additional combes can keep to the cliffs, and so visit *Hennacliff*, when a turn inland of half a mile will bring them to *Morwenstow*.

Morwenstow (small public-house for refreshments). This out-of-the-world parish, which till a few years ago was quite unvisited by strangers, and associated even in the minds of dwellers in these parts chiefly with heartless wreckers, and the harvest of the dead, frequently cast up by the set of the tides, is now one to which a visit is never omitted by those who have at all imbibed the spirit of this wild Cornish coast. It is due to its vicar-poet, the late Rev. R. S. Hawker (*d.* 1875) that it has become well known. Here, during his incumbency of 41 years, he wrote the many little volumes that have done so much to preserve the legendary lore attaching to the shores of the Cornish sea. His poetical works now collected in a handy volume, and his *Life* written by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, are the best hand-books to the spot, and like Kingsley's "*Westward Ho!*" should be read by those who wish to appreciate the Devon and Cornwall borderland.

Morwenstow Church stands on the side of a steep combe about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile back from the shore, and is said to have been founded by St. Morwenna, the grand-daughter of a Welsh prince, named Brychan, who dwelt at Brecknock, and died A.D. 450. It is dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and the little stream which flows through the churchyard, and a well near the adjoining vicarage, are both associated with the same saint. The church, partly girdled by a few storm-gnarled trees, overhanging touching memorials of many a shipwrecked mariner, is a grey and venerable pile, with a pinnacled tower. Its oldest parts are Norman, though probably it occupies the site of an earlier Saxon church.

"The storm—the blast—the tempest shock,
Have beat upon those walls in vain;
She stands—a daughter of the rock—
The changeless God's eternal fane."

The *Porch* is entered by a doorway formed of the outer member of the Norman church-doorway, the two other orders of which remain in their original position. The work before it was thus barbarously treated must have been fine. The north aisle is

divided from the nave by two Norman and two Early English arches, the latter plain, the former with beautiful zigzag mouldings. We must quote in this connection Mr. Baring-Gould :—
 “ When I first visited the church I exclaimed at the beauty of the zigzag moulding. ‘ Zigzag! zigzag!’ echoed the vicar, scornfully, ‘ do you not see that it is near the font that this ornament occurs? It is the ripple of the lake of Genesareth, the Spirit breathing upon the waters of baptism. Look without the church—there is the restless old ocean thundering with all his waves, you can hear the roar from here. Look within. All is calm; there plays over the baptismal pool only the Dove who fans it into ripples with His healing wings.’ ”

The *South Arcade* is 16th century, and good. The *Rood-screen*, to judge by the trifling remains of the original work, was one of considerable beauty, but the present structure is a piece-meal one put together by Mr. Hawker. The bench ends in the nave are interesting and mainly 16th century. The *Font* belonged to the original church and is rude. In the *Chancel* is an E. E. piscina, and a modern and poor East window, representing “ St. Morwenna teaching Editha, daughter of Ethelwolf, between St. Peter and St. Paul,” an anachronism which resulted from Mr. Hawker’s confounding Morwenna with Modwenna, a 7th century Irish saint. Of the *vine* that twines along the church, Mr. Hawker must himself be allowed to tell :—

Hearken! There is an old Morwenna’s shrine,
 A lonely sanctuary of the Saxon days,
 Reared by the Severn sea for prayer and praise
 Amid the carved work of the roof, a vine.
 Its root is where the eastern sunbeams fall,
 First in the chancel, then along the wall;
 Slowly it travels on, a leafy line
 With here and there a cluster, and anon
 More and more grapes, until the growth hath gone
 Through arch and aisle. Hearken! and heed the sign.
 See at the altar side the stedfast root;
 Mark well the branches, count the summer fruit:
 So let a meek and faithful heart be thine,
 And gather from that tree a parable divine.

The vicarage house was built by Mr. Hawker. Over the hall door is a stone with this inscription (we quote from memory) :—

A house, a glebe, a pound a day
 A pleasant place to read and pray.
 Be true to Church, be kind to poor,
 O Minister for evermore!

Morwenstow Cliff is that on the south of the combe, and half-way down it is *St. Morwenna’s Well*, which till a few years ago was the outlet of the spring which now, however, has worn its way lower down.

Leaving Morwenstow we again make for the cliffs, and after passing *Upper Sharpnose Point* reach, 1 mile beyond it, *Stanbury Mouth*, one of the finest bits of contorted cliff on this coast. A

mile further, avoiding the combes which run down each side of Lower Sharpnose Point, we descend abruptly to *Duck Pool* at the mouth of the *Comb Valley*, up which a stroll of a mile or more will well repay the tourist. Between Duck Pool and Bude (4 m.) the cliff route is for the most part over downs covered with short turf, and the extensive view down the coast as far as Trevoise Head is a fitting close to a walk which, though somewhat fatiguing, is one of the best in English cliff scenery.

A little south of Morwenstow is a perfect specimen of a 16th century Manor House, called **Touacombe**, which owes much of its present interest to the late Mr. Hawker, at whose suggestion some later internal additions were removed. "A low gate, with porter's lodge at the side, leads into a small yard, into which look the windows of the hall. The hall goes to the roof with open timbers; it is small, 30 ft. long, but perfect in its way, with minstrels' gallery; large open fire-place, with andirons, and adorned with antlers, old weapons and banners, bearing arms of the Jourdaines, Kempthornes, Waddons, and Mirtyns. The hall gives access to a dark panelled parlour, with peculiar and handsome brass andirons in the old fire-places, looking out through a latticed window into the old walled garden, or Paradise."—*Baring-Gould*.

The pedestrian who would like to include Kilkhampton, distant nearly 5 m., in his walk can proceed south-east from Morwenstow by the hamlet of Woodford. The scenery is commonplace, but the wind-bent bushes and hedge-rows will impress him with the rough character of the climate. *For Kilkhampton and the route thence to Bude, see below.* This détour would make the distance from Hartland Town to Bude a little over 20 miles.

Hartland by West Country Inn (4 m.) and Kilkhampton (10 m.) to Bude (15 m.).

This route is of an uninteresting character and largely over the desolate moorland district in which the rivers Torridge and Tamar take their rise. Some 2 m. beyond WestCountry Inn on opposite sides of *Woolley Down*, marked by two barrows close to the road on the left, and within half a mile of each other, these streams commence their courses, which are to end so widely apart, the one in Barnstaple Bay, the other in Plymouth Sound. The considerable village of **Kilkhampton (Inn)** is reached in 10 m. from Hartland. The *village* is as dull as the **church** is interesting. This stands in its timbered churchyard on the right of the road. Its earliest portions are Norman, and the south door in this style is fine. The rest of the church is mainly Perpendicular. In the interior that which at once strikes the visitor is the rich carving in oak, black with time, of the bench ends. On the south side of the chancel is the monument of Sir Beville Grenville, the victor of Stamford Hill, who was soon afterwards slain in the battle of Lansdowne, near Bath, 1643. The church was admirably restored by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, in 1860. Some of the glass is good,

and there are many interesting memorials of the Grenville and Thynne families. The subject of the once popular volume "Meditations among the Tombs" is said to have been suggested to Hervey, who was then curate of Bideford, by Kilkhampton churchyard. The famous mansion of the Grenvilles, *Stow*, no longer exists. The moat alone marks its site, 3 miles west of Kilkhampton, on the high ground above Comb. The house was pulled down in 1720. The present house of that name is on another site, and was built by the late Sir G. Scott.

Proceeding onward by road to Bude it is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, for the most part down hill, to *Bush*. Where the road forks, near a chapel, we have a choice of routes, that *viâ Stratton* (p. 19) is the left hand road, and that little town is 1 mile from the fork. Should the tourist determine to take the right hand road at Bush, he will at once have to mount a steep hill overshadowed by trees, and then proceed westward to the village of *Poughill*, with its pretty little church. Gradually descending, the hamlet of *Flexbury* is passed, and then crossing *Summer Lease*, Bude is reached.

Bude.

Approaches: From Holsworthy (*p.* 19); from Bideford (*pp.* 65, 68, 77); from Launceston (*p.* 89).

Hotels: *Falcon, Bude, Globe.* The last unpretending.

Post: *Del.* 9.30 a.m., 7 p.m.; *desp.* 9.45 a.m., 5.15 p.m. Sundays, *del.* 9.30 a.m.; *desp.* 3.15 p.m. **Tel. Off.** open 8 to 8; Sundays 8 to 10 a.m.

Coaches to Holsworthy, Boscastle, Tintagel, Camelford (for New Quay), Clovelly, Bideford, and Launceston. See Yellow Sheet.

Distances: Holsworthy, $9\frac{1}{2}$ *m*; Boscastle, 16 *m*; Tintagel, 20 *m*; Clovelly, 18 *m*; Hartland, 15 *m*; Bideford, 26 *m*.

Bude is a widely-scattered and disjointed village, in a broad, sandy valley, about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the sea, on the banks of a small stream and near the outlet of the Holsworthy and Bude canal. The place is alike lacking in historical, architectural, or picturesque interest, and yet is yearly increasing in size and popularity. Its attractions are extreme healthiness and a fine coast. The grandeur of the sea during storms can in few places be more impressive than at Bude, and how liable it is to storms will be sufficiently indicated when we mention that it is a common thing for vessels to be unable to quit or enter the haven for weeks together. Three months and more have occasionally occurred during which no seaman dared to venture his craft across the bar. The castellated building which juts out, with its green slopes, into a bend of the little stream, and nestles for shelter behind its earthen ramparts, is *Bude Castle*. The two large modern buildings in the valley are *chapels*—one Wesleyan, the other Free Church. The only connected row of houses is on the right bank of the stream, where, too, are the *Bude* and *Globe Hotels*, the latter of a very humble character. The *church*, a chapel-of-ease formerly to Stratton, is on the rising ground south of the canal, and in this part of the village are some lodging-houses and the *Falcon Hotel*, from which the coaches start. The house in the trees above the church is *Efford House*. Boating at Bude is practically *nil*, and bathing, except in calm weather, is dangerous. The bathing-place for ladies is at Mearlake, a sandy cove on the north side of the haven; that for gentlemen is near the breakwater, where a small bathing-pool has been cut in the rocks. The breakwater on the south side of the haven, 300 yards long, is the promenade of the place, and is terminated by a natural head, called the *Chapel Rock*. To appreciate the varied though wholly rugged character of the shore, a **walk** should be taken along the

cliffs for a short distance south of the haven. Leaving the village, the first point to be made for is *Compass Point*, with its weather-beaten octagonal tower. Hereabouts it is dangerous to approach the edge of the cliffs, owing to their crumbling nature and the consequent liability of accompanying a landslip on to the rocks below. Leaving *Compass Point* and passing through a stone wall by a stile, and then climbing a short slope, we reach a mound called *Efford Beacon* on the edge of the cliff. The view south and south-west down the coast is magnificent. Endless ribs of rock run out to sea, and the irregular height of the cliffs shows at a glance the up and down character of the walk, to Boscastle and Tintagel, along their margin. The bay below us is *Widemouth Bay*, half way along which on the shore is the Black Rock, a dark pillar of schist where Featherstone the wrecker is doomed to twine "cordage of the sand." The first prominent headland is Dazard Point, 5 m. Jutting out next beyond it is Cambeak, and further still Tintagel Head (14 m.) The Rumps (21 m.) adjoining Pentire Point come next, and then the bounding promontory Trevoze Head (27 m.). The view up the coast is both less extensive and less bold. Lower Sharpnose Point (4 m.) is the limit in this direction. Bude, amidst its dunes, lies near at hand below, and eastward, 2 miles off, we see the tower of Stratton Church.

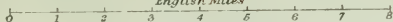
Holsworthy and Bude Canal. This was constructed between 1819 and 1826, mainly for the purpose of transporting sand, which was largely used as manure. Its total length, including its branches, is 33 miles. The main canal extends from Bude to Canal End, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles north-east of Holsworthy. At Marhamchurch, 2 miles, and Hobbacott Down, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles along it, are the two principal *inclined planes*, which can be visited conveniently from Bude and Stratton respectively. The former of these can be taken on the road to Boscastle. In $5\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Bude, close to Red Post (*inn*), a branch goes off to the east down the Tamar Valley to Druxton bridge, about 3 miles from Launceston, a distance by water from Bude of 20 miles. On this branch are three of the inclined planes. By a devious course of 2 miles from the junction with the Launceston branch, the canal reaches the Devon border, a mile beyond which another branch comes in, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, from the *Alfordisworthy Reservoir*, which is a considerable sheet of water formed by damming up the Tamar stream. From the junction of this branch, the canal extends another six miles eastward past Holsworthy to Canal End, which, along its course, is 15 miles from Bude.

Excursions from Bude.

To Comb Valley by the cliffs and back by Kilkhamp-ton, 13 m. Crossing the bridge, and leaving the village, we take the road over Summer Lease. Then striking left across the downs to the cliffs we pass *Mear Lake*, the ladies' bathing-place, and in $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles reach *Norcot Mouth*, with its little brook hurrying to the sea. Still along the cliffs, in a mile further we arrive at *Sandy Mouth*, and in another mile at *Duck-pool* at the mouth of the *Comb Valley*. Here we turn inland by a track on the north side of the burn, and in $\frac{3}{4}$ m. have above us on the right the woods of *Stow*. Continuing up the pleasant glen along the stream for

Curriage Roads described in the Book Foot Routes wholly or in part

English Miles



B I D E F O R

B A Y



Carrage Roads described in the Book — First Routes wholly or in part —

English Miles



nearly 2 miles, we strike a road which in $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles further brings us to *Kilkhampton* (p. 77). The return routes to Bude from Kilkhampton are described on page 78.

The cliff walk may, however, be continued from Duckpool or Comb, past Lower Sharpnose Point, Stanbury Mouth with its splendid cliffs and much contorted strata, and Upper Sharpnose Point to Morwenstow (p. 75), $7\frac{3}{4}$ m. from Bude, whence the return can be made by Kilkhampton, 5 miles along a series of rather intricate lanes. This round from Bude is nearly 18 miles.

To Morwenstow (by road 10 m.). This route is already given the reverse way (p. 77). It passes through Kilkhampton where the fine church should be visited. Thence proceeding north-west and leaving Comb Valley (p. 80) on the left, it winds by narrow lanes over a bleak district. For **Morwenstow** see page 75.

Bude to Boscastle by road, 16 miles. For coach (6s.) see Yellow Sheet; carriage and pair abt. 30s.

The route after passing Marhamchurch with its inclined plane, on the right, for the most part follows the crest of the ridge which here runs nearly parallel to the coast. The scenery is somewhat commonplace and at times distinctly uninteresting. At 10 miles from Bude just after passing Jacobstow on the low ground to the left, *Wainhouse Corner* is reached.

The road going off right leads to St. Gennys and **Crackington Cove**, a deep and fine bay, just north of Cambeak. Crackington this way is 13 miles from Bude, from which it may well be made the object of a distinct excursion by those who do not desire to visit or have already visited Boscastle, see p. 82.

After passing Wainhouse corner we have rather a dreary bit of country, relieved, however, now and then by a pretty peep of the coast, and then we descend the steep road which leads down to Boscastle; the last mile picturesque and fairly wooded.

Bude to Boscastle by the cliffs, 14 m. This route is far to be preferred to that by road, but can only be undertaken by pedestrians. Leaving the town past the church we make for *Efford Beacon* (p. 76). Three and a half miles from Bude is *Black Rock*, a pillar-like mass of schist where Featherstone the wrecker has to

"Twine from this hour, in ceaseless toil
On Blackrock's sullen shore,"
Till cordage of the sand shall coil
Where crested surges roll."

Still keeping to the cliffs, in a mile and a half further we arrive at *Mill-hook Mouth*, a deservedly favourite short excursion from Bude. A sharp climb from the Mouth follows, and, when nearly a mile from it has been covered, it is advisable to take the track, which has a combe on the right hand, to the hamlet of *Dazard*.

Thence we strike down a combe and across the one into which it runs, and up a corresponding branch combe opposite. In a stiff mile and a half from Dazard, across yet another combe, we reach *St. Gennys*. There is no inn here, but a crust of bread and cheese can generally be had at a farmhouse.

The coast round by Dazard Point can be followed all the way, but it is toilsome in consequence of repeated combes. It is only worth the trouble to the hardy pedestrian, who knows not fatigue. Our map, too, is unsatisfactory hereabouts, because the revised ordnance map is not yet published.

From *St. Gennys* we at once descend to the combe that ends in **Crackington Cove**, a retired bay, shut in between the far-projecting point of *Cambeak* on the left and the grand mass of *Penkenner Point* on the right. The latter, which rears its front more than 350 ft. above the sea, exhibits dark-slate rocks curiously contorted and veined with lighter-coloured strata. At its base, too, the rugged boulders and rock masses are beautifully veined. The lines of the bay at its head, as seen from the shore, are singularly majestic. *Cambeak*, the eastern boundary of the cove, stretches so far seaward that, on quitting Crackington, the pedestrian is advised to take the track indicated on the map, which is a rough cart road. In $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, soon after passing the junction of a track coming in on the left, he should make for the coast at *High Cliff* (708 ft.), and follow it for the best part of a mile. The bay to which *High Cliff* crumbles rather than falls is, under sunshine, very beautiful, and the bluish clay streaks of the cliffs are striking. When the coast-line trends due west, and has off it the rocky islets called *Beeny Sisters*, it is better to quit it, and, by the hamlet of *Lower Beeny*, to proceed to the head of **Pentargain Bay**, which is the next inlet. Here the coast-walk should be resumed, and followed, at any rate, to the south side of the inlet. From the point thus reached we get a good view of as savage a little bay as any on the coast. The black cliffs drop sheer into the sea, and at the head the little stream we have crossed falls in a good cascade. Some years ago the writer, visiting the spot in the winter, when the stream was of fair volume, saw it vainly struggling to pour its waters into the sea. A stiff gale from the north-west, entering the funnel-like bay, blew the cascade in clouds of spray back over the land, just as the well-known *Kinder Downfall* in Derbyshire is affected by a strong sou'-wester.

Those intending to make Boscastle their headquarters, for even a short time, had now better proceed straight from *Pentargain* ($\frac{1}{2}$ m.), and reserve the intervening bit of cliff for a short stroll; but, should the tourist not intend staying there, he should follow the cliffs round to *Pelly Point*, at the north entrance of the harbour, and then wind up along the creek to his inn. In this way, supposing him, later, to resume his cliff walk on the other side of the haven, he will complete his survey of the coast.

Boscastle.

Approaches: By coach from Bodmin, Launceston and Bude. See *p. 22* and Yellow Sheet.

Hotels: *Wellington*, near the harbour. (Bed and attend., 4s. 6d.; table d'hôte breakfast, 2s. 6d., dinner 3s. 6d.)

Providence (private), small but good; at the top of the village.

Post: Arr. 9.40 a.m.; dep. 3 p.m. Sunday: Del. (callers only) 9 to 11 a.m.; dep. 3 p.m. **Tel. Off.** open 8 to 8; Sundays 8 to 10 a.m.

Distances: Tintagel, 3 m.; Camelford, 9 m.; Launceston, 17 m.

The village of *Boscastle* itself is unattractive. It is the strange little harbour and fine cliffs that makes Boscastle a favourite spot with visitors. The coach from Tintagel to Bude stops long enough for a walk down to the harbour-mouth. Two streams that come down converging combs unite and flow together into the harbour, which is a winding creek $\frac{3}{4}$ mile long and very narrow. The harbour proper is the portion within the pier and breakwater which project from opposite sides of the creek. Walter White, who published his "Walk to the Land's End" when the Crimea was a household word, likens Boscastle harbour to Balaclava, and the comparison is a happy one. The Cornish inlet though inferior in size and in the height of its surroundings is more, rather than less, intricate in shape than the Russian one. The marvel is how any captain should dare to risk his vessel in the narrow cliff-bound entrance, and to a landsman, more marvellous still how, having entered, the sharp bends of the narrow gorge can be threaded. The walk from the *Wellington* down to the mouth of the harbour is by a path high up on the left-hand side, from which a complete view of the channel is obtained as we proceed. Everywhere are signs of the power of the sea. Huge hawsers lie about the quay, or moor the little vessels. At the southern entrance of the harbour is *Willapark Point*, and beyond that the precipices that encircle the well-named *Black Pit*. Off the harbour lies the islet *Meachard*. Visitors to Boscastle should not fail to explore thoroughly the few miles of coast from Pentargain (*p. 82*) on the east, to Tintagel on the west.

Boscastle to Tintagel by the cliffs, $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 m.; 2 to 3 hrs. Following the cliffs westward from the mouth of Boscastle Harbour as far as Tintagel Head is a walk of $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, though the distance in a bee-line from point to point is little more than half that distance. As soon as the western side of Black Pit is gained, Willapark Point, surmounted by its low tower, is seen in its full

proportions. Proceeding onward, a slate quarry on the face of the cliff is passed, and then the island of *Growar*. Crossing the combe that comes down on the left, we pass round two more little bays, and then over a headland, off which lie *Short Island* and *Long Island*. Thence across the next deep bay we have in sight the picturesque forms of *Lye Rock* and the *Sisters*. Before, however, attaining the isthmus of the headland off which these lie, we cross the brook coming down from St. Nighton's (St. Nectan's) Kieve by the *Rocky Valley*. This glen is worth exploring as far as a picturesque mill. Returning to the coast, which now becomes very irregular, we next reach *Bossiney Cove*, and then cross a series of ups and downs over broken grass-slopes. The lichen-covered cliffs of the headland off which the Sisters lie, and called like the Boscastle headland, *Willapark*, are seen to advantage, and a little beyond we reach *Tintagel Bay* shut in between *Barras Nose* on the right, and *Tintagel Head* on the left. For *Tintagel* see p. 89.

Boscastle to Tintagel by road 3 m. Half-a-mile from Boscastle is **Forrabury**.

Forrabury. Here the *Church* has lost much of its interest through restoration, but its "silent tower" will recall the legend attaching to its missing bells. The story goes that the lord of Bottreux Castle—whence Boscastle—ordered a peal to be shipped from London, and in due course they arrived off the port. The pilot, a native of Tintagel, caught the sound of his village bells:—

"Thank God," with reverent brow he cried,
"We make the shore with evening's tide."

* * *

"Thank God, thou whining knave, on land,
But thank, at sea, the steersman's hand,"
The captain's voice above the gale :
"Thank the good ship and ready sail."

* * *

Uprose that sea ! as if it heard
The mighty Master's signal-word ;
What thrills the captain's whitening lip ?
The death groans of his sinking ship.

We will not further mangle Mr. Hawker's delightful ballad. Suffice it, that the bells were lost with the ship, and only the pilot escaped. The dwellers in the hamlet are wont to say that the storm rings the bells in the depths below.

About a mile east of Forrabury Church is **Minster Church**, which, as its name implies, is a remnant of a religious house—a priory belonging to the abbey of St. Sergius at Angiers.

The Minster of the Trees ! a lonely dell,
Deep with old oaks, and, 'mid their quiet shade,
Grey with the moss of years,.....

The existing building was the chancel of the Minster. Its oldest portions are Early English. *The key is kept at Boscastle.*

The tourist interested in churches may prolong his walk for $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles eastward to **Lesnewth**. There the church has some Norman and Early English portions and a good Perpendicular tower. The return to Boscastle can be

varied by passing through Lesnewth, and then, in $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, turning to the left through the hamlet of *Treuanion*. Three-quarters of a mile from this, taking the turn on the left after passing a brook which runs down to Boscastle harbour, the road leads to *St. Juliot's Church*, and then, after another turn to the left and then to the right, into the road from Bude to Boscastle.

Boscastle, by Brown Willy, to Launceston, abt. 20 m. Road 4 m. to *Victoria* (a pub. house), then south by road, till opposite the mountain. Then cross (left-hand end) a bog beyond which is one of the curious stone pillars marking at intervals an old trackway from Watergate (S.E. of Camel-ford) to Five Lanes, and bearing the initials of the two places. Past the trackway you can bear to the right to the top of **Row Tor** (*pron.* like Cow), and thence direct to top of **Brown Willy** (*p.* 87) leaving an uncomfortable looking bog on your left. From Brown Willy descend to the pond, Fowey Well (see map), and thence due E. (without difficulty) to the farm-house north of and opposite the mines at *Trewint*. Here the high road is struck, and we turn left along it to *Five Lanes* (*p.* 88) which is thus 9 m. from Victoria and 7 m. short of Launceston.

N.B.—The road shown on Ordnance map along W. side of Row Tor and that shown from N.W. to S.E. along left bank of stream between Fowey Well and Trewint are, we think, non-existent.

In a mile further *Trevalga* with its little church (restored), is on the right and a short distance beyond we reach the turn, left, for **St. Nighton's Kieve** (*p.* 91). In another $\frac{1}{4}$ m. the *Rocky Valley* is well seen on the right, and then through Bossiney (*pron.* Bc-sinney) we reach Trevena (Tintagel) *p.* 89.

Launceston.

Railway Stations: G.W.R.; L. & S.W.R.; a few yards apart.

Hotels: *King's Arms, White Hart, Railway.*

Post: *Del. 7.15 a.m., 1.15 p.m., (North) 4.50 p.m.; dep. (North) 1.35, 5.20 p.m.*

Distances: Tavistock (*rail*), 16½ *m.* Lidford (*rail*), 12½ *m.* Okehampton (*rail*), 22½ *m.* Camelford, 16 *m.* Tintagel, 19 *m.* (22 *m.* *viâ* Camelford. Boscastle, 17 *m.* Bude, 20 *m.* Five Lanes (*Inn*), for Brown Willy 7 *m.* *Jamaica Inn* (temperance), 10½ *m.* Bodmin, 22 *m.*

Coches to Camelford, New Quay, Wadebridge, Padstow, and Bude, in connection with 9 a.m. from London (Waterloo). See Yellow Sheet.

Launceston (*pop.* 5000) can be reached either *viâ* Plymouth G. W. R., or by L. and S. W. R. *viâ* Exeter. The latter route is the quicker from London, &c., and is described on *pp.* 7, 18. The situation of the place, especially as seen from its northern suburb of St. Stephen's on the Bude road, is very picturesque, and the tourist bound for the north coast should here break his journey for the purpose of seeing the **Castle**. This is a considerable ruin, the precincts of which are laid out with much taste. Entering at the *West Gate-house* we find ourselves on a plateau overlooking the town on the north. This is now a lawn, without any remains of the buildings which once covered it. It has, however, the grim association of having been till comparatively recent times the place of public executions. At the cottage we obtain entrance to the path that leads up to the keep; this is bordered by fragments of ivy-covered ruins, amidst which luxuriant shrubs add much to the beauty of decay. Mounting the flights of steps we reach the *keep*. This is circular, and once was divided into stories, but the roof and floors have long disappeared, and it is now a mere shell.

The keep is surrounded by a thick wall which, when connected with it by a roof, formed a covered way. This wall has in it a staircase, by which its top may still be reached. Outside this encircling wall, along the edge of the knoll, runs a narrow path, at present unprotected, though doubtless formerly guarded by a rampart. The whole of the ruins is late Norman. The view obtained from this elevated spot is rich and wide, extending eastwards over the Tamar Valley to Brent Tor and the heights of Dartmoor, and westwards to the clearly marked heights of Brown Willy and Row Tor. The parish church is immediately below on the east, and on the north across the valley of Kinsey, a tributary of the Tamar, the suburb of St. Stephen's straggles up the hill to its granite church.

The **Parish Church** of Launceston, which we have just noticed as below the castle, is also of granite. It was erected early in the 16th century by Sir Henry Trecarrel, with the exception of the tower, which is older. Outside, the carving is particularly rich; the interior is quite uninteresting. There was formerly at Launceston an *Augustinian Priory*, the site of which is now built over. The only remains of it are the fine doorway, and that has been removed to the entrance of the "White Hart" hotel, a house which is itself of considerable age. Close to the "King's Arms" hotel is a fine gateway, Decorated, which once formed a part of the town walls. A tree, springing out of the ruins, adds much to their picturesqueness.

Launceston to Tintagel, 22 m; or New Quay, 45 m.

This route as far as *Davidstow*, 12½ miles, is bleak and wild. Two miles on the road, at *Trebursey*, we pass the remnants of an oak-tree, said to be the oldest in the county, though it is of insignificant size. Half a mile beyond this is a road-side *inn*, and then for the next 10 miles we pass through a dreary Down district, relieved only on the left by the ragged tops of *Kilmar High Rock*, *Brown Willy*, and *Row Tor*, and on the right, as we approach *Davidstow*, by the earthwork-crowned barrow of *Warbstow*. At *Davidstow* the church, with good tower, is on the right of the road, which, after passing it begins to climb out of the dip in which *Davidstow* lies. Avoiding turns to the right or left an additional mile brings us to the *Victoria* (Pub. Ho.) and the Bude and Camelford road, and the latter place is 2½ miles S.W., while *Boscastle* is 4 m. N.W.

Camelford (Inns: *Queen's Arms*, *Darlington Arms*) has no claims on the tourist's attention except as a coach-junction. Up to 1832 it returned a member to Parliament, and at the end of the last century was represented by Macpherson, the editor of *Ossian*.

Ascent of Row Tor and Brown Willy (4 m. S.E.) from Camelford (from Launceston, direct, see p. 88). The best route is to proceed nearly due east to *Landavery Rocks* (3 m.), and then to strike south to the summit of **Row Tor** (1296 ft.). This Tor is crowned by granite masses, which on its south and east sides are piled up to a considerable height. One mile south-east across a depression is **Brown Willy**. The summit of this hill (1368 ft.) is the highest ground in Cornwall. The view it affords even on the brightest day is dreary in the extreme, and quite unrelieved by any feature of interest. It is naturally a wide one, from the absence of any high ground to the west of it. Two-thirds of Cornwall are within sight, and the tourist will, we think, endorse the opinion expressed in our introduction, that the inland portions of the county are something less than beautiful. The sea is visible both north and south, but is unequal to the task of redeeming by its brightness the general prospect.

Pedestrian Route from Camelford to Tintagel, 6 m.

The best way is by **Delabole slate quarries**, 2 miles west. The route is a little complex, and partly across country; enquiry should therefore be made at Camelford. Those who drive, proceed half a mile on the road to

Lanteglos, and then take the road going off on the right. In this way the *Quarries* can be approached within a few hundred yards. There are three pits, the largest and oldest of which is a huge excavation with sheer sides, 300 ft. in depth. The slate obtained is of high quality, and is shipped in considerable quantities from the little port of St. Isaac, 6 miles distant. From the Quarries it is 4 miles to Tintagel, and the last two miles of the road afford peeps here and there of the fine coast adjoining it.

The rest of the road to Tintagel (*p.* 89) calls for no description. The road to New Quay is wooded between Camelford and Wade-bridge but dull elsewhere, *see p.* 99.

Ascent of Brown Willy from Launceston. Those desirous of including Brown Willy on their way from Launceston, may do so by following the Camelford road for 3 miles, and then taking one on the left. Crossing the Inny stream and its tributary, the Penpont water, we soon have on the left the village of *Laurannick*, and then 7 miles from Launceston reach *Five Lanes* (fair inn) so called from the number of lanes that meet at the point. Follow the road going west and then south-west, for 2 miles, and when, after passing a mine on the right, you reach a cottage on the left, strike across the moor due west. When a stream is reached, the best way is to follow it up. **Brown Willy** is the ragged topped hill in front, and its summit is a good hour's walk from the road. For a description of the view *see p.* 87. **Row Tor**, north-west, is worth a visit for the sake of its fine granite rocks, and thence the easiest way to Camelford is to make for *Landavery Rocks*, due north, close to which we strike a road that in 3 miles west takes us to it. To *Eoscastle* direct, *see p.* 85.

Another route to Brown Willy is by the Bodmin Road as far as **Jamaica Inn** (*Temperance*). From this it is $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles north-west to the top of the hill. The pedestrian should make for the rising ground just west of the Inn, and then skirting Towbor on the east proceed in a general course north-west for half-a-mile. Cats-hole Tor is the small hill immediately beyond Towbor. He should keep along its eastern slope, and then, avoiding the boggy ground below on the right, make straight for the highest point of Brown Willy, which is in this way 3 miles from Jamaica Inn. Thence, by Row Tor, Camelford can be reached as above mentioned.

Those proceeding from **Brown Willy** to **Bodmin** can strike the Bodmin road $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Jamaica Inn, but the route due south from the summit involves as detestable a tramp of 4 miles, over ground for the most part boggy, as any we know, the only thing that can be said for it is that it is a fair sample of the district of which Brown Willy is the apex. When the road is struck we turn along it to the right. In $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, where it forks, the right-hand branch is the New road, the left-hand the Old one. Pedestrians should take the latter as it saves a quarter of a mile. When a stream is reached Brown Willy rises boldly due north. Then in half a mile we reach the village of *Temple*, a miserable hamlet (*no Inn*) that derives its name from the Knights Templars, who built a church here. A mile beyond, the New road comes in on the right, and then descending for another mile we reach **London Inn**, a good roadside house with sleeping accommodation. The road on to Bodmin is across *Baron Down*, and now gives on either hand good views of the Camel valley on the right, and of a glen on the left running down to the Fowey river. When a good road goes off on the left we have the choice of proceeding by it direct to *Bodmin Road Station* on the G.W.R. $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, or of keeping straight on to *Bodmin* (*p.* 93), 1 m. from the fork. The conspicuous obelisk on Beacon Hill, south of the town, was erected to the memory of the late Sir Walter Gilbert. The latter part of the road to Bodmin Road Station is down a lovely well-timbered glen. On the right-hand above the road, half a mile after its junction with that coming from Bodmin, is the fine earthwork of *Castle Canuke*. As we cross the bridge over the Fowey river the scene is one of singular richness. Then passing under the line at once we turn to the right and reach the station in 300 yards.

Launceston to Boscastle, 17 *m*; or Tintagel, 19 *m*. (*direct*).

Those proceeding to Tintagel or Boscastle direct leave the Camelford road after passing Wilsey Down (*i.e.*, in abt. 12 *m*.), but the route to neither place offers any interest until it approaches the high ground overlooking the coast.

Launceston to Bude, 20 *m*. (for coach see Yellow Sheet), is a dull road for most of the way.

Tintagel.

Approaches : By coach from Bodmin, Launceston or Bude, see Yellow Sheet.

Hotel : *Wharnclyff Arms*, at Trevena.

Post : Del. 10.50 a.m.; dep. 1.30 p.m. No Sunday Post.

Post Town, Camelford.

Telegraph Office : Boscastle. Porterage, 1s. 6d.

Distances : Boscastle, 3 *m*; Camelford, 6 *m*; Bude, 19 *m*; Launceston, 19 *m*.

The name of the village though often called Tintagel, is *Trevena*, the better-known name being that of the parish and castle. *Tintagel* is a corruption of Dundagel, and means the "impregnable hill-fort." The village is half a mile from the sea, which is reached by descending a somewhat bare valley, along the bottom of which flows a small stream. The view down the valley, however, from a point a little below the vicarage, is good, being terminated by a V-shaped bit of sea. Proceeding down the valley, and obtaining the key of the island part of the **Castle** at the cottage (*refreshments*) we quickly reach the mouth of the valley, and have above us on the left the mainland portion of the celebrated stronghold, which, history notwithstanding, will ever be associated with King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Built of the native stone, which the storms of centuries have weathered to the likeness of the unhewed rock, the remains of the *Keep* and its adjoining ruins have an appearance of age which justifies, if it does not establish, their legendary history. That a West-Saxon stronghold occupied the spot is probable enough, but Sir G. Wilkinson thought the keep Norman. Other portions are late 12th century. We know that soon after the conquest, the Earls of Cornwall had a castle here, and in 1245, David, Prince of Wales, was entertained here by Earl Richard. The next event recorded about the castle is, that, in 1385 the Lord Mayor of London was imprisoned in it. It then belonged to the Duchy of Cornwall, and appears to have been occupied from time to time down to the beginning of the 16th century, but since that period it

has been allowed to fall into ruins, and it is gradually crumbling away under the wild blasts which for a large portion of the year sweep this coast. For a long period the office of Custodian of the castle was in abeyance, but at the suggestion of the late Prince Consort it was revived, and the Rev. R. B. Kinsman, the vicar of Tintagel, appointed to it in 1852.

The so-called *Island* is a bold headland, connected with the mainland by a rugged neck. Whether the chasm which now intervenes between the buildings on the mainland and those on the island existed at the time the castle was built, is a point that has been much discussed and variously decided. It is not unlikely that it was formerly much smaller than at present, and possibly, as has been suggested, was once spanned by a bridge. Its present width and depth appear to us far too great to be entirely accounted for by the action of the weather during so comparatively short a time as has elapsed since the erection of the existing buildings. Descending to the shore, the summit of the island is gained by a steep path, and when the enclosing wall is reached the tourist should notice that the portion abutting on the chasm is in a straight line with the corresponding wall on the mainland. The work, too, on both sides is of the same character, and is considered by the present custodian, no mean authority, to be Roman. The visitor will remark the remains of a little chapel on the island, the walls of which are still about 2 ft. high on the inside, and may be Saxon. The altar, the top of which is a huge slab of granite, still remains, and when the interior of the chapel was cleared out, some twenty years ago, two *loculi* were found, one on each side of the altar, but they were empty. On the top of the island is a spring of fresh water, and the tourist will also notice the hollows in the slate rock of the promontory, that are known as *King Arthur's Cups and Saucers*. He should by all means proceed to the far side of the island for the sake of the magnificent view thus obtainable of this majestic but to the mariner terrible coast. There is a good pillar rock to the S. of the point. The irregular coast-line is itself a witness to the power of the sea, which has worn away everything not of the hardest rock, and to the west of the isthmus it may be observed how the cliffs under the action of the waves are distinctly hollowed out, so that the upper part in places considerably overhangs. The island adjoining the isthmus is pierced by a natural cavern, which can be traversed at low water. From within its western end we get a fine view of the cliffs. Before regaining the valley the visitor will notice the machinery overhanging the shore. This was formerly used for loading vessels with slate. **Tintagel Church** is on the cliffs to the west of the village. It is of much interest, and of late years has been tenderly cared for and restored. It is of various dates, ranging from Saxon to Perpendicular. The *Font* is a curious Norman one, on four legs. In the *Lady Chapel*, now used as a vestry, is a stone altar. Perhaps the most remarkable feature in the church is its fine Norman

chancel arch, but the whole building is worthy of careful study. The tower at the west end, which is poor Perpendicular, is the only portion lacking in interest. The grave-yard around the church is as bleak and wind-swept a resting-place as is to be found on this wild shore. It contains no tombs of interest; the conspicuous one on the north side is to the late Mr J. B. Cook.

Tintagel (Trevena) **to Boscastle**, *by road*, 3 m. If a *détour* be made to **St. Nighton's Kieve** (*below*) that will add 2 m. Including that and returning from Boscastle to Trevena by the cliffs is an interesting round of about 10 m. (4 to 5 hrs.).

Half-a-mile from Trevena we pass through *Bossiney* (pron. *Bo-sinney*) now a poor hamlet, but from Edw. VI. to 1832 returning two M.P.'s. About a mile from Trevena we get a good view, left, of the *Rocky Valley* and then crossing its brook at *Long Bridge* reach the point of divergence (right; notice board) for St. Nighton's Kieve.

St. Nighton's Kieve (Key at *Trethevey Farm*, where we quit the high road). Follow the lane, past four gates on the right, for about 5 furlongs, and then take grass lane on the right. When this reaches the fields follow the track to the left, and over a stile and past two white doors. The padlocked door leading to the Kieve is below the second of these. The cascade is a broken fall of about 40 ft. in a gorge, and is viewed from the foot, and from about half way up.

Mr. Hawker, of Morwenstow, starting from a tale told him on the spot, wrote "The Sisters of Glen Nectan"—*not* founded on fact.

"Long years ago," the old man said,
 "'Twas told him by his grandsire dead;
 "One day two ancient sisters came;
 "None there could tell their race or name;
 "Their speech was not in Cornish phrase,
 "Their garb had signs of loftier days;
 "Slight food they took from hands of men,
 "They withered slowly in that glen."

By crossing the stile outside the padlocked door and between that and the nearer white door (*above*) a path can be followed down stream to the road.

Continuing by road, in half-a-mile we pass, left, *Trevalga*, with its small church (restored) and a mile further reach *Forrabury* (p. 84) from which it is a $\frac{1}{2}$ m., turning left, down to *Boscastle* (p. 83).

Tintagel (*Trevenna*) **to Boscastle** *by the cliffs*, 5 m.; $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 hrs. This walk is given the reverse way p. 83. Descending the valley to *Barras Nose*, the N. side of the cove, the bay beyond is bounded on the N. by a peninsular headland of *Willapark* (not to be confounded with its namesake *below*), seaward of which are the *Sister's* rocks and immediately beyond it the *Lye Rock*. Passing *Bossiney Cove* we come to the mouth of *Rocky Valley* (pretty up stream as far as the *Mill*) and have a bit of rough walking. As we round the next headland we see *Long Island* and *Short Island*, and then beyond two small coves the *Growar*, another islet. In the dip beyond this is a slate quarry, and beyond that the well-

named recess *Blackpit*, bounded on the N. by the cliffs of *Willapark Point* (tower), round which we arrive at the entrance of Boscastle Harbour, overlooking which the path leads up to the Wellington Hotel and the village of *Boscastle*, p. 83.

Tintagel to Trebarwith (pron. *Trebarrith*) **Strand**, $1\frac{3}{4}$ m. This walk is one that should on no account be omitted; the distance we have given is that from the village by road. Take the road, nearly opposite the hotel, which shortly after crossing the brook bends to the right. When *Trewithin* is passed, take the turn to left. Avoid the track which goes off to the right to a slate quarry, and keep that straight on, which rapidly slopes to the shore. *Trebarwith Strand* is a stretch of fine sand, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile in length, lying between Penalleck Point on the north, and Denny's Point on the south. The cliffs here are beautiful alike in form and colour, the sand is almost wholly composed of powdered shells, and off the southern end of the bay is the picturesque *Otterham Rock*, which rises to a height of 133 feet above high water mark. The great charm, however, at Trebarwith, is the sea, which as it breaks on the pure shore is of every delicate tint, from blue to green. When the wind catches the crest of the waves, and the sun illumines the spray, we get that delicate emerald colour which only sea water, when quite free from earthy matter, affords. This strand is a favourite spot with artists, and is said to have furnished Creswick with many studies. The return to Tintagel can be made by the edge of the cliffs. The easiest way is to return by the road, till the turn left to the slate quarries is reached. Thence it is an up-and-down ramble over turf to the church (p. 90), whence the walk can be continued as far as the castle, and the return to the village be made by the side of the stream. The round in this way is about 4 miles.

Tintagel to Padstow, direct, see p. 94.

Tintagel to Wadebridge, 12 m; **Padstow**, 19 m.

This route calls for little description. Immediately on leaving Tintagel it proceeds over the high ground above Trebarwith Strand, and then crosses a combe with a little stream. *Trebarwith* is reached in $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles at a cross-road. Take the one going straight on up a shallow combe. Crossing *Dellamear Down*, in $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles we join the road from Boscastle and Bude, and proceeding along it south a short $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, just after passing bye-roads coming in on right and on left, we reach a fork and take the left-hand branch. Michaelstow Beacon is seen on the left, distant $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, midway to which is the village of St. Teath. Thus far we have been within sight of the sea, but our course now crosses the watershed and keeps along a ridge dividing the valleys of two tributaries of the Camel. On the right of the road, across a small dip 1 mile from the fork we have mentioned, is an old encampment and another, called *Kelly Rounds*, on the left of the road about

10 miles from Tintagel. Neither of these, however, need detain the tourist, who at 12 miles from starting descends to the picturesquely situated little town of **Wadebridge** (Inns: *Molesworth Arms, Commercial*. (For coach and omnibus services, see *Yellow Sheet*).

At high water the Camel estuary, here crossed by a long bridge, is softly beautiful, and the six-mile excursion down the river to Padstow is pleasant. Nearly a mile up the river is the village of **Egloshayle**, and the *church*, which is a conspicuous object from the bridge at Wadebridge, is worth a visit. It is Perpendicular and in part, if not altogether, the work of the good vicar, named Lovibond, who caused the original bridge to be built at Wadebridge. To *Padstow* see p. 94.

Bodmin Road Station to Bodmin, $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. road; $3\frac{1}{4}$ m. rail.

Bodmin Road Station is on the left bank of the Fowey in a singularly picturesque situation. The *road* to Bodmin after passing under the railway is carried across the Fowey by a bridge, from which the beauties of the spot are well seen. The *Fowey* has a good reputation as a trout stream. The road thence ascends a wooded glen, and in $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the station has high on the left the large earth-work of *Castle Canyke*. At the fork, half a mile onward, we take the left-hand road and in a short mile enter Bodmin.

Bodmin.



Approaches: $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. by rail all the way or by road (see above) *via* Bodmin Road Station.

Inns: *Royal Hotel, Town Arms*. Pop. 5061.

Distances: (*Road*) Launceston, 22 m; Wadebridge, 7 m; Padstow, 14 m.

Omnibuses to Wadebridge and Padstow, see *Yellow Sheet*.

Bodmin consists principally of a main street running east and west and of somewhat dingy aspect. There is a curious Hamar-like story told of one Boyer, who was mayor of Bodmin at the time of the Rising of the West in 1549. Sir Anthony Kingston had been sent down as provost-marshal to superintend the punishment of the rebels, among whom Boyer had been one of the first to move. The mayor had, however, powerful friends and he hoped to be pardoned. "Kingston visited Bodmin in his progress, and

sent the mayor notice that he would dine with him. He had a man to hang, too, he said, and a stout gallows must be ready. The dinner was duly eaten, and the gallows prepared. 'Think you,' said Kingston, as they stood looking at it, 'think you it is strong enough?' 'Yea, sir,' quoth the mayor, 'it is.' 'Well, then,' said Sir Anthony, 'get you up, for it is for you.' The mayor, 'greatly abashed,' exclaimed and protested, 'Sir,' said Kingston, 'there is no remedy, ye have been a busy rebel, and this is appointed for your reward,' and so without respite or stay, the mayor was hanged." *Froude*.

The town is of considerable antiquity, and, before the conquest, shared with St. Germain's the honour of being the seat of the Cornish bishopric. Down to the period of the Reformation, there were several religious houses hereabouts, including one of Augustinians in the town. Of these there are no remains demanding the attention of the tourist. The **Church** is well worth a visit. It is the largest in the county, and mainly 15th century work, but the tower and north chancel aisle are early 12th century work. A spire which formerly surmounted the tower was destroyed by lightning in 1699, and has not been replaced. There is a good Norman font, and the south porch, over which is a two-storied parvise, is good. The church possesses no monuments calling for description. In the churchyard are the ruins, Decorated, of the chapel of St. Thomas. These are of no great interest, but thanks to an overgrowth of ivy are picturesque. In the immediate neighbourhood there is also little to detain us. The view of the town and neighbourhood from *Beacon Hill* on the south rewards the tourist for the short climb, and north of the town he may visit *Berry Tower*, the sole remnant of a chapel of the Holy Cross.

Bodmin to Wadebridge, 7 m.; Padstow, 14 m. by road.

The G.W.R. has enlarged the line to Wadebridge (7 m.) and as an extension of the branch.

We leave the town on the west near the Asylum, and shortly afterwards cross the railway and the Camel and then climb a hill, having on the right the wooded valley down which the Camel comes from Camelford. In 6 miles we reach the village of *Egloshayle* (p. 93), on the banks of the Camel, and in another mile arrive at *Wadebridge* (p. 93).

From Wadebridge to Padstow (7 m.) the road takes us through the village of St. Issey and Little Petherick. The latter is at the head of a branch of the Padstow estuary. After a steep climb, and then a steep descent, we enter the old-fashioned and uninteresting town of *Padstow* (p. 96).

Tintagel by Endellion, 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ m.; St. Minver, 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ m.; Rock, 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ m.; to Padstow (by ferry), 14 $\frac{3}{4}$ m.

This route for 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles is the same as that described above. When at this distance from Tintagel, a fork in the road is reached, take the right-hand branch. In 1 mile further we have, close to the road on left, the remains of an earthwork. The watershed which we are traversing keeps within 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles of the sea, and we get, as we proceed, a pleasant view of the coast. At *Endellion*, Port Isaac (p. 95) is 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles on our right. At 10 miles the road

again forks, and we take that to the left; and where this, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile further, joins another, we turn to the left, to **St. Minver**. Here the church, Early English and Perpendicular, is interesting, and some of the bench ends are well carved. Nothing further calls for notice till we descend sharply to the Padstow estuary, at **Rock (Inn)**. The view on the way down is a wide one, on the left extending to Wadebridge and on the right to the high ground that shelters the estuary on the west. For ferry and Padstow see p. 96.

Tintagel to Padstow by the coast, 16 m.

The cliffs can be followed all the way, though the route as far as Port Isaac, $7\frac{1}{2}$ or 8 miles, involves the passage of some dozen combes, none very picturesque, but all abundantly fatiguing. The coast, too, except just west of Tintagel, at Trebarwith Strand (p. 92), has no striking features to those who have already traversed the cliffs about Hartland or Boscastle. West of Port Isaac the coast-route is remunerative, and the pedestrian will, therefore, do well to follow the road to Endellion above described for $5\frac{3}{4}$ miles from Tintagel, and then take the road going off on the right, due west. This, in $2\frac{1}{2}$ m., drops to the sea at *Port Gavern* (small inn), at the head of a deep and picturesque little inlet, and a climb over the next promontory will bring him, in another $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, to **Port Isaac**, where the slate from the Delabole quarries (p. 88) is shipped. The village is devoid of interest but prettily situated, and, what may possibly be considered more to the point, possesses a dingy Inn or two, where substantial refreshment may be had. From Port Isaac it is as well to take the road running up the combe inland on its western side to *Higher Trefreoke*, and then round the head of a combe west to *Roscarrock House*, a castellated old building, once a seat of the family whose name it bears. A rough road of rather over a mile leads hence to **Porthquin**, but the pedestrian is advised to follow the ridge above the cliffs from *Varley Point* to *Kellan Head*. From the latter, Porthquin Bay is seen to advantage, and is bounded on the west by the fine headland, called the *Rumps*. Immediately below are the *Cow and Calf* rocks, and the narrow opening of Porthquin Harbour. Descending to the village, and following the coast onward for a long mile, we strike a track that runs out to *Pentire*, and the pedestrian is recommended to proceed to the extremity of the point, where the cliffs are exceedingly fine. Off the point lies the island *Newland*. The view up the Camel estuary is striking, and if the tide be out, and the day fine, the sands are of almost dazzling brightness. Up the coast, $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant, projects the huge headland of Tintagel, while in the opposite direction we have Stepper Point guarding the Camel estuary at its mouth, and beyond, the fine promontory of Trevoise, with the little island of Gulland halfway across the bay. Quitting the point and proceeding south, in about a mile, at the head of a sandy cove, is *Polzeath*, a tiny hamlet, where decent lodgings may be had. Thence, over a dis-

trict of blown sand, in another mile, we arrive at **St. Enodock**. Here the little *church* was formerly almost buried in the sands, but it has of late years been excavated, and well restored, although previous necessary repairs had already somewhat diminished its interest. A Norman font of the ordinary Cornish type shows that the present building, which was erected in 1430, was the successor of a much older one. St. Enodock is supposed to have been a Welsh missionary, but his date is quite uncertain. At high water, the usual *ferry* across to Padstow is from **Rock (Inn)** further up the estuary, but when the tide is low a boat plies from the sandy shore a little way beyond St. Enodock.

Padstow.

Inns : *Commercial, Golden Lion.* **Pop.** 1,849.

Omni-buses, viâ Wadebridge, to Bodmin. For these and N. Cornwall Coach from Wadebridge, see Yellow Sheet.

For **Steamer** to Swansea and Bristol, see Bradshaw.

This little town was formerly of some commercial importance, and had a considerable shipbuilding business, but its glory has departed. It lies in a little bay on the east of the Camel estuary, around a small harbour. It is a mean-looking place, of woe-begone aspect, and the "Commercial" hotel, stowed away in a narrow little street, has an uninviting outside, though within can be obtained fair accommodation and provender. We imagine no one deliberately visits Padstow for its own sake, but those fond of a fine coast will find it a convenient resting-place for the night. The view across and down the estuary, when the tide is up, is pretty and soft. The church-tower on the east, high up, is St. Breoc's. The hamlet of Rock is on the east shore. The spire of St. Enodock is seen over the Towans. The rocky island called Newland appears between Pentire and the Stepper. Towards its mouth the sands of the estuary give place to cliffs.

Boat Excursion. We recommend the pedestrian to follow the west side of the estuary, past the *Battery*, along a path skirting successive little perpendicular coves, to *Harbour Cove*, where are a few cottages occupied by pilots. On the way he will be struck by the extraordinary clearness of the sea-water. At Harbour Cove he should hire a boat and proceed down the coast, for at least three or four miles. The channel hugs the rocks round *Stepper Point*, passing which, and proceeding westward, the interest of the row at once begins. High up on the cliff is the Day-mark, a beacon for vessels. Then we pass the singular cliff-cavity called *Pepper Hole*, and adjoining it *Butter Hole*. Skirting the shore, just before reaching Gunver Head is *Seal Hole*. Here seals are by no means uncommon, and the writer has more than once had them following in

Carriage Roads described in the Book Foot Routes wholly or in part





his wake, and rising around the boat, with their strangely plaintive human expression of countenance. Seal Cove requires for its exploration perfectly calm weather and two boats, one to remain clear of the rocks, in case the other suffers damage by the rising of a ground sea. None but swimmers can explore its recesses, but to them we know no experience more out of the common run. There is just sufficient possible danger to give zest, though, if the local talent be consulted, the risk is reduced to a minimum. Leaving Seal Cove, and rounding *Gunner Head*, off which, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, lies the island of Gulland, we reach the fine rock-islet called *Queen Elizabeth*. The next half mile of cliffs is grandly stern, and the almost island promontory of *Permizen Bridge* is strikingly seamed with spar. Next follows *Permizen Hole*, and then *Permizen Point*, after which the coast, away to Trevoze, a distance across the bay of about 2 miles, becomes low and featureless, though it is bright with its little girdle of sand, interrupted now and again by minor projections of low cliff. A landing can be effected at Perleze Bay, distant $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles by water from the Harbour Cove, whence we started and, while the boatmen rest, the tourist can proceed inland $\frac{3}{4}$ mile south-west, to try and discover the ruins of *Constantine Church*. We confess that the only attempt made by ourselves was unsuccessful, and at Padstow we were afterwards led to believe that no ruins remain, though we hesitate to contradict the assertions of other guide-books. **Trevoze Head** we recommend as a better object for a walk from Perleze. It is a fine headland, 243 feet above the sea, and, like so many promontories on this coast, consists of an elevated portion thrust out to sea and connected with the mainland by a comparatively low tract. The lighthouse is worth seeing.

We imagine the tourist now to return by boat to Padstow by the way he came. If there is time, the row across the mouth of the estuary to the cliffs around Pentire is worth taking, as their grand and stern rock-masses can only be appreciated from the water. Landing at the Harbour Cove, the pedestrian, instead of returning by the path along the shore, should take that over the intervening hill. In this way he will pass *Place*, the Elizabethan residence of the Prideaux-Brune family. The house—which, however, is not usually shown—contains several early pictures of Opie, who was a Cornishman. From *Place* it is a sharp descent of $\frac{1}{4}$ mile to Padstow.

Padstow to New Quay. Choice of Routes.

A. By road through S. Columb Major (8 m.) to S. Columb Road station, 11 m.; thence New Quay station, by rail, 6 m.

This route is devoid of interest and, as far as St. Columb Major, is across bare country, affording wide but featureless prospects. From Denzell Downs, $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles, we get a backward view of Trevoze Head and Pentire Point, with the island of Gulland between them, and a group of islets on the left of the promontory. When the road drops sharply to St. Columb Major it becomes somewhat prettier. **St. Columb Major** (Inn: *Red Lion*. 'Bus to St. Columb Road station, and to and from Wade-bridge in connection with the North Cornwall coach; see *Yellow Sheet*) possesses a fine Church. The particular St. Columb to whom it is dedicated we have been unable to identify, or to decide even as to sex, as authorities differ. Its earliest portions are early Decorated, and the south transept window a good specimen in that style. The later portions of the church are Perpendicular, including the tower. There are three brasses to members of the Arundell family, and an interesting altar slab, discovered years ago, beneath the pavement of the church. The *Rectory*, surrounded by a moat, was originally the clergy-house, used by the

brethren of the Augustinian Priory of Bodmin, to which the church belonged. The road to **St. Columb Road Station**, a short 3 miles, is in parts pleasantly wooded but requires no description. The station is 6 miles from New Quay, and $14\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Par Junction on the main line.

B. By Mawgan ($7\frac{1}{2}$ m.) to New Quay, $12\frac{1}{2}$ m. For $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles this route is along the road to St. Columb Major. At *Highway* take the road for *St. Ervan*. Passing that village and its little combe, the road next crosses *Bears Downs*, and then descends, crossing the channel of an old canal to *Mawgan* ($7\frac{1}{2}$ m., good inn, p. 104). Climbing the steep hill past the church we reach in a short mile *Mawgan Cross* (cross in hedge) with a cottage or two. Keeping straight on, a dreary bit of country ensues for 2 miles, till the road reaches the cliffs. It then passes two conspicuous tumuli on the right, and descends to *St. Columb Porth*. *St. Columb Minor*, with its conspicuous church tower, lies over the hill, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile on the left. New Quay is gained by the coast-road in 2 miles.

C. By the cliffs, 14 m. We presume the pedestrian to have visited the coast from Stepper Point to Trevose Head. If he has not, and determines to keep the cliffs all the way, he will add about 6 miles to the length of the route here described. Leaving Padstow by the street passing the church, and going up to Place, in 2 miles we reach *St Merryn*. Our object is to strike the coast at Trevarnon Bay. Shortly beyond St. Merryn, we cross the road that runs to Trevose, and in another half mile take the turn on the left down to *Trehemban*. We then climb a little and take the road on the right, which leads down the combe to *Trevarnon Bay*, 4 miles from Padstow. From this point onward the cliff-walk is of much interest. For the first mile, as far as *Porthcothan Bay*, we have an endless succession of promontories and islets, forming narrow little coves, the sides of which fall sheer to the water. For its length this little piece of the coast contains a greater variety of rock forms than any we remember. At Porthcothan Bay the sand will possibly tempt the tourist to have a dip, and the Porth, sheltered from the south-west by its natural breakwater, the long Trescar rock, is calm in all winds except north-west. The next point down the coast to be made for, is *Park Head*, on the way to which there are several tumuli on the edge of the cliffs. We now get a view of the whole of *Watergate Bay*. The justly celebrated cliff scenery of **Bedruthan Steps** is about a mile from us, and is seen to great advantage. The view up the coast is bounded by Dinas Head, which runs out from Trevose. South-west is the bold Towan Head off New Quay, and beyond we catch sight of the rounded summit of St. Agnes' Beacon, which is on the same meridian as the Lizard. Continuing our walk along the cliffs we are shortly opposite *Diggory Island* with its natural archways, and then reach a good example of a cliff castle on a promontory off which lie three huge rock-masses. The descent to the shore should certainly be made by the road,

which affords easy access to it. The term *Steps* is of doubtful origin, and has been said by some to refer to the ladders by which in former times miners, at work here, descended to the shore. It seems to us more likely that it refers to the chain of rocks which here, like huge stepping stones, border the shore. Should the pedestrian be fortunate enough to hit off the time of low water, and better still, if he reaches the spot just before low water at spring tides, he will be able to examine the fine caves to the westward, to the bay. To attempt a visit to these after the tide has begun to flow, is foolhardy, as should his return be cut off, he will not only suffer the inconvenience of many hours' detention, but in the case of rough weather coming on, find himself in a position of extreme danger, to say the least. The tourist will notice the curiously shaped rock called *Queen Elizabeth*. Returning to the summit of the cliffs, we follow the road which in $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles reaches *Mawgan Porth*. This is the termination of the *Vale of Lanherne*. Here, shut in by cliffs on either hand, is a deep bay, at low tide an expanse of sand $\frac{1}{3}$ mile in width, traversed by a stream formed by the junction of two brooks. In the general dearth of trout streams from which North Cornwall suffers, these trifling ones come to be favourites with anglers, and occasionally a fair number of trout may be caught. The tourist who has walked from Padstow will probably be indisposed to lengthen his route by the *détour* up the vale to Mawgan, and, as this may be made the object of an excursion from New Quay, we refer him to page 104, should he desire to include it in his walk. Leaving the Porth, we take the road going by its western side. When the top of the hill is reached, we have a bold bit of coast immediately on the right, and then skirting the comparatively even shore of *Watergate Bay*, descend to *St. Columb Porth* with another little trout stream. Hence Trevelga Head is a grand mass, and onward from this point to New Quay (p. 100) is a succession of cliff-bound coves, each with its strip of sand, save at high water.

Par to New Quay, by rail, $20\frac{3}{4}$ m.

At Par (*Ref. Rm.*; Inn close to station) main-line passengers change trains. The first station on the branch is **St. Blazey** ($\frac{1}{2}$ m.), a large village engaged in the production of china-clay, and the junction for Fowey (see our *South Devon and South Cornwall*). Then we soon begin the ascent of the Luxulion valley (p. 106), a well wooded and fine rocky ravine, crossed by the Treffry Viaduct, under which we pass just before reaching *Bridges* (4 m.). Passing *Bugle*, ($6\frac{1}{4}$ m.), at *Victoria* ($8\frac{3}{4}$ m.) we see on the left Roche Rocks (p. 105), and further off rises Hensbarrow (1034 ft.). From the next station, *St. Columb Road* ($14\frac{1}{4}$ m.), it is 3 m. north to St. Columb Major (p. 97; 'bus meets all trains). Nothing calls for description on the way to **New Quay** ($20\frac{3}{4}$ m., p. 100).

New Quay.

Approaches : (i.) By rail all the way, *vid* Par, p. 99. (ii.) By rail to Launceston, thence coach, see pp. 22 and 87. (iii.) By rail to Bideford, thence coach, see p. 22. (iv.) By rail to Holsworthy, thence *vid* Bude, p. 19.

Hotels : *Great Western* (bed and attend. 5s.), on the cliff near the station. *Red Lion, Cock's. Prout's* (private, well spoken of), in the main street, about $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ m. W. of the station.

Omnibu**ses, &c.,** meet the trains. On Mon., Wed., and Sat. 'bus to and from Truro.

Post : *Del.* 9 a.m., 2 and 3 p.m.; *desp.* 10.35 a.m., 5.15 p.m. On Sunday, *del.* 9.35 a.m., *desp.* 3.20 p.m.

Population (in 1881): 1328.

New Quay, so called from a quay built in the 16th century, has grown from a village to a considerable watering-place within the last few years, and dates its rapid extension from the opening of the railway in 1875. Nominally divided into New Quay East (near the Station), and New Quay (the older part), it is really one town, of one principal street a mile long, which is built on the cliff-top around the head of New Quay Bay. This bay, bounded east by Trevelga Head and west by Towan Head, has a margin of firm sand which is divided into sheltered little bays by projections of the cliff. These are admirable alike for bathing and for children's play and a northern aspect secures shaded nooks below the cliffs. At the west end of the town is the harbour, used chiefly by small craft engaged in the china-clay trade, and here and elsewhere is a sufficient supply of boats.

The coast on both sides of New Quay cannot compare in sternness with the cliffs about Tintagel or in the Land's End district, but it is genuinely beautiful. Inland there is no scenery of any moment near at hand, but the Luxulion Valley (p. 106) is within $\frac{3}{4}$ hr. by rail.

The town is efficiently drained, and the waterworks water, brought from a distance, is pure and abundant, though some lodging-house keepers and others prefer a local supply from an old mine.

To obtain a favourable first impression of the place the first walk should be to the west of the town, to the high ground above the harbour; thence the view up the coast is delightful. Immediately below is the trim little port and a succession of small coves, girt with perpendicular cliffs. Beyond them the coast-

line about Trevelga Head is finely broken. Still further off, across the waters of the bay, is the bold headland of Park Head, and, 9 to 10 miles away, Trevoze Head, with its lighthouse. Here, as at Clovelly and Padstow, there is a good deal of cliff scenery that can only be fully appreciated from the water.

Walks and Excursions in the Neighbourhood.

1. To the Beacon, Towan Head, 1 m. : Pentire Point East, 3 m.

This short walk will give the tourist a good sample of the varied coast scenery immediately west of New Quay. The first point to be made for is the **Beacon**, just beyond the town and opposite the isolated rock known as *the Dane*. On the summit is the Coast Guard *Look-out*, and the prospect up the coast past New Quay and eastward is an enlarged edition of the view already mentioned as obtainable from above the harbour. It includes, however, to the east the *Roche Rocks*, for the excursion to which see p. 105. The little building on the side of the hill is the *Huer's House*, so named, we imagine, from the *hue* and cry raised as soon as the watchman, placed there at the approach of the pilchard season, first sights the fish. Trumpets are (or used to be) sounded, and the whole neighbourhood flocks to the boats. In the cliffs, below the *Look-out* are the *Tea Caverns*, to which a zig-zag path gives access at low tide. The special name of these caves indicates of course only one of the many articles that, in days gone by, were secreted there. They are in themselves of no great interest, but the framed outlook sufficiently rewards the trouble of a visit. To explore the caves properly a light should be taken. The bay between the Dane Rock and Towan Head, called the *Gazel*, is frequented by seals, and a seal-cave can be visited at low water spring tides. Proceeding towards **Towan Head** we notice how nearly it is an island. At high water spring tides it is actually so, and the separating cut (artificial) is crossed by a bridge. The view from the Head is perhaps a trifle disappointing. This we think arises from the fact that it projects too far to sea in regard to the small headlands that cut up the shore east of New Quay into small bays. These are seen too much foreshortened, and so a certain sameness characterises the eastward view close at hand. On a clear day, however, the fine rocks beyond Mawgan Porth at Bedruthan stand out sharply. The view westward is limited but picturesque. The promontory immediately across Fistral Bay is Pentire Point East, off which lies the *Goose Rock*, and jutting out just beyond this is Kelsey Head, with its off-lier the *Chick*. *Fistral Bay* is a favourite bathing-place on account of its fine sandy shore, immediately above which is a good instance of a raised beach. Either following the sands or skirting the low sandy cliffs, we reach the *Warren*, where the rock-

cliffs again are fine and grim. On the top of the Warren are two barrows, and the view from them up the Gannel and across it to Crantock and beyond that to Penhale Point and the Gull rocks is good. **Pentire Point** is reached over delightfully crisp turf, and the walk along the eastern slope of the promontory affords, when a ground swell is rolling in, a striking idea of the fearful nature of the coast in rough weather. At the point is a good "blow-hole," and the tilted position of the strata on the west side of the point produces on a rising tide a very beautiful display of marine cascades.

The return to New Quay can be pleasantly varied by following the high-ground above the Gannel as far as *Trethellan*, $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles from the Point. The little creek on the opposite side, with trees descending to the water's edge is a pretty object. The road from Trethellan to New Quay is $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

2. **Crantock**, 2 m.; **Porth Joke**, $3\frac{1}{2}$ m.; **Holywell Bay**, $5\frac{1}{2}$ m.

The distances we have given are those involved by a walk to these places in succession. Holywell Bay direct would be $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The pedestrian must time his walk so as to reach the Gannel at Trethellan either after half-ebb or before half flood-tide. He can then cross the stream by a plank and turning to the right, when up the opposite side, proceed straight to **Crantock**. The *Church* here is built of a sandstone, which geologically speaking is of recent formation, and made of blown sand, compacted by the infiltration of water charged with iron. The oldest portion of the building is Early English. The font bears the date of 1473. Before the Norman Conquest, the church was collegiate, and of the college the Holy Well still remains in the middle of the village. St. Crantock (Carentocus or Cairnech) was a companion of St. Patrick, whom he helped to compile the Brehon laws, a code which was recognised by the Irish down to the middle of the 17th century. From Crantock the tourist should proceed by road to *West Pentire* (1 m.) in order to visit the delightful little bay, known as **Porth Joke**. This lies between the Pentire Point West and Kelsey Head. Pentire Point West should be traversed to near its extremity, and then returning by its western flank, the descent should be made to Porth Joke beach, which is a good spot for a pic-nic. Climbing westward, we next proceed to *Kelsey Head*, at the extremity of which are the remains of a cliff castle. The rock immediately off the Point is the *Chick*. We return from the Point along the west side of the promontory, and next descend to **Holywell Bay**. Here we make acquaintance with the sand dunes, which form so considerable a portion of the coast farther west. At either extremity of the bay are cliffs, but its centre is a dreary waste. It takes its name from a Holy Well on the eastern side, a short way along the cliffs from the point where they recommence in that direction. When the mouth of a cave is reached, steps will be seen leading up to the well, which con-

sists of two hollows, with a channel between. The colouring produced by the deposits of the mineral-charged water will be noticed. As usual the spring has attaching to it stories of its curative properties. It was formerly in much esteem in the case of crippled children who were passed through the channel connecting the pools.

By climbing the promontory on the west of the bay we can reach the *Wheal Golding Mine*, the buildings of which are a prominent feature on Penhale Point. The *Gull Rocks* are now seen to great advantage, and south stretch the dunes of Perran Sands. The return to New Quay can be made by the road which runs north-east from the head of the Holywell Bay to Crantock, half a mile before reaching which place it joins the road by which we went to West Pentire. If the tide is low enough the shortest way back to New Quay is across the Gannel as on the outward journey. If the plank is unpassable there is nothing for it but to proceed inland to Trevemper Bridge, and this involves a rather uninteresting walk (*see exc. 8*) of 4 miles from Crantock to New Quay.

3. **To St. Columb Porth**, locally called *Porth*, and **Trevelga Head**, 2 m.

The most interesting way is along the shore, but this is only practicable at low tide. The road follows the coast as far as *Tolcarn Point*, and then a footpath across the fields leads to *Porth*, a poor little hamlet, whose only industry is brickmaking. A small stream, which contains some fair trout, here enters the sea, and is crossed by a footbridge. Turning to the left beyond the stream we can, if the tide be suitable, examine the fine cliffs and caves of Trevelga Head. Here is a Blow-hole, whose spray is often a conspicuous object even from New Quay. Those who care to do so can creep in the *Mermaid's Cavern*, with which this is connected. **Trevelga Head** is an island separated from the mainland by a deep cleft, across which is a footbridge. The way to the summit is by the road that goes up the hill from the stream, and then by a sharp turn to the left. Across the ravine there is a bridge by which alone, this way, is access possible. On the headland, which once formed a part of a cliff castle, some traces of primitive man have been discovered. A kitchen midden, opened years ago, yielded considerable quantities of bones, but nothing of unusual interest. On the east side of the island is the fine cavern called the **Banqueting Hall**. This is approached by steps cut in the side of the headland, but if a visit be paid at low-water spring tides, it is best to enter from the shore. This cavern is one of the finest on the coast, and measures 65 yards by 20 yards. Of the other caverns close by, the best worth visiting are the *Cathedral Cavern*, which shows fine pillared masses of slate rock, and the *Boulder Cavern*, chiefly remarkable for its size. A short $\frac{1}{4}$ mile further we have the isolated rocks called *Zichory Islands*, and the delightful little *Fern Cavern*, green with abundant *Asplenium Marinum*. The return to New Quay

may be made from Porth by **St. Columb Minor**. This is the parent parish of New Quay, and the church tower (good) is a conspicuous object. East of the village is *Rialton*, where are some remains of a priory which belonged to the Augustinian Monastery of Bodmin. The remains are late Perpendicular, as the buildings were erected only at the end of the 15th century. The round we have indicated is about $6\frac{1}{2}$ to 7 miles.

4. To Mawgan Porth, 5 m.; Mawgan, $5\frac{1}{2}$ m.

The distances given above are direct to each place from New Quay by road. The two places are 2 miles apart, and between them winds the vale of Lanherne. We propose to take the pedestrian first to Mawgan-Porth, then up the vale to Mawgan, and thence back direct to New Quay, a round of about $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles in all. The first point to be made for is **St. Columb Porth** (see Exc. 3). Mounting the hill, after crossing the footbridge there, we have Trevelga Head on the left, and then a path on the left going down to the shore at *Watergate Bay*. About $\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Porth take foot-track (indistinct), left, to two tumuli (fine view of Zichory Island—a gull rock) and follow cliff-path which, in about a mile, rejoins the road at a gate. Turn left (straight on at cross-roads close by) and to left at next fork (right is for Mawgan) and go through the hamlet of *Trevarrian* direct to Mawgan Porth. We might, however, continue along the cliffs from the cross-roads just mentioned and visit the small cliff castle on *Livelow Head*, and beyond it the cliff-bounded little **Beacon Cove**. It was here that the ten sailors whose memorial we shall see in Mawgan Churchyard were drifted ashore in their boat. This détour will make the walk from New Quay to **Mawgan Porth** a little over $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The Porth is of no particular interest. It is about half-a-mile in width, and consists of fine sand, across which, at low water, winds the little trout stream coming down from St. Columb and Mawgan. There are some coast-guard cottages and a footbridge over the stream, which holds a few trout. The best way to Mawgan is to proceed up stream, keeping it on the left hand. After passing a hedge-wall some stepping stones and a pole enables us to pass the brook, and the best way thence is straight across the valley (a wet walk after rain) to another branch of the stream. This branch is now kept on the left hand until, in about a mile through the fields, a primitive bridge of a couple of poles is reached. The botanist will have noticed on his way the abundance of garlic and wild flag upon the banks of the stream. As soon as this bridge is crossed we are fairly in the *Vale of Lanherne*, and our onward course is along meadows, bounded on either side by well wooded rising ground, with here and there a cottage on the left hand as we approach Mawgan. We join the road just north of the church close to a bridge, and within 100 yards, to the left, is a good little **Inn**. The charm of **Mawgan** is that of a sequestered, wooded, brook-gladdened glen. Its presence is the more welcome from the fact that whatever else of beauty it has to

offer, this north Cornish shore is for the most part deficient in the softer aspects of nature. The church is surrounded by a well timbered little grave-yard, in which is a curiously carved stone-cross, and the touching memorial of a boat's crew, who perished from cold off the coast in December, 1846. This latter memorial consists of the stern of their boat, on which are painted the names of nine men. When the boat was picked up in Beacon Cove it contained ten men, one of whom, name unknown, is buried with the other nine. The interior of the church has been restored by Butterfield. The screen is good, and there are four interesting brasses, two of which are to the members of the Arundell family, and two are 14th century ones, the metal of which has been re-used for one of these Arundells. *Lanherne Nunnery* is just above the church. It formerly was a manor-house belonging to the Cornish branch of the Arundells, but in the 18th century became the property of Lord Arundell, of Wardour. Early in the present century it was given to a small body of French nuns, who, having fled from France at the Revolution and taken refuge at Antwerp, were again compelled to seek a fresh asylum. The only part open to visitors is the chapel. Note the fine 6th cent. Cross by the chapel door. The community at present numbers about twenty.

One-and-a-half miles south-east of Mawgan, in the upper portion of the vale, are the pleasant woods of **Carnanton**—which, by the liberality of the owner, are open to the public—and *S. Columb Major* (*p.* 97) is $2\frac{1}{4}$ m. further, in the same direction. This walk is exceedingly beautiful about Carnanton.

The return to New Quay is by the steep hill which passes the entrance to the nunnery. In a short mile Mawgan Cross (*p.* 98) is reached, and then follows a dreary two miles till the coast road is joined where we quitted it on the outward route. The round summit seen in the far distance south-west is *St. Agnes Beacon*.

5. To Bedruthan Steps, 7 m.

The "steps" are described on *p.* 98. The route from New Quay is the same as that for Mawgan Porth (*p.* 104) and then onward by the coast road 2 miles. Visitors can include Mawgan either on the return or outward journey. This excursion should be timed so as to reach Bedruthan a little before low water.

6. To Roche Rocks (rail), $11\frac{1}{2}$ m.

These rocks, which are a prominent feature on the left of the line, on the journey from Par to New Quay, are worth the short run by rail to Victoria Station. The village of *Roche (Inn)* is about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from the station. The rocks are about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile further, and consist of huge masses of schorl rock, piled up to the height of 100 feet. High up are the remains, Decorated, of *St. Michael's Chapel*, and here, it is said, a hermit long dwelt. The neighbourhood is a singularly dreary one, and has no redeeming feature save the rocks themselves, and they, the writer is disposed to think, can be sufficiently examined in the interval between the out-and-home middle-day trains.

7. To the Luxulion (or Luxulyan) Valley. Rail to Bridges Station, 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ m.

The total walk need not exceed an easy **round of 3 miles**. There is a small inn close to Bridges station (down-side of line), and another in Luxulion village, 5 min. distant. Simple refreshments may also be had at the Station Master's cottage.

For a picnic party there are any number of pleasant spots wherein to set up a gipsy tripod—below the viaduct is a favourite one—and at the Smithy, on the way to and near the Colkerrow Quarry, a kettle might be boiled.

The walk we describe in large type includes the best points. Those who devote a day to the excursion will easily extend it, and include the points mentioned in the small print. Perhaps the best way for a **walk of about 4 miles** (not including the disused line to the Grinding Works) is to proceed, as in large print, to the Viaduct, then from the near end to turn down, right, into the valley, and there left, under the railway and Viaduct, and 2 min. beyond the latter to turn up to the right. This lands us on the tram-line, where we turn to the left and proceed as given in large type (where our road is said to *cross* tram-line). In this way the return to Luxulion and Bridges would be by the small type route *vid Mid Gready*.

Pedestrians who do not wish to return to New Quay can proceed to St. Blazey Station (for Fowey), or to Par Station on the main line without returning to Bridges Station. For this walk, see small print at the end of this excursion.

This is, we think, the best excursion from New Quay. The Luxulion Valley is a deep silvan glen of much beauty (in spite of its noisy brook being thick and white with china-clay washings), and the great tors and stupendous "perched blocks" are very striking. The Treffry Viaduct, which spans the valley, is a noble work and fine view-point.

From the up-side of the station we ascend the road for a few yards, and then, from a stile, right, take the field-path, which, in 5 min., leads to Luxulion village and church (restored).

About 70 yds. east of and beyond the church, on the left behind a pump, is an ancient **Baptistery** in good preservation, the *kolumbethra* is now dry owing to the spring which used to supply it having been drained by the railway-cutting. Down to about 1875 it was the village well. The bracket for the image still remains in the back wall of the well.

Here we bear round to the right, between the Post Office (left) and the school (right), and just beyond a bridge over the railway get over a stile. Hence an unmistakable path leads, in a few hundred yards, down the fields to the mineral line, used for bringing the granite from the quarries, along which we turn to the left. [N.B. This is not regarded as a trespass, and no risk is involved, because the trucks conveying the stone are drawn by horses.] A walk of 6 min. along the line (passing an old quarry, right, and a small reservoir, left) brings us to the **Treffry Viaduct**, 657 ft. long, 90 ft. high, from which we get a lovely view up and down the glen. At the far end of the viaduct is gear belonging to a quarry, but our route lies along the line that bends back to the left.

The line straight on from the Viaduct is now disused. It passes the ruins of a waterwheel, which worked the incline, and goes through a wood. In case the leat which brings water from the far side of the main valley is not in use, a waterfall is formed nearly 200 feet high, but this is seldom running except on Sundays, when there are no trains on the railway. Further on along this tram-line are Grinding works, where the best China-stone for glazing pottery is prepared.

In 4 *min.* from the turn the line is crossed by a road, and 2 *min.* further another road crosses under the line. [The former of these we shall use presently.] Here, too, a disused branch line diverges, left, towards Luxulion. As we continue along our line, the scene on either hand is a fine combination of granite blocks, pools, and woodland, and the "perched" blocks will be noted. When the line begins to rise we may have to step aside to make way for trucks descending by gravitation. The botanist will note the sessile-fruited oak and the ordinary kind growing side by side, on the left, opposite a fine spring on the right. The former is the wood used in Westminster Hall which till recently was supposed to be chestnut. About 12 *min.* from leaving the viaduct there is a Smithy (*see above*), on the left of the line, and behind it rises the largest of all the blocks, of which only a close view will reveal the true size. To reach it, turn to the left, by the spring and over the stepping-stones in the wall, whence a track will be found through the bushes. The group of boulders consists of three, and the largest, the **Giant Block**, under which there is a considerable space, we measured, roughly, and found to be quite 50 feet long.

We believe this is the largest block in Europe, larger than any of the famous boulders at the head of the Italian lakes. It may take rank with the largest known, the Agassiz blocks, in the Tijuca mountains near Rio Janeiro. The rock, which consists of large crystals of black tourmaline and pink felspar in a base of grey quartz, is called *Luxulianite*. It is only found in these blocks, and no dyke of it is known.

If any visitor will be at the trouble of taking accurate measurements we shall be glad to hear the result.

Returning to the line we might diverge from it nearly opposite the Smithy to Colkerrow Hill, which commands a view towards New Quay and, in the other direction, of the channel near St. Austell. If, however, we keep along the line, 5 *min.* more brings us to the Colkerrow Quarry, and a climb to the head of it is rewarded by a fine view including the Viaduct.

A path left from the quarry leads to the ancient farm-house of *Mid Gready* (look inside the court-yard and at the well), and thence an old bridle-path brings us to a lovely slope leading down to the stream and then up to *Luxulion* village, where the old Baptistery (*p.* 106) is on the right.

Our next object is to view the **Viaduct** from below, and we therefore retrace our steps along the line as far as the road which crosses it. There we turn down to the right, and in a minute or two join the road in the bottom of the valley and turn left. In 2 *min.* we are under one of the 10 arches of the viaduct. Con-

tinuing along the road in 3 *min.* more we pass under the Railway, and then, if our return is to be to Bridges Station, we turn up and back, on the right, and, with a good view of the valley, rejoin our outward route at the little reservoir near the Luxulion end of the Viaduct.

Treffry Viaduct to St. Blazey Station. 50 *min.*, or **Par Station**, 1 *hr.* A pleasant walk. After going under the Railway keep to the road, that is, do not turn as for Bridges (see above) nor left at the house just beyond. A stiff ascent brings us in 10 *min.* or less to the top of the only hill we have to mount, and when a short distance down the other side a fork is reached, at an ivied cottage, we keep to the right. The road now descends through the beautiful demesne of *Prideaux* (Sir Colman Rasleigh), and at the foot of the hill (abt. $\frac{1}{2}$ *hr.* from the Viaduct) joins another road at some china-clay works. Just short of which an obvious footpath, left, cuts off the corner. In any case we turn left when this other road is reached.

The route onward to the station is uninteresting. When we strike the street of St. Blazey, at right angles, turn to the right and keep on till the Church is on the right hand where the road, left (telegraph wire), is the way to the Stations. St. Blazey's is straight on. For Par Station, turn to the left where a high wooden bridge is seen on that hand and keep to the road, which shortly bears round to the right. When it forks, close to Par Station, take the left (upper) branch. The "Royal Hotel" is facing the steps leading to the platform; refresh-room on up-side. For Fowey see our *South Devon and South Cornwall*.

8. To St. Piran's Church.

(i.) By road, *viâ* Trevemper Bridge, $6\frac{1}{2}$ *m.*

(ii.) On foot, *viâ* Trethellan, $5\frac{1}{2}$ —6 *m.*

Remarks.—It is scarcely possible to go and return by Trethellan, as the Gannel there can only be crossed when the tide is out. For those who are not particularly interested in early ecclesiastical remains, this excursion is not recommended, because the ruins of the old church are in no wise striking, and their situation is utterly desolate. Pedestrians proceeding down the coast can visit them without any detour (see "New Quay to St. Ives," *p.* 110). In former editions, we have spoken of the ruins as difficult to find; but the following directions, written on the spot (Jan., 1888), will, we hope, prove "thorough."

(i.) *By road.* The mineral extension of the railway crosses the road leading to New Quay (proper) a little west of the station. A few yards west of that take the road inland. In about $\frac{1}{2}$ *m.* along this we have the choice of two roads (*a*) down, that is right, into the Gannel valley, and then up the hill beyond the brook to *Treninick* (a group of farm cottages), whence a field-path overlooking the main valley leads into the road just above Trevemper Bridge, or (*b*) nearly straight on, by the road which crosses the brook above mentioned higher up, and then ascends and passes a few yards to the left of Treninick. This road can of course be quitted, and the field-path just mentioned taken, but if it is kept to we join the road to Trevemper, about $\frac{1}{2}$ *m.* to the East of the bridge, for which we turn to the right. After crossing the bridge keep up the hill and in $\frac{3}{4}$ *m.* turn to the left. Then, at successive direction posts keep to the nearly straight road "To Truro and Redruth," "To Truro." "To Perran," &c. About 2 *m.* from Trevemper Bridge we thus reach a road at right angles to our previous course, and a *direction stone* at the junction directs us, right, to Cubert, whose church spire (spires are scarce in Cornwall) is seen ahead. Unless we wish to visit Cubert we do not proceed as far as that village, but turn to the left ($\frac{1}{2}$ *m.* short of it) $\frac{3}{4}$ *m.* from the direction stone just mentioned. At a fork a trifling distance from this turn keep to the wider, right-hand road to *Trebellan* (farm-house), and there turn down, left. A small stream is crossed just below, and over the next brow we come to another, and there it is that we have to begin to be careful in order to find the old church. Ascend the road towards the mine-chimney, and, when up the hill and nearly opposite it, strike off to the right. A *cottage* is soon seen on that side, and a few hundred yards almost due

W. of the cottage, but on somewhat lower ground, is a tall stone **Cross**. This marks the site of the church that was removed to Perranzabuloe Church-town (see p. 111). Observe, the face of the cross is eastward, *i.e.*, towards the cottage we have left behind. The back of the cross is towards the ruins. By mounting the hillock a few yards N. of the cross you may detect the top of the W. gable wall above the intervening ridge, about 200 yds. nearly due W. and in the second considerable hollow in that direction. *For the Church see below.*

N.B. Of course a violent storm may at any time shift the sands between the cross and the ruins, but apparently no great change has taken place in recent years. In any case, as long as the ruins are unburied, 200 yds. W. of the cross gives, as near as possible, their position.

(ii.) By road, as far as Trethellan, about $\frac{3}{4}$ m. Cross the Gannel and when up the opposite bank turn to the right up to Crantock (2 m.; p. 102). Thence it is about 2 m. nearly due S. to Cubert with its conspicuous spire. From the churchyard a footpath (*but see next paragraph*) leads down to Trebiskan Farm, and the lane thence, down to a brook which can be crossed by a plank. An intermittent footpath, supplemented with more planks, takes us across the boggy valley. When the sand hills are reached it will be simplest to bear to the left up the hill, and the **cottage**, mentioned above, will soon be seen.

The valley below Cubert is not only boggy, but the plank over the stream was (Jan. '88) insecure. It will add little in distance and nothing in time to proceed by road $\frac{1}{2}$ m. south-east and there turn to the right for Trebellen Farm, see Route (i).

St. Piran is said to have been one of twelve bishops consecrated by St. Patrick and despatched into Cornwall for the purpose of converting its then heathen inhabitants. He of course arrived in a supernatural manner, and landed at St. Ives, from which he wandered up the coast and made his cell somewhere hereabouts. After his death, towards the end of the fifth century, his disciples erected a small church over his grave, which was beneath the altar. For two or three hundred years the church remained in use, but was then entirely covered up by blown sand. Soon after this catastrophe a second church was erected close by, but protected from the sand drifts by a small stream. This church in 1420 gave place to a larger one on the same spot, but a hundred years later, the stream having been diverted, the inroads of the sand commenced to threaten it. At the beginning of the present century, they had again so far advanced, that the church was taken down and re-erected in its present position at Perranzabuloe. Down to 1835 all trace of the **first Church** was lost, and the Cross alone indicated the site of the second-third building. In that year, however, the shifting of the sands uncovered a portion of the original church, which was thereupon excavated and found to be complete, though some portion fell during the process. We quote Gilbert's description written at the time of the discovery.

"The length of this chapel, within the walls, is 25 ft., without 30 ft., the breadth within $12\frac{1}{2}$ ft., and the height of the walls the same. At the eastern end is a neat altar of stone, covered with lime, 4 ft. long by $2\frac{1}{2}$ ft. wide, 3 ft. high. Eight inches above the centre of the altar is a recess in the wall, where probably stood a crucifix, and on the north side of the altar is a small doorway, through which the priest may have entered. Out of the whole length, the chancel extended exactly six feet. In the centre of what may be termed the nave, in the south wall, occurs a round arched doorway, highly ornamented. The building is, however, without any trace of windows, and there is only one small opening, apparently for the admission of air. The discovery has excited much curiosity throughout the neighbourhood, which has, unfortunately, manifested itself in the demolition of everything curious in this little oratory, to be borne away as relics." At present the ruins consist of the lower part of N., E., and S. walls with the W. gable, below which, inside, runs a sent. Remains of doorway and window are on the S. side and at the E. end is the altar tomb, bearing the saint's name. The whole of the ruins appear to have been repaired, and the inscription is modern. Of the extreme antiquity of the church there is no doubt, from the character of the building and well preserved tradition. When in 1835 the altar was removed, the headless remains of St. Piran were found beneath it. That they were his is rendered extremely prob-

able by a clause in the will of Sir John Arundell of Trevice, which provides for the worthy bestowal of the head as a relic in the then new third church. About 100 yards S.E. of the church are said to be a few fragments of a cell, but, whether or not this belonged to St. Piran himself or, as is more likely, to some later devotee, is unknown. The writer has never succeeded in finding this cell.

New Quay to St. Ives, by the coast.

New Quay to St. Piran's Church, $6\frac{1}{2}$ m.; *Perranporth (Inns)*, $9\frac{1}{4}$ m.; *St. Agnes (Inns)*, 14 m.; *Portreath (Inn)*, 21 m.; *Gwithian (Pub. Ho.)*, $27\frac{1}{2}$ m.

Gwithian, by boat to St. Ives, $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. *By road to Gwinear Road Station*, $2\frac{1}{2}$ m., or *Hayle Station*, $3\frac{1}{2}$ m.

N.B.—The **inns** on this route are unpretentious but sufficiently comfortable. The **cliffs** are seen to greater advantage if the walk be taken up the coast (see p. 116), because then the points ahead are in sunshine, whereas coming down the coast they are almost always in shadow. **No boats** are kept at *Gwithian*, therefore to cross St. Ives Bay therefrom one must be ordered from St. Ives. There is no fixed tariff and boats are sometimes hard to get during fishing season.

This route is a fine one for pedestrians as the cliffs are lofty and precipitous for miles. There is no road-route between New Quay and Gwithian, that is not the perfection of dulness. As far as *St. Piran's Church*, see p. 108. Thence, starting from the *Cross*, make for a house (*Gear* on Ordnance map) seen nearly due south, about $\frac{3}{4}$ m. off, across the rabbit warren which here lies inland of the sand dunes. From the house, which bears a notice warning off trespassers (poachers we presume) and stands at an angle of the road, we proceed to the right along the road, and then left in $\frac{1}{4}$ m., when we can either keep to that road or presently leave it for the sand-hills on the right hand side. It is 2 miles from the house (*Gear*) to Perranporth.

Piran Round, an enclosure 130 ft. in diameter, with the inside of the surrounding bank divided into 7 tiers, is the finest amphitheatre in England next to that at Dorchester. It is about 1 m. east of our road, when that skirts the sand-hills, a mile south of the house (*Gear*).

Perranporth (**Inns**: *Perranporth Hotel*, *Tywarnhayle Arms*; nearest station, Truro, 8 m.) is a small and straggling village situated on the flat at the head of Porth Towan, an inlet at the south end of Perran Bay, lying between the dunes (Perran Sands) on the N. and a bold cliff on the S. The shore, broken by the Chapel Rock, an islet at high water, is rather picturesque, and there is a fine stretch of sand, two miles long, on the seaward side of the dunes. A delightful path winds round the face of the cliffs to the southward (see onward route, p. 111).

N.B.—**Bathing** is dangerous from the sands near the cliffs, however smooth the sea, when the tide is out. See the notices in the village.

Perranzabuloe ('*Piran in the sand*') **Church-town** is 2 m. S.E. Here is the parish church, removed in 1804 from the site now marked by the cross (p. 109) near St. Piran's, and re-erected on the same lines except that the tower was shortened one stage. The old font, belonging to the removed church, is preserved as well as the granite arches between the nave and south aisle. Some years ago, the dilapidated condition of the roof and of the interior fittings of the church necessitated restoration, and the whole building thence-forward lost its antiquarian interest and is now modern looking. The lengthened south aisle became the chancel, and out of the old bench-ends were made the pulpit and the screen at the tower-end of the nave.

Respectively $\frac{1}{2}$ m. and 1 m. to the east of the church are the earthworks *Caer Dane* and *Karkie Castle*.

Walk continued. From Perranporth village (to St. Agnes, 5 m.) we ascend towards the cliffs overlooking the shore and pass to the left of a castellated villa. Hence, a good path winds round the face of the cliffs and affords a view up the coast to Ligger Point. There is no particular object in going out to the end of Cligga Head, and we may strike across it, past a deserted mine, to Hanover Cove or Vwgha Hayle, where there are two more mines close to the cliffs, the strata of which, under Cligga Head, are nearly as contorted as those of St. Abb's Head, in Berwickshire. The two islets (one much larger than the other and close together) seen further down the coast, a mile to seaward, are the *Man and his Man* rocks, and the rounded hill to the S.W. is St. Agnes Beacon. A little beyond the second of the two mines we overlook a little inlet, of which the northern cliff, *Pen-y-gader*, is pierced by a slit, reminding one of that through Carn-les-Boel (p. 129). Then nothing calls for mention till we arrive at a deep combe, spoilt by mine works, which reaches the sea at Trevellas Porth. If the tide is out, we may round the rocky point, on its far side to the little bay, Trevaunance Porth; otherwise, we have to cross the valley at the works and climb the steep hill beyond, which divides the two porths. **Trevaunance Porth** (Pub. Ho.), the port of St. Agnes, is rather striking, in spite of its dingy industry. The triangular harbour, overhung by a mine on the verge of the cliff, appears as awkward to make, in a storm, as it is small. For St. Agnes ($\frac{3}{4}$ m.), we take the road up the valley to a hamlet, and there turn to the right and ascend the hill past the church, whose spire is in view.

St. Agnes (Inns: *Commercial*, *The Hotel*, side by side, on the right, a few yards above the church. *Nearest Stations*: Chace-water, $4\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Truro, 9 m. *Post*: *del.*, abt. 9 a.m. and 7 p.m.; *desp.* 5.30 a.m., 2.40 p.m.), also called St. Ann's.

This mining town, or village, has nothing to show the visitor, except the church, which is of small interest.

Harmony Col, the cottage where Opie (1761-1807), the painter, was born, is on the road between St. Agnes and Perranporth, about 2 m. from each of them.

St. Agnes Beacon (597 ft.) is nearly a mile W. of the town. Its sides are covered with mines but the summit commands an extensive view. **St. Agnes Head** is about a mile N.W. from the summit.

Walk continued. From St. Agnes (to Portreath, 7 m.) we take and keep to the right-hand road, at a fork about 500 yds. beyond—i.e., south of—the hotels. (The left-hand road, with telegraph wire, is the one for Chacewater Station. Follow wire for about 3 miles to cross-roads [church with spire on left], and then turn off, right.) St. Agnes Beacon is the hill on our right, and in about 1 m. we cross the valley running down to Chapel Porth and reach the cliffs $\frac{1}{2}$ m. lower down the coast. In 1 m. more we are at the head of the sandy inlet of *Porth Towan*, and, $\frac{1}{2}$ m. onward, once more reach the cliffs, opposite the rock *Tobban Horse*, next beyond which is *Tobban Cove* (half way). Then the cliffs become more indented, and we pass the fine, deep-set *Cayack Cove* and *Gollan Cove*. There is no inlet of any size beyond the latter until—after being kept well out on the cliffs, owing to recent enclosures,—we arrive at *Gooderne Hawne*, a large recess just short of the point next east of Portreath, to which we descend by a road from the day-mark.

Portreath (*Sleeman's Hotel*, a good country inn. *Nearest station*: Redruth, $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. 'Bus to Redruth, p. 114, 3 times a day on Fridays), but for the collection of coal-yards in its midst, would be a picturesque little spot. There is a small strip of sand across the "mouth," and this attracts a good many pleasure-seekers during the summer from the mining district about Redruth. The only inland walk we need mention is up the valley by the Redruth road (telegraph wire). This, as far as *Tresillion Bridge* (1 m.), is prettily wooded, but the stream is red with tin-washings.

Walk continued. From Portreath (to Gwithian, $6\frac{1}{2}$ m. *N.B.* For boat from Gwithian to St. Ives, see p. 110. Gwinear Road Station, $2\frac{1}{2}$ m.; or Hayle Station, $3\frac{1}{2}$ m.) we cannot at first conveniently follow the cliffs westward, and the better plan is to go by road for a dull $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. Starting from the inn, cross the open space and the stream, and take a narrow footpath between the cottages which zigzags up to the road; the road begins the ascent nearer the sea. When up the hill, and the road forks (left, to a mine), keep to the right; and then, when it forks again, in a dip, the left one. The woods seen on our left are those of *Tehidy*, a seat of the Basset family, and, when we have passed a cottage or two, and the road reaches the open, we turn seaward along a bridle-path, which, a notice-board tells us, is only available on foot. [The road onward keeps fairly near the cliffs, but cannot compare with the paths.] From this point the walk, for 3 m. or so, is as easy as it is delightful. After passing a little (private) bathing-box, we soon reach, opposite *Samphire Island*, a small cliff-castle, of which the ditch is still unmistakable, but the rest seems to have fallen into the sea. Down the coast we now catch sight of *Godrevy Lighthouse*. The cliffs are bold, and often nearly perpendicular. When the road nears the cliff, about a mile from the camp, there are some barrows on the downs, on the landward side, but all the interest is concentrated on the cliff

Carriage Roads described in the Book  Foot Routes wholly or in part 

English Miles
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

TREVOS
2 Lights 21
Quies R. ⁵⁻⁶ _{km}



verge. If, presently, to avoid a climb over a small hill, we for a while take to the road (at cross-roads go through *iron gate*), then it should again be quitted where it passes above a fine, cup-like little cove, because the next half-mile of the cliffs and the view of Narvax Point, with its islet, is grandly stern. At a *white gate* close to the cliffs, we can choose between continuing the cliff walk, round Narvax Point and the Godrevy Promontory, or rejoining the road (inland, *not* through the gate). If the former, then the course of the cliff-path is seen along the face of Narvax Point. We do not recommend this *détour* (2 miles extra), because the walk, after passing the point opposite Godrevy Lighthouse, is hot and sandy. By the road, on the other hand, we descend rapidly to a bridge over the stream on the south of the "towans" (sand-hills), which form the promontory. The village of *Gwithian* (in sight) is half a mile from the bridge.

Gwithian old church is a trifling distance to the left of the road, about half way to the village, but no ruins are in sight. To find it, cross the water channel, left of the road, and look out for a slightly swelling mound. The mound is formed by sand heaped around the walls of the shell of the building. The interest of the remains is confined to the fact that they are the relic of a church probably as old as the beginning of the 6th century. St. Gwithian was an Irish saint who, at the end of the 5th century, came over among the followers of St. Brecca and landed in the Hayle estuary. Like St. Piran's (p. 109) the church was long lost sight of, having been buried by the sand, but tradition preserved the memory of it, and about 1830 it was partially uncovered by the wind. Excavation followed and some skeletons were found, and the writer (Jan. 1888) buried bones he found on the surface. The dimensions of the building are : nave 31 ft. 10 in. by 14 ft. 4 in.; chancel 17 ft. 1 in. by 12 ft. 2 in., and there is a doorway on the south side, 9 ft. from the chancel. There *were* also the remains of a small window somewhat more to the east and a block of masonry marked the altar, on the north side of which was a priest's doorway; also a stone seat on both sides of the chancel. *Now* all that is visible is a low walled enclosure, nearly filled with sand, and neglect and deliberate destruction, if allowed to go on, will soon destroy even that. It had better have remained, as it was some years ago, roofed in to form a shed.

The only object worth mention at **Gwithian** (*Pub. Ho.*), besides the old church, is the *Parish Church*, which has a 15th century tower. The rest was rebuilt in 1866-67, and made cruciform. Out of an arch and pillars of a destroyed S. aisle, the present lich-gate was formed. The interior has no features of interest. The few bits of carved wood came from Phillack Church (*below*).

If a boat (see p. 110) has been secured from St. Ives, then a row across the bay completes the journey. By road, left at S. end of Gwithian, to *Gwinear Road Station* is 2½ m., over Conner Down (enclosed), almost straight, and quite unmistakable. Godrevy Lighthouse, with its whitewashed enclosure, is conspicuous, looking back, soon after leaving Gwithian.

By road to *Hayle Station*, 3½ m., is equally plain sailing, but we start by the right-hand road from the S. end of Gwithian. Sand-hills rise high above the road all the way; and, when we reach (2½ m.) **Hayle** (*Inns*), Phillack Church is seen among them, on the right. Hayle is the chief port in this district, and is also

busy with works of various kinds, but it is of no interest to the tourist. For the station, turn up to the left when near the estuary.

Redruth. Pop. 9335. Inns: *Tabb's, London*. 'Bus to Portreath three times a day on Fridays; vehicles, 6d. each person, meet the trains in Summer.

Distances by rail: Carn Brea, 2 m.; Camborne, 3½ m.; Truro, 9 m.; St. Ives, 13½ m.; Penzance, 16¾ m.

The tourist who desires to make acquaintance with the mining district should spend a day or two here or at **Camborne**. (Inns: *Abraham's, Commercial*. Pop. 13,607.) In neither place is there anything else to attract him. Taking the short run by rail to *Carn Brea station*, **Carn Brea** (735 ft.) itself is close at hand. The monument at the top is to the late Lord de Dunstanville of Tehidy. Besides for the view, which is extensive and takes in the whole of the mineral district of Gwennap, Redruth, Illogan, and Camborne, the hill is worth climbing on account of the curious *Castle* at its eastern end. This castle is doubtless in part of extreme age, but has been much enlarged in comparatively recent times. There is also near the monument the trace of an ancient earth-work. The sea is within sight—both to the north and south. The prominent hill nearly due south is Carn Menela (808 ft.). **Gwennap Pit**, 1¼ miles from Redruth on the left of Falmouth road, is of interest in connection with Wesley. It is a huge excavation in the side of Carn Marth, and here the great preacher gathered the miners by thousands to listen to his preaching. It is still the rendezvous of his followers on Whit Monday.

The best mine for the traveller to explore is **Dolcoath**. This is near Camborne station, on a hill some 350 ft. above the sea. Permission to view the workings is necessary, but the captain of the mine is most obliging in forwarding the wishes of visitors. The mine yields both copper and tin, and has attained the enormous depth of 2250 ft.

St. Erth by Marazion Road, 4 m., to Penzance, 5½ m. (*by rail*).

From St. Erth's Station (*St. Erth* village, 1 m. S.E., has a good church) the line crosses the isthmus—less than 4 miles in breadth—which connects the Land's End district with the eastern part of the county. Ludgvan Church tower is seen on the right as we near Marazion Road Station, where St. Michael's Mount is seen on the left (Marazion town is more than a mile from the station). The railway now runs close to the shore, which is uninteresting, but Penzance appears to great advantage across the water. On the right of the line is a portion of that rich market-garden land so famous for the production of early vegetables. Gulval Church (*p.* 123) is seen above on the right. Stopping a moment to collect tickets, the train then enters *Penzance Station*, a well-built structure of granite.

St. Erth to St. Ives, by rail, 4¼ m.

This branch follows the western shore of Hayle estuary and St. Ives Bay, of which the traveller gets so good a view by rail that he will hardly be tempted to proceed by the road. The latter strikes over the hill from Lelant. At *Lelant*, the first stopping place on the branch, the church contains a good Norman arch but has no other point calling for notice. From the line we can now see the light-house on Godrevy Island. At *Carbis Bay* (Inn), the next

stopping-place, there are good sands and a cave that was formerly a habitat of *Adiantum capillus veneris*, the true maiden-hair fern, a much handsomer plant than the ordinary small-leaved greenhouse variety. Unfortunately specimens are now almost if not quite unobtainable here. On the hill above the station is a granite pyramid built in 1782 by a Mr. Knill, a custom-house officer, for his own burial place. It was, however, never applied to its purpose, as he was buried in London. In a mile and a half further we arrive at *St. Ives*.

St. Ives.

Hotels : *Tregenna Castle* (good) finely placed in pleasant grounds overlooking the bay about $\frac{3}{4}$ m. south of the station. 'Bus meets trains. (Bed and attend. 4s. 6d.; dinner 4s. 6d.)

Western and *Queen's*, both commercial houses, in the town.

Post : *del.* 8.30 a.m. and (North) 3.35 p.m.; *desp.* (North) 9.40 a.m. and 4.40 p.m. Sundays : *del.* 8.30; *desp.* 4.40.

Population (in 1881) : 6441.

St. Ives and its beautiful bay make up a lovely picture. The town consists of two distinct parts. The older part, or town proper, is a collection of narrow, tortuous streets about the parish church and harbour, to the N. of the station. The newer part is on higher ground above the station, and here and there are some pleasantly situated private residences and a good many lodging-houses.

Considering its longitude, the climate is fairly bracing, much more so than Penzance, and of late years the place has attracted many visitors. The sands are really golden, and bathing is unusually safe, owing to the generally calm sea, the bay being sheltered by high ground from the prevalent S.W. winds. The traveller who pays only a flying visit will obtain one of the best views from the road a few yards right or left of the station.

View. Round the sweep of the bay, 5 miles, is a belt of bright sand. On the far side are Phillack and Gwithian Towns (sand hills). Over them, on the right, appears Carn Brea (p. 114) and on the left, St. Agnes Beacon (p. 111). Godrevy Island, with Lighthouse, marks the E. limit of the bay. Off St. Agnes Head we note the "Man and his Man" rocks, and 30 miles off is the Lighthouse on Trevoze Head (p. 97) near Padstow.

The walk to the Tregenna Castle Hotel ($\frac{3}{4}$ m.) is delightful. For this you take the footpath opposite the station and ascend to the left. When the path has turned round to the right keep straight on by it till you join a road which you cross and enter, by a gate, the hotel grounds. Direction-posts indicate the way to the hotel, and we know of no grounds that boast such a collection of Hart's Tongue ferns.

The **Parish Church**, Perpend., of three aisles and a large N.E. chapel, has some good bench ends, and in the grave-yard near the W. end is a fine Cross.

The western horn of St. Ives Bay is called the **Island**, though it is really a promontory. On it is a Battery, but it is chiefly noteworthy as the place where the fishermen spread their nets to dry. Some idea of the importance of the fishing trade will be formed when the visitor finds the Island literally covered with nets, so that to pick his way to the Battery is a matter of dexterity, for of course he will not walk on the nets. Immediately to the W. of the Island is a sandy bay, and another W. of that extending to Clodgy Point, but this part of the coast is not particularly interesting. On the sea slopes just above the shore is the rather woe-begone cemetery.

St. Ives to New Quay by the coast. For details see pp. 110-113. It is better to take a boat to Gwithian, because the walk from Hayle or Gwinear Road is dull. The only section on which we need add any directions for the walk in this direction is the last, viz.: Perranporth to New Quay. Before leaving Perranporth note the state of the tide so as to decide whether $2\frac{1}{2}$ -3 hrs. later the Gannel can be crossed to Trethellan (p. 102).

On leaving Perranporth you can either attack the sand hills at once when over the bridge (they are fair travelling after the trifling ascent from the road), or take the road to the right, which gradually ascends and skirts their East side. The point you must hit is the house, *Gear* (p. 110), and you will see it ahead and a little below you when you are, say, a mile from Perranporth. The simplest way to reach it is by road, $1\frac{1}{4}$ m. from Perranporth, and then left a few yards. Interpret trespass-notice (on the house) as against poachers only, and go through the gate past it on to the warren. Then note Cubert Church spire ahead (North) on sky line. Left of that the hill is divided into fields. Below these, and nearer, is a line of sand hills, and nearer still a patch of green. On this bit of green (say $\frac{3}{4}$ m. distant) you see what looks like an isolated gatepost, but is really the *Cross* (p. 109). Make straight for it.

After visiting St. Piran's return to the Cross and walk in the direction it faces (East) till you see a cottage, where bear towards the left. You have the choice of ways described pp. 108-9, but we advise you to take the road, shown on our map between the "P" of Piran and the "u" of Cubert. Your tidal notes will decide whether you can go direct *via* Cubert and Crantock.

If you are compelled to go by Trevenper Bridge then remember the foot-path, which leaves the road between buildings on the left hand, a few yards up the hill beyond the bridge.

St. Ives is a convenient place from which to visit **Gwithian Old Church** (p. 113), $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the shore on the opposite side of the bay, the distance across which is 4 miles. The eastern side of *Godrevy Point* shows a good raised beach, and there is another near Gwithian.

Those whose time allows of their seeing the whole of the Land's End district are recommended to make St. Ives their starting point, and to proceed along the northern coast to St. Just. There is much both of cliff scenery and of antiquarian interest in this northern district, but the coast about the Land's End and along the southern shore towards Penzance is so much finer than anything else in the neighbourhood that it should form the climax of a tour. We propose, therefore, to adopt this order in our description, and we may say in passing, that while the whole of the district may be explored by those who drive, the pedestrian will find ample compensation for the small fatigue of the walk.

St. Ives to Zennor, $4\frac{3}{4}$ m. direct, (by Towednack, 6 m.); Trereen, $6\frac{3}{4}$ m.; Morvah, $10\frac{1}{2}$ m.; St. Just, $14\frac{1}{2}$ m.

The road leaves St. Ives past the Western Hotel, and at once becomes steep. We pass on the right the *St. Ives Board Schools*, a handsome group of buildings of granite, erected in 1880 at a cost of £6,000. By taking the road that turns off right after passing them, the coast can be reached, but there is nothing particularly to invite the tourist in this direction, and the absence of even a coastguard path makes the walk fatiguing. In $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles we reach *St. Ives Consols* mine, the works of which are on both sides of the road. The church, conspicuous on the right, is modern and offers no points of interest.

If Towednack is to be included, we must take the road on the left at Consols. **Towednack church** is a curious old-fashioned one, chiefly remarkable for possessing "a chancel arch, a rare feature in the churches of Cornwall," *Blight*. The tower, 14th century, is low and embattled and buttressed on the south side by the masonry, which contains the staircase. Returning to the road we can either proceed west and join the Zennor and Penzance road, $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles from the former place, or due north in $\frac{3}{4}$ mile regain the road from St. Ives to Zennor. The latter is to be preferred in order that we may include Zennor Cromlech.

Proceeding onward we get into a ragged untidy country of rock, bramble, and gorse. The mine on the hill side to the left is Rosewall, after passing which the road forks.

The pedestrian may take the road on the right, and proceed to a stile on the left, about 300 yards beyond a little chapel. A foot-path from this point will take him out into the Zennor road again, and without saving anything in distance will spare him a not very interesting bit of road.

Trevalgan Hill, along the northern side of which the road proceeds, is worth the short détour necessary for climbing it, as from the summit a good view is obtained on all sides. The hill, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles south, is *Castle-an-Dinas*, 735 ft. (*p.* 123). The tower, conspicuous on its summit, is modern. Mount's Bay with St. Michael's Mount are to the left, and south-east appears the Lizard. St. Ives Bay lies below on the east, but the view in this direction is inferior to that from St. Ives, because the Hayle estuary is out of sight. The view west is limited by the high ground between us and Zennor, but is pleasing on account of the deep combe which divides us from the shapely Merra Hill. Returning to the road at $3\frac{3}{4}$ m. from St. Ives we reach the top of the pass.

To find **Zennor Cromlech** or *Quoit*, as it is locally called, turn off left opposite a house and go about $\frac{1}{2}$ m. over the heath till you see the Quoit some way off on the right.

It is said to be the largest monument of its kind in existence. The slab 18 ft. by 9 ft. 6 in., was formerly supported by 7 upright stones. One end of it now rests on the ground. The whole structure was in the early part of the last century buried up to the level of the slab, and it appears to have marked one if not two graves.

From Zennor Cromlech you can strike S. W. into the high road from Zennor to Penzance, and after following this past its junction with a road (coming in on the right from Bosigran) till, opposite a house, you can there turn off, right, straight up the hill and over its crest till you see **Mulfra Quoit** (*p.* 126) on

the right. From Mulfra Quoit the **Nine Maidens** (p. 126) are seen on the skyline due W., and may be made for fairly straight without going through Dingdong Mine.

In a mile or so onward we reach **Zennor (Inn)**. The church is of no particular interest, but the font, late Decorated, is good, and there is a curious bench end representing a mermaid. Nothing can well be wilder than the granite-strewn surroundings of the church. A Logan-stone, capable of being rocked, is just north of it.

Should the tourist be content with humble bestowment and determine to sleep at Zennor, it would be worth his while to examine the coast to the north-east of the village. At Wicca Cove, $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles, and thence westward by Carlow Rocks the granite veining of the slate cliffs is noticeable. He can have a cliff-walk west to Gurnard's Head (*below*), a distance from Wicca Cove of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, passing on the way to Porthzennor Cove, Pendour Cove, to which a little burn comes down from Zennor, and the delightful little Porthglaze Cove. The Cove just east of Gurnard's Head, to which also a little stream comes down, is Rose-an-hale.

Leaving Zennor Church, in about half a mile the road passes the head of the combe which descends to Porthglaze. It then turns sharply to the right, and again in rather more than $\frac{1}{4}$ mile as sharply to the left. Half a mile further it crosses another depression, and then joins the road from Penzance.

Gurnard's Head, a narrow promontory, projects due north and its extremity is about $\frac{3}{4}$ -mile from the village. The old name of the promontory, Trereen *Dinas*, is still illustrated by the remains of walls across the isthmus. This cliff-castle must from its situation, which resembles that of its namesake at the Logan (p. 131), have been of great strength. Close to the cliffs on the isthmus are the remains of a little chapel with a granite altar-slab. The promontory is a fine example of the green-stone formation, and the geologist will find it worth his while to examine its base at low water. The next deep cove $\frac{3}{4}$ m. westward is Porth Meor, at the head of which we pass from the slate to the granite.

By taking the Penzance-road, and in $\frac{3}{4}$ mile turning off on the right over the hill, **Bosporthenis** can be reached in 1 mile from Trereen. Here are the remains of a bee-hive hut, circular, 13 feet in diameter. The dome has fallen, but portions of its lower part remain. Adjoining it is a smaller chamber, 9 feet by 4 feet. Mulfra Quoit (pp. 117, 126) is on the hill, 1 mile south-east.

A mile and a half from Trereen, after passing the fine hill Carn Galva on the left, we reach the *Morvah and Zennor mines*.

Here a détour may be made on the right, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to *Bossigran*. This promontory, the head of which formed a cliff-castle, presents on both sides fine granite cliffs, and has also a Logan-stone. On its west-side is Porth Morna (the "monk's port").

By road, at 9 miles, we proceed inland, for $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, to the junction with the Penzance and Morvah road, and from the high ground of the *col*, between Chûn Hill and Kerrow Hill, obtain a fine view to the south-east.

Chûn Castle and *Quoit* may be conveniently visited from this point. The pedestrian can strike across the hills and reach the castle in 1 mile. Carriages must proceed down the hill towards Penzance and take the first road on the right, to within $\frac{1}{4}$ mile of the castle, for a description of which and the Quoit see p. 120.

Turning to the right in 1 mile we reach the village of **Morvah** (*Inn*), where there is nothing to detain us.

At $11\frac{3}{4}$ miles a road goes off, on the right, to **Pendeen**. At Pendeen farm, a short mile from the turn, is an artificial cave or fougou of considerable extent, lined with stones. *Pendeen Watch* is a fine headland, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile beyond the farm, and to the east of it is Pendeen cove, a sandy bay with a coast-guard station. The rocks lying off the point are called the Wra or Three Stone Oar. The cliffs from this point and as far as Cape Cornwall, 3 miles west as the bird flies, are of slate, and at the cove show some good veins of granite. Dr. Borlase, the antiquary, was born at Pendeen Farm in 1695.

Along the road, we have on the left the high ground of Carn Kenidjack with its curious rocks. When we reach a point due west of the hill a road goes off on the right to Bottallack mine (*p.* 120), and in $14\frac{1}{2}$ miles from St. Ives we arrive at St. Just.

St. Just in *Penwith* (*Inn, Commercial. 'Bus to Penzance two or three times a day, fare 6d. each way*) is a small market-town, about a mile from the coast and on the borders of a mining district. There is nothing in the town of much interest. The Church is Perpendicular and has been restored, and on the north wall of the chancel is imbedded a stone, having on one side the words *Silus hic jacet*, and on the other a cross. The carving of some of the capitals of the nave pillars is good.

St. Just is the most convenient place from which to visit the Bottallack Mine, 2 miles distant by road, the route for which is along the Morvah road, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, and then by a branch road on the left. The pedestrian should proceed west to **Cape Cornwall**, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. This is a bold headland rising towards its extremity to a considerable height. The view of it from the shore at *Priest cove*, on its southern side, is particularly striking. Off it, separated by a narrow channel, is a large rock, overlooking which is a deserted engine-house. The two rocks, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile south-west, are the *Sisters* or *Brisons* which on January 11th, 1851, were the scene of a wreck, the account of which we quote from Mr. Blight.

"During a thick fog and strong gale, early on a Saturday morning, a brig ["New Commercial"], bound from Liverpool to the Spanish Main, struck between these rocks and, of course, immediately went to pieces. The crew, nine men with one woman, the wife of the master, got on the ledge. They were discovered from the shore as soon as day broke, but it was then impossible to render them any assistance. In this wretched condition they remained until about nine o'clock, when a tremendous wave rose and carried them off. Seven out of ten at once sank. Of the remaining three, one, a mulatto, contrived to get on a portion of floating wreck, and after being buffeted about for some hours, he managed with remarkable coolness and presence of mind, by means of a plank, which he used as a paddle, and a piece of canvas, which served him for a sail, with the assistance of the strong tides to keep clear of the boiling surf. Whilst this poor fellow was thus struggling for life, being anxiously watched by a crowd of persons on shore, five fishermen, belonging to Sennen, determined with their usual resolute and fearless spirit to launch their boat through the breakers: in this they succeeded, and after encountering great risks, rescued the mulatto.

"When the master and his wife were carried off the ledge, they were washed to the Little Brison. The master got a footing and then assisted his wife, and for a time both were in comparative safety. Whilst the fishermen were engaged in saving the mulatto, the revenue cutter from Penzance was seen working round the L. and S. End, being ordered to the spot by the commander.

"A boat put off from her, but was soon compelled to return. The gale still continuing nothing more could be done for the day; so the cutter hove to, and the captain hoisted colours to encourage the poor sufferers, and to let them know that they were not deserted. They were now to spend the night on the desolate rock, without food or shelter, exposed to all the fury of the wind and rain. On Sunday morning the wind abated a little, and several boats put off, but none could approach within 100 yards of the rock. At last a boat was seen making towards the spot, manned by the coastguard. The commander, Captain Davies, now, at great personal risk, proceeded to throw a line by help of a rocket; the first which was fired carried the line to the rock, but it again fell into the sea; the second happily fell close to the man, who seized it and fastened it around the waist of his wife, who after much persuasion gave the fearful leap. But when drawn to the boat, life was almost extinct, and she died before she could be got on shore; the captain then tied the cord around himself and was dragged, greatly exhausted, to the boat."

The granite cliff on the south side of Priest Cove is *Carrickgloose*, and the next point northward of Cape Cornwall is *Kenidjack Castle*, the intervening bay being *Porthleden Cove*. We climb past *Kenidjack Castle* on our way to **Bottallack Mine**, which is $\frac{3}{4}$ mile beyond it on the verge and face of the cliffs. This mine was worked by an inclined shaft, more than half a mile in length. The mine extends beneath the sea, but is no longer worked there. Most persons will probably be satisfied with the strange scene above ground, and this part of the works can be visited, by a shareholder's order, on any weekday. For the descent of the mine an order is needed, and this is only available on certain days, particulars of which should be ascertained either at Penzance or St. Just.

The Levant Mine, 1 mile further up the coast, is very similarly situated to Bottallack, and like it extends under the sea.

For **St. Just to Land's End**, see p. 126.

St. Just by New Bridge, $3\frac{1}{2}$ m., to Penzance, 7 m.

This, the route taken by the omnibuses, is devoid of interest. In $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles after leaving St. Just, we have on the left the ragged topped *Kenidjack Carn*, and on the right *Pertinney* or *Batiné* (717 ft.), to the east of which is the nearly equal height *Carn Bran*, on which is an earthwork. At $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles the road to Pendeen goes off left.

For **Chûn Castle** and **Quoit** follow the Pendeen road, $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles, and then take a lane, on the right, for $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. You are then almost under the castle, which is on the north. **Chûn Castle** is the best example of Cornish hill forts. It consists of an oval, 155 feet by 140 feet, round which runs a wall, with remains of chambers on its inner side. Outside this is a ditch 30 feet wide, and then another wall with a ditch beyond it. The entrance is on the west side, and the main ditch is in three places crossed by walls connecting the two encircling ones. On the north of the enclosure is a well. The walls are of unheven stone without mortar. About 250 yards west of the castle is the **Quoit**, which is formed of a slab, about 12 feet each way and 2 feet thick, resting on three supports about 7 feet in height.

From *Newbridge* ($3\frac{1}{2}$ m.) a featureless 2 miles brings us to a roadside *Cross*, at the junction of a by-road, on the right. Hence a good view of Mount's Bay. About 100 yds. onward the road to Newlyn diverges on the right, but we keep straight on for $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Here, on the left, a pleasant lane begins which goes past **Castle Horneck** (house is seen on the left) and skirting the fields rejoins, in $1\frac{1}{2}$ m., our road at Alverton, the hamlet immediately W. of Penzance.

Continuing down the road we reach the hamlet of Alverton and pass through it to Penzance.

N.B. If bound for the *Western Hotel* or the *Union Hotel* keep straight on and past the front of the Public Buildings. For the Esplanade (*Queen's Hotel*, etc.) turn to the right down Alexandra Road.

Penzance.

Railway Station at E. end of town, about a mile from hotels on Esplanade, half-a-mile from *Western* or *Union*.

Omnibuses from station to Hotels, 6d.

Cabs " " " 1s. (1 or 2 pers.), 1s 6d. (3 or 4 pers.).

Hotels: *Queen's* (first class; bed and attend. from 4s. 6d., dinner 5s.) and *Mount's Bay* (next door, east), both on Esplanade.

Western (bed, breakfast and attendance 6s.; C.T.C. headquarters) in Alverton Street at corner of Clarence Street; *Union* (same prices) in Chapel Street.

Railway (close to station) and *Star*, in Market Jew Street.

Steamer (p. 144) to Scilly Islands.—Cab from station or hotels to Pier, 1s.

Baths at west end of Esplanade.

Post Office (in Market Jew Street, 50 yds. E. of Market House): *Del.* 8.30 a.m., 3.30 (North) and 7.15 p.m.; *Desp.* 6.15 and 11.15 a.m. (North), 4.50 p.m. Sunday *Del.* 8.30 a.m., *Desp.* 4.30 p.m.

Telegraph Office always open.

Penzance, perhaps = "holy head", is an old town with a modern western extension. From the station, Market Jew Street, nearly half a mile long, leads up direct to the **Market House**, a domed building with a classical façade, in front of which stands a statue of *Sir Humphrey Davy* (1778—1829), the eminent natural philosopher, who was a native of Penzance. Against the W. end of the Market House is a well preserved *old Cross*, and the junction of streets there serves as the Market Place, and turning left we should reach the Esplanade. Keeping straight on we pass through the *Green Market*, a tiny square, and in 150 yds. more (beyond the *Western Hotel*) reach the **Public Buildings**, a handsome block containing the Guildhall, Municipal Offices, *Geological Museum* (good), *Public Library*, *Reading Room*, St. John's Hall (assembly room), Masonic Hall, etc. The *School of Art* and *Art Museum* are housed in a new building at the top of the new street, reached by turning left a trifle E. of the Public Buildings. This street leads down to the sea and Esplanade.

If from the station we skirt the Harbour, we see on our right the tower of St. Mary's, the parish church, and then, after crossing a swing-bridge, have to turn for a little distance away from the water because the sea-front is interrupted by business premises. Bearing left, as soon as we can, we reach the E. end of the **Esplanade**, about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile long, a delightful promenade in full view of St. Michael's Mount. Westward the bay is bounded by Penlee Point, on the near side of which we see Newlyn and Paul Church on the hill. Eastward, beyond St. Michael's Mount, runs out Cuddan Point, and the view is unbounded in that direction by the long flat-topped Lizard peninsula.

Of the three **churches** in Penzance none are remarkable, but the bells of St. Mary's are sweet. The old part of the town, lying chiefly between Market Jew Street and the Harbour, is more or less quaint, and the street names now and again suggest inquiry into the history of the place; one reminding us that in days gone Penzance was a tin-coinage town.

The new or western part of Penzance is bright and pleasant and offers a wide choice of lodgings and of small lodging-houses; there is also a long terrace on the eastern part of the Esplanade, not to mention other unpretending parts of the old town.

Climate. The annual rainfall is about 43 inches, and the winters are so mild that ordinary half-hardy plants, such as geraniums, remain out doors without danger from frost. In the summer the climate is distinctly relaxing but not particularly warm. The drawback to the place during a great part of the year is the frequent occurrence of what north of the Tweed would be termed "soft" weather. On the other hand there are pretty walks close by, and the cliff scenery westward to the Land's End is magnificent.

In 1595 a large part of the town was burned by the Spaniards. It became a tin-coinage town (tin blocks tested for quality by cutting off a *coin*, i.e. a corner) in 1663 and so continued till the practice was abolished in the reign of George IV. June 24 and 29 (St. John's and St. Peter's days) are local festivals.

Walks and Excursions from Penzance,

Distances reckoned from the middle of the Esplanade.

N.B. The distinctive scenery of this district is almost confined to the cliffs. For about 2 *m.* inland around the head of Mounts Bay the country is fairly timbered, the rocks being of slate. Outside that area, N. and W., granite prevails, and trees give place to a ragged and frequently furze-clad country of little beauty. The N. coast of the peninsula, W. of the Hayle estuary as far as Gurnard's Head, and again between Pendeen Watch and Cape Cornwall, is also fringed with slate rocks, but there are no trees there worth mentioning. That our pages may be of use to the antiquary, we point out the chief old-world relics, but it may prevent disappointment if we forewarn the ordinary tourist that none of them are objects of beauty.

Of **short walks** the best are: (i) To Gulval Church, 2 *m.*; (ii) To Madron Church, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ *m.*; (iii) To Mousehole, 3 *m.*; (iv) To Castle Horneck, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ *m.* Of these, particulars will be found under

the following longer excursions, except number (iv). To reach the field path past *Castle Horneck* start by the road running W. from the Public Buildings (or from the top of Marrab's Road), and beyond the bridge over the stream at Alverton do not take the road, right, up stream, but a steep pitch just beyond that, on that side. A few yards up this, after a slight bend to the right, you bear round to the left, and then following the path, in half a mile or so, beyond *Castle Horneck*, house seen on the right, you will join the St. Just road, and can turn *down* back to the town—a round of about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

To prolong this walk ($3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 m. in all) keep *up* the road for $\frac{1}{3}$ m. and then turn left. In about $\frac{1}{2}$ m. further you will pass **Treereiffe** (*pron. Treeve*), left, and see the end of the house, clad with close-clipped yew. Just below it you join at right angles the Land's End road and (a) turning left can reach Alverton again, by a shaded road in a short mile. (b) By crossing the Land's End road you quickly reach a bridge over the stream flowing down the Newlyn valley, past some mills, to the bridge (1 m.) at Newlyn, whence it is about 1 m., by the coast-road, back to the Esplanade.

To Gulval Church, 2 m.; **Castle-an-Dinas**, $4\frac{1}{4}$ m.; and then back same way; or on foot to **Chysoyster**, 1 m., and then by road back to Penzance, $\frac{1}{4}$ m. more—total $9\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

From Gulval to Ludgvan Church, 2 m.

You can drive to Castle-an-Dinas gate, and if after setting down there the carriage be ordered to go to Chysoyster (2 m. by road *via* Badger's Cross), the intervening walk need not exceed $1\frac{1}{4}$ m. Chysoyster is only of antiquarian interest.

To **Gulval Church** there is a choice of routes, viz.: *via* Bleu Bridge or by foot-path from the Marazion road, *see below*.

We leave Penzance by the Marazion road, past the station, and on the near side of the Three Tuns Hotel, for the Bleu Bridge route to Gulval, turn to left and then immediately to the right. The road ascends (it leads direct to Zennor, *see p.* 118), and ($\frac{1}{4}$ hr. from the hotel) we turn down from it, right, by the third road, the fourth opportunity counting a footpath, to **Bleu Bridge**, a pretty spot with an inscribed stone (6th cent.) at the bridge, "*Quenataus Icdinui Filius*." Thence (by right-hand road) it is 10 min. walk up to Gulval Church.

Footpath to Gulval. This leaves the Marazion road on the far side of the little bridge over a brook, just beyond Ponsoulane, the private house whose small park the road skirts. When the footpath forks a few yards from the road keep to the right.

Gulval Church, partially restored, is not of much interest, but its graveyard, recently enlarged, is delightful. Outside the S. Porch are the stump of an old cross and a stone, found a few years ago, perhaps a Roman milestone. The window tracery against the wall of the church belonged to the old E. window, which has been replaced by the larger and well-filled Bolitho window.

By a pleasant lane it is about 2 m. east to Ludgvan Church (restored 1887), of which Dr. Borlase (*d.* 1772), the antiquary, was rector for more than 50 years.

It is 1 mile due N. from Gulval Church to Badger's Cross, where we take the right-hand road and follow it for $\frac{1}{2}$ m. and then diverge left up to **Castle-an-Dinas** (735 ft.) on which are the remains of a hill-fort, similar but inferior to Chûn (*p.* 120). The **view** includes: Merra Hill and Trevalgan Hill, with a bit of sea between them. East, Trink Hill and the N. coast as far as Trevoze Head, with the round topped St. Agnes Beacon half-way. Still nearer and more to the right is Carn Brea with its monument. South, the whole of Mount's Bay. South-west the tower of Buryan Church breaks the sky-line.

Of *Roger's Tower*, modern, we do not know the history. About 200 yards below the top of the hill is a *walled enclosure*, about 30 ft. by 20 ft., entered by step-stones in the wall. On the opposite wall are three tablets: No. 1 "J.H., 1812, aged 20," No. 2, "J. H., 1823, aged 63," No. 3, "E. S., 1812 (*bis*), aged 22 and 1." These commemorate a gentleman of Gulval (No. 2), his son, his daughter and her babe. Note the inscriptions, left-hand corner, "Custom is the idol of fools"; right-hand corner, "Virtue only consecrates the ground." The gentleman had quarrelled with the incumbent of Gulval and declined his offices and burial in the churchyard.

From the top of Castle an Dinas it is a short mile, about S.W., to **Chysoyster**, where a little above the farm are the remains of a considerable British village, consisting of hut circles or ovals. There is also, a short distance from these, an old stone arch, nearly hidden by gorse and brambles. It is called the *Giant's Cavern* but leads nowhere, as far as we could make out.

Our outward route is rejoined by road $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.E., at Badger's Cross, but the pedestrian may with no increase of distance cross the valley and hill to the W. of Chysoyster, and return to Penzance by the Zennor road *viâ* New Mill and Trevaylor (or Treaylor). To include Mulfra Quoit (*p.* 125) would increase the total round to a long 12 miles.

To Madron Church, $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. ; Lanyon Quoit, $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. ; Nine Maidens, 6 m. ; Mulfra Quoit, 7 m. ; Penzance, 12 m.

Beyond Madron Church there is little on this round to interest the traveller who is not an antiquarian. By an extra mile or thereabouts the antiquities: *Madron Well* (Baptistery), *Mén-an-tol* and *Mén Scryfys* can be included.

We start either by Causeway-head (the street N. from the Green Market) or from the Western Hotel up Clarence Street. The two streets converge at the Cattle Market, and still proceeding in the same general direction, by St. Clare Street, we ascend past the Recreation Ground (right), and then descend past the Cemetery with Madron Church conspicuous on the opposite hill. Just below the Cemetery Lodge (1 m. from the Esplanade) the road forks and we proceed to the left through the hamlet of *Heamoor*.

Hea, a few hundred yards to the right from the Pub. Ho. at Heamoor, has a chapel, built on a rock where John Wesley preached; an inscription records the fact.

As we ascend towards Madron, the footpath runs inside the right-hand hedge, and looking back we get a peep of the sea and St. Michael's Mount. The mansion on the left of the road is Poltair.

Madron Church ($2\frac{1}{2}$ m.; 350 ft. above sea-level) is the mother-church of Penzance. Externally it has nothing remarkable about it. On the N. side of the graveyard is a portentous mausoleum, and on the bank at the W. end is an ancient *Cross*. The interior, well restored in 1887, is very pleasing. Most of the woodwork (linen-panel bench ends in the body of the church, side screens of chancel and low chancel screen) is modern, but a few pieces of old carving are worked into the chancel screen, and in the S. aisle of the chancel are 14th century bench ends, found under the floor. The uprights in the chancel screen indicate work still to be done. The oldest part of the building is a Norman base of a pillar at the E. end of the S. aisle, and in this aisle is an Early English piscina, and another with sedile, also E. E., in the chancel. The rood-stair doorway is in the S. aisle, and on the opposite side of the church a corresponding recess.

To Madron Well (Baptistery), nearly a mile. From N. Porch of Madron Church go N., and when village street forks go to the left. Keep on past the Union Workhouse at the far end of which (550 yds. from church) take field path on the right, and where this, at once, forks, the right-hand branch. About 500 yards from the Union you will reach a bit of rough ground alongside a road and see two gates, on your right (there are three, but only two are at first seen). Go through the left-hand gate and follow cart track for 150 yds. Then take an intermittent foot-track, left, about parallel with the copse, to a granite stile (110 yds). Beyond this (140 yds.) are the ruins of the **Baptistery**. The walls are standing, and inside are the remains of stone seats as well as the altar slab (hole in it). The *Kolumbethra* is also intact, but dry, although the runlet that supplied it is within a few yards. We were told by a native that another "well" did duty for divining, by pin-dropping, now that this, the real one, was in abeyance. Where it was we did not learn, but if such a substitute is a fact it may lead to confusion if local guidance is enlisted. Returning to the bit of rough ground we can go up the road to join the road for Lanyon—right at cross-roads.

The road past the Union (see small type *above*) is the one we have to follow, and 2 miles brings us to **Lanyon Quoit** which was overthrown or fell, in 1815, and was re-erected in 1826, when the three uprights were cut down and the archæological interest of the monument destroyed. The cap-stone measures $18\frac{1}{2}$ ft. by $13\frac{1}{2}$ ft. at its N. end. It is now only $5\frac{1}{2}$ ft. off the ground, but in Dr. Borlase's time a horseman could ride beneath it.

Lanyon Manor House, now a farm-house, a short distance beyond the Quoit, is still the abode of the decayed family of Lanyon, whose name comes from Lannion in Brittany.

On the moors at a short distance to the right of Lanyon farm-house, in the direction of Carn Galva, is **Mên-an-tol** ("the holed stone"). It consists of two upright stones, 3 and 4 ft. high, with, midway between them, a slab pierced by a hole nearly 2 ft. in diameter.

About $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. on the W. side of *Gun-mên-scryfys* ("down of the written stone") is **Mên Scryfys** inscribed *Rialobran Cunoval Fîl* (Rialobran the son of Cunoval) in letters not later than the 5th cent. Of the persons named nothing is known. The writer has not seen this.

From Lanyon we take the road, N.E., to *Ding Dong Mine* (1 m.) said to have been worked before the Christian Era. On the hill, north of the mine, are the remains of a stone circle, **Nine Maidens**, but only 6 out of the original 22 stones are erect, one about 6 ft. high. Of the fallen stones, two measure $7\frac{1}{2}$ and 6 feet. The S. side of the circle is interrupted by a low cairn, near the centre of which are the remains of a small cist.

It is about a mile E. to Carn Mulfra, on the N.E. side of which is **Mulfra Quoit**. The capstone has fallen, but three sides of the cist it covered, remain. We can return to Penzance (5 m.) from here, by the Zennor road, which descends to the Marazion road a little E. of Penzance Station.

Penzance (by *New Bridge*, $3\frac{1}{2}$ m.) to **St. Just**, 7 m.

This is the dull road taken by the omnibuses (2 or 3 times a day, 6d.). It is described p. 120 in the reverse direction.

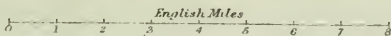
Penzance (by *Sancreed*, 4 m.) to **St. Just**, $7\frac{3}{4}$ m.

We leave Penzance by Alverton St., and up the hill beyond Alverton take, at a fork, the left-hand road past Treveiffe, (pron. Treeve), right. At cross-roads here, we keep straight on, and ascending the next rise note an old oak, left, which sends a limb over the road. At the top of the rise there is in the left bank an old Cross. Then we drop to *Buryas Bridge*, 2 m., over a small brook. A few yards up the hill beyond, an avenue, on the right, leads to Nancothen, but we keep to the main road to *Drift* ($2\frac{3}{4}$ m.), a hamlet at cross-roads, and there turn to the right for **Sancreed**, 4 m. The Church (restored) has a good church-yard *Cross*, and is pleasantly surrounded with trees. Beyond the village our road passes between Sancreed Beacon, right, and Carn Bran, $\frac{1}{2}$ m. to the left. On the latter are the remains of a hill-fort. A mile W. of it rises Pertinney or Bartiné Hill (689 ft.) and then as we descend towards St. Just there is a wide view in front. For *St. Just*, see p. 119.

St. Just to Sennen, 6 m.; **Land's End**, 7 m. by road.

This route is for the most part dreary and uninteresting. For the first $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, as far as the junction with the direct road from Penzance to the Land's End, it keeps a course a mile or more away from the shore. Unhappily, those who drive between the two places have no alternative route, and to add to its disadvantages the road by its windings on leaving St. Just makes two miles out of one.

St. Just by Whitesand Bay and Sennen Cove to Sennen, $5\frac{1}{4}$ m. or **Land's End**, $5\frac{1}{2}$ m., *cliff walk*. The best plan for the pedestrian is to take the road south-west to *Boscregan*, $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. This is on the cliffs just south of *Pol Pry*—the “clay pool”—where are a couple of caves in the cliff. Proceeding south and crossing the stream from *Nanjulian*, the shore becomes lower and less abrupt. A good raised beach may be seen here. In another



Carriage Roads described in the Book Foot Routes wholly or in part

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$\frac{3}{4}$ m. we pass *Carn Creagle* with the Watch rock, and then at *Carn Aire* arrive at the northern extremity of the beautiful **Whitesand Bay**. At its southern extremity is the little fishing village of **Sennen Cove**, and the three islets off it are, naming them from right to left, *Little Bo*, *Bo Cowloe*, and *Cowloe*. The rock on which the sea breaks between them and the Longship's Light-house is *Shark's Fin*. The tourist should, if the tide allows, make his way to Sennen Cove along the sands. Half a mile short of the cove a tiny stream comes down at *Vellandreath*—"the mill in the sand"—but the mill has long disappeared. Close to Sennen Cove is a mass of protruded slate, the junction of which with the granite will interest the geologist. From Sennen Cove we mount to *Pedn mean du*, "Black Stone Head," and then the Land's End, the westernmost extremity of Great Britain, comes into view. The curious rock close to the shore is the *Irish Lady*, and the shape of the top of it gives some justification to the name. A little way onward we reach on the cliff-edge a "cliff castle," small but in good preservation, called *Mean Castle*, and then if our destination is Sennen (*Inn, below*), we strike inland $\frac{3}{4}$ -mile. Should we, however, have determined on the Land's End Hotel as our resting-place, we can still continue to follow the cliffs and shall get, as we proceed, a good view of the stern cave-hollowed precipices on the north of the actual **Land's End** (p. 123).

Penzance to the Land's End, direct 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ m.

This is a dull walk and the breaks are to be preferred.

As far as *Drift*, see p. 126. There we keep on up the hill and at the top see, a little to the left, 2 upright stones said to be monumental. Descending again, at *Lower Hendra*, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ m., a few cottages, we turn to the right. [The left hand road leads to St. Buryan and the Logan Rock.] In $\frac{1}{2}$ m. another pillar-stone is seen on the right. Beyond this, when after crossing the next dip we again reach higher ground, the Stone Circle, **Boscawen-un** is seen on the left.

To reach it take the farm road, left. This passes *Creagtol* ($\frac{1}{4}$ m.) a rock with cavities more or less like footsteps. Turning to the right at the farm-cottages, *Boscawen-noon*, it is about 1 m. in all to the **Nine Maidens** as this "circle" is also called. It consists of 19 stones and within, but not central, is a Long-stone 8 ft. high. For another Nine Maidens see p. 126.

On the N. side of the main road here are the remains of an *Ancient British Village*, so says the new ordnance map. We have not visited them.

At (6 m.) *Crows-an-wra* ("the wayside cross") is an ancient Cross. Avoiding diverging roads but after many windings we soon begin to descend towards the coast and, at 9 m., reach **Sennen** (*Inn: First and Last House in England*) an inconsiderable village with a not particularly interesting church. A good many artists find farm-house lodgings here during the summer. It is a long mile from the village to the Land's End (p. 128) by road, but a footpath cuts off the angle.

The Land's End.

Here, on the headland next south of the "End," is the *Land's End Hotel* (closed Jan. to March). Those who can afford the time are recommended to sleep either here or at Sennen at least one night. The actual Land's End is a sharp slope of turf terminated by a cliff of columnar granite, between 50 and 60 feet in height, off the extremity of which a broken ridge runs out for some distance into the sea. The writer has visited the spot at all seasons and well-nigh at all hours. His memory especially retains a visit early one summer's morning, and another just before sunset on a bright January evening, on both which occasions the Scilly Isles rose sharp and clear. Early and late are certainly the most beautiful, because then not only does the light add to the beauty of the rock-colouring, but there are deep cool shadows. The early afternoon of a bright and hot summer's day is without doubt the least advantageous time, and Scilly is almost sure then to be lost in haze. If the tourist is fortunate enough to combine the witching hour with a bright sky and a good ground-sea, he will view the scene of old Bolerium at its best. The view northward is bounded by the fine headland of Cape Cornwall with the off-lying Brisons. Near by, in the same direction, is the **Irish Lady**, close under the cliffs of Gamper Bay. Westward immediately below is the Peal Rock, and across the restless waters of Kettle's Bottom is *Carn Bras*, on which stands the **Longship's Lighthouse**, the lantern of which is 123 feet above high water mark. The keepers, four in number, only one of whom is on shore at a time, have frequently great difficulty in passing from the mainland owing to the prevalence of stormy seas. The Scilly Islands, when in sight, appear a little to the left of the Longships. The fine pinnacle of rock, near the cliffs on the left, is the **Armed Knight**. The dangerous *Wolf Rock*, about 6 *m.* south, has since 1872 been marked by a lighthouse. At low water a visit can be paid to the cavern that pierces the Land's End. It is about 50 yards through. If the tourist has not already come down the north coast from St. Just, he should avail himself of his visit to the Land's End to explore at least as far as **White-sand Bay** in that direction, and there are interesting caverns between the Land's End and Sennen Cove.

Land's End to Trereen (for Logan Rock and Trereen Dinas), 4 *m.* by road.

This drive is of little interest, but except on foot along the cliffs, a magnificent walk described in the next section, the tourist has no other choice. From Trereen (or Treen), where there is a small inn, it is rather over half a mile to the **Logan**.

Land's End to the Logan, 6 to 7 m. by the cliffs.

This walk is justly considered to equal if not to exceed in grandeur and beauty of cliff scenery any other of equal length in these islands. It matters little in which direction it is taken, but the writer inclines to prefer that which he is about to describe, from west to east. The only point of importance is to choose a bright day and so to time the walk in either direction as to have the sun more or less behind one. Plenty of time should be taken, and if the latter part of a summer's afternoon and evening, say four or five hours, be allotted to the excursion, and a carriage be ordered to meet the pedestrian at *Trereen*, say half an hour after sunset, he will be able to thoroughly explore the ins and outs of this wonderful bit of coast without having to spare himself for the tramp back to Sennen or Penzance.

N.B.—Fern collectors will find abundant *Asplenium marinum* on the rocks along the cliff-top.

The first point on the cliff after leaving the Land's End is *Carn Creis*, and just off it lies the *Dallah* or Dollar rock. The **Armed Knight** is the fine pile a little beyond. As far as we have made out the resemblance, it is that of a giant mail-chested figure leaning against the pile, a projection of which does duty well enough for the bent knees of the knight. The other large rock close by is called *Guela*, which is said to mean the 'easily seen' rock. The point due east of these which we next reach is called *Carn Greeb*—the 'comb,' from a certain rough likeness of its crowning ridge of rocks to a cock's comb. Whether there is any connection between Greeb and Cribba (the headland west of Penberth cove) we do not know, but that is of similar character, and is said to mean the 'crested' head.

We now have immediately in front and near the cliffs **Enys dodnan**, 'the island with soil upon it.' Its summit is covered with turf, and its outer side pierced with a fine natural archway some 40 ft. in height. The rock may be reached at low tide by those equal to an awkward bit of crag-work. The chief reward to be obtained by this scramble is a really fine view of the Armed Knight through the arch of Enys dodnan.

We next reach the magnificent headland of **Pardenick**, "the assemblage of rocks." Here the columnar arrangement of the granite is very striking, and the colouring of the promontory, especially seen from the westward when the sun is low and the lichens are like gold, is exceedingly rich. Towards the outer end of the ridge and on the west of it will be noticed a rock apparently balanced on a mere point. The view of this headland from the east is not less impressive than that from the west. Passing *Carn Voel*—the piled cairn—and *Carn Evall* and below *Zawn Reeth*, "the red cavern," so named from the colour of the rock, we have before us the charming cove of Nanjisal or Mill Bay. The feature that at once arrests attention is a narrow vertical cavern through a headland called *Carn les Boel*. Here, if any sea be running, the effect

of the cavern, now clear and now filled with foam, is particularly striking. **Nanjizal** itself—"the cove of the Vale" or "the vale of the bosom," as it has been variously interpreted, is of singular beauty, not its least attraction being the margin of pure white shell-sand to which a small brook bounds from rock to rock. Passing *Carn les Boel* we arrive at *Pendower Cove*, where, on the green slopes, is a good Logan stone. The long low point running out to sea to the south of it, with two or three islets at its extremity, is *Carn Barra*. Towards this we make our way, and then for the next mile have a grand walk, over turf, by the cliffs past Port Loe and *Guethenbras*, "the great cairn," to **Tol-pedn Penwith**—"the holed headland in Penwith." This headland vies with Pardenick in boldness. In calm weather it is, we think, less imposing, but when the huge rollers are dashing themselves in vain against the rugged sides, the sight is terribly grand. Its distinctive name is derived from "the Funnel," a deep chasm resembling the Lions Den at the Lizard, close to the edge of the cliff. These pits appear to have been formed by the roof of a sea-cave falling partially in, and the detritus then being in time carried away by the waters. The tourist will not find it difficult to get *down* to the mouth of the cave connected with the funnel, but the return *up* a nearly smooth slab, 7ft. high, is troublesome through lack of foot-hold. In any case, whether the cave can be entered or not, a descent of the cliffs—inclined not sheer—should be made. Nowhere on our coasts are the cliffs on either hand more magnificent and especially at the *Chair Ladder*, where cubes on cubes of granite rise sheer as though built by the Titans. A little east of the cavern leading to the base of the funnel is another with a high narrow opening on the cliffs and running up to the turf. It is not safe to trust to the crumbling edges of this pit. The two beacons or sea-marks on the higher ground, when in line, give the direction of the *Runnel Stone*, a dangerous rock about a mile off this point.

Looking eastward from Tol-pedn Penwith, the conical headland with an islet off it, is *Polostoc*, "the cap," beyond which we reach *Porthgwarra*, said to be the descendant of a Breton fishing-village. The little cove is paved, and here two tunnels have been made through the granite cliff on the east. There is nothing to detain the tourist here, and the *disjecta membra* of fish and fishing gear give an untidy and at times an unsavoury air to the spot. Half a mile east of Porthgwarra we reach *Porth Chapel*, so named from a baptistry of St. Levan, the scanty ruins of which will be found near the cliffs before crossing the small brook that here runs down from *St. Levan Church-town*, $\frac{1}{4}$ mile up the valley. **St. Levan's Church** is small but interesting, and on the right hand as we approach the south porch with its sun dial, is a fine *cross*. There is another on the north side. In the porch is a holy-water stoup. The earliest portion of the church is the north transept, Early English. Some bench ends, the remains of the screen and the font, should be noticed, also the Lich-gate on the east side of the churchyard, through which goes the path to Porth Curnow (the

Cornish Port), our next object of interest. It may also be reached from St. Lavan by returning to the coast. The latter, somewhat longer, affords a fine view of Trereen Dinas. At **Porth Curnow**, where a valley opens to the shore, we have beautiful sands bounded on either hand by fine rocks. From this point the Falmouth and Gibraltar Cable is laid, the houses of the officials being in the valley. Under bright sunshine the lover of the sea will pause to note, how, as the long ground-swell rolls in majestically, the crest, as it breaks, shows cornelian and topaz tints of exquisite delicacy, and then runs over the sands in creamy foam. The number of rare shells to be picked up on the sands at Porth Curnow is considerable, and usually undamaged specimens are freely to be had beneath the little ridges of sand left by the ripples of the falling tide. After our walk thus far, a hasty dip, for which no better place could be devised, will refit us for a leisurely ramble towards **Trereen Dinas**, now $\frac{3}{4}$ mile to the east. If the tourist does not mind a steep descent he should certainly go down to *Trereen Cove*, which is just west of that promontory. This can be reached by a break-neck path, and from it as from nowhere else are seen the sheer cliffs and romantic towers and spires of the Dinas or Castle. The Logan rock is on the summit of the pile which rises abruptly on the right of a depression about the middle of the Castle. Returning to the top of the cliffs by the way we came we make straight for the isthmus, which connects the promontory with the mainland. The headland was once a cliff-castle, and its landward defences can be traced along a series of mounds. Passing through an entrance in another protecting bank that runs across the neck, we are opposite an opening between two huge piles of granite. Through this our path runs to the **Logan Rock**. To reach this rock a little climb up the rock to the right is required, but to anyone not troubled with over sensitive nerves there is neither difficulty nor danger, and we venture to add, no reward! The story of the upsetting of rock in 1824 by Lieut. Goldsmith and its replacement by tackling borrowed from the Admiralty is too threadbare to be repeated. Those who are cragsmen can climb to the highest point of the headland called Castle Peak, and there they will be rewarded by a really fine view of the coast in both directions and of the rugged castle itself. From the entrance to the castle it is a long half-mile to the "Logan" Inn at Trereen. The path, a little difficult to hit at first, crosses at right angles to the wires, a wall just in a grassy corner, and having a slight depression on the right. For part of the way it is carried along the top of the wall. The inn lays itself out rather to supply the wants of the passer-by than those of the wayfarer, who would fain tarry for the night. It offers fair accommodation, however. From Trereen it is about $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles *riâ* St. Buryan (*Inn*) to Penzance, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Sennen and 4 miles to Land's End Hotel.

Penzance (by *St. Buryan*, $5\frac{1}{2}$ m.) to the **Logan Rock** and the **Land's End**.

As far as Lower Hendra, $3\frac{1}{2}$ m., see pp. 126-7. There we ascend to the left and over the next brow, cross the valley by a kind of causeway. When over the next brow, a tall pillar-stone is seen on the right and then we descend to another small valley.

When, a few yards up the hill beyond, a by-road diverges, left, the archæologist may take it to *St. Buryan* and try and find the "Stone Cross" and "Stone Circle" shown in the new Ordnance map. We spent some time in vain, Jan., 1888.

St. Buryan (Inn : *Ship*) is a bleakly placed village ($5\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Penzance) only noticeable for its **Church**, of which the fine tower, 90 ft. high and over 400 feet above the sea is seen far and wide. There is an old Cross close to the entrance to the churchyard, and another close to the S. Porch. Inside the church notice the beautifully carved beams and the panels at the back of a seat on either side of the chancel—these were parts of the roodscreen. Under the tower is a 13th cent. tomb with a French inscription : "Clarice, wife of Geoffrey de Boleit."

St. Buriëna, one of the Irish ascetics (said to have been the daughter of a king), settled here in the 6th cent. Athelstan defeated the Cornish king Howel in 926—8, and in gratitude founded a collegiate church in honour of the saint, but of that nothing remains.

From *St. Buryan* to *Trereen* the route, 3 miles, calls for no description. The latter place is reached after a sharp descent to and climb out of the valley, down which a stream runs to *Penberth Cove*. At *Trereen* is the *Logan Inn*, and thence it is a long half mile to **Trereen Dinas**, or "Castle," and the **Logan Rock** (for the *Castle*, &c., see p. 131). The finest view of the promontory is from the west. **Penberth Cove**, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile east, lying between *Cribba Head*—the crested head—on the west and *Pedn-sa-wanack* on the east, is worth including in a visit to the *Logan*. It is at the mouth of perhaps the pleasantest of the many pleasant little combs that nestle along the coast. Like *Porthgwarra* it is paved with large stones, and in a cottage or two live the few fishermen whose lobster-pots and other trade-gear lie about the cove.

From *Trereen* to the *Land's End*, 4 m., the road is dull. The cliff-walk is superb ; see p. 129.

Penzance to **Newlyn**, 1 m. ; **Mousehole**, 3 m. ; **Lamorna**, 5 m. by cliffs.

This as far as *Mousehole* is a delightful drive or walk. From that village carriages going on to *Lamorna* have to take a very devious course inland of 3 miles, to attain a point that in a direct line is but little over $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Pedestrians, west from *Mousehole* have a fine walk for most of the distance high up on the sea slopes.



A detailed historical map of the southern tip of South Africa, showing the coastline, major towns, and mountain ranges. The map is oriented with North at the top. Key locations include Cape Town, Stellenbosch, Paarl, Swellendam, and the southernmost point, Cape Agulhas. The map is labeled with various geographical features and includes a scale bar at the bottom right.

THE LANDS END

Carriage Roads described in the Book
Foot Roads wholly or in part

$$i_1 \quad i_2 \quad i_3 \quad i_4 \quad \dots \quad i_n$$
Foot Roads wholly or in part

We leave Penzance by the coast road from the W. end of the Esplanade and in 1 *m.* reach *Newlyn*, a quaint but ill-built fishing village. Over the bridge we turn to the left and soon make a turn inland and then a turn seaward down to the shore (on paper quite an undescrivable labyrinth) and crossing a bit of sand ascend to the sea-front above the cliff. Hence to Mousehole the road overlooks Gwavas Lake as this part of Mount's Bay is called. **Mousehole** is another fishing village. It is more artistic than cleanly, and will not, in spite of its old fashioned aspect, tempt the tourist to tarry. It occupies the mouth of two converging combs; at head of one, half a mile north, is Paul. The derivation of 'Mousehole' is unknown, though it is quite certain that it has no connection with 'mouse hole' and the cavern close by so called. The village suffered from a descent of the Spaniards in 1595, who then also burnt Paul church and part of Penzance. The old manor-house, part of which is now the Keigwin Arms, should be noticed. The island opposite the southern end of the village is St. Clement's, and once had a chapel.

Paul Church has little claim on the tourist's attention except as the burial place of Dolly Pentreath, d. 1778. She is commonly said to have been the last person who spoke Cornish, but the truth of this is open to question. A granite memorial, recording her death, was in 1860 built into the church-yard wall. A field-path cuts off an angle of the road on the way back to Penzance.

For Lamorna we ascend the steep road which follows the cliff-top S. of Mousehole, but instead of taking the road which presently strikes up to the right we keep straight on and about 50 yards beyond the last of the cottages get over a stile on the right. This is the beginning of a footpath which soon joins another and runs more or less parallel with the coast along the sea slopes. It from time to time becomes a farm road as it passes successively through the farm hamlets of *Lower, Middle, and Upper Kemyell*, which being in sight of one another make the route unmistakable. From the last named the path gets narrow and steep as it drops to the hamlet of **Lamorna** (*Pub. Ho.*) at the head of Lamorna Cove. Here the granite quarries have greatly disfigured *Carn-du*, the eastern promontory.

A mile up the valley, pleasantly wooded, we join the lower road from Penzance to the Logan. Across it, seen from the road, is the manor house (now a farm-house) of **Trewoofe** (*pron. Troof*) with an old doorway. Turning left here it is $\frac{1}{2}$ *m.* up to **Boleit** (*pron. Belay*—accent on 'lay'). Here Athelstan is said to have gained in 936 his final victory over the Cornish. Boleit means "the place of slaughter." Here also is a remarkable *jougou* (underground passage or cave) lined and roofed with slabs of granite. On the right of the road, just above the hamlet, appear the two great pillar-stones, **the Pipers**. When the road runs into another at right angles take the footpath on its far side. This leads, in a few hundred yards, through the stone circle (of 19 stones and 76 feet diameter) known as the **Merry Maidens**—maidens and pipers turned to stone for dancing on Sunday!

This circle can be visited direct (abt. 1 *m.*) from Lamorna and the cliff walk next described joined at St. Loy. To do this take the road on the left a short distance inland from the Pub. Ho. at Lamorna. It is the one joined at right angles (see above) near the Pipers. From the Merry Maidens the path at once rejoins the road and $\frac{1}{2}$ *m.* W., at cross-roads, is a *cross*. Here, or $\frac{3}{4}$ *m.* onward we can turn left for the cliff.

Lamorne to Penberth, $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. by the cliffs, and the Logan, $5\frac{1}{2}$ m.

This extension of the walk in the last section will connect with that between the Land's End and the Logan and so complete the view of the south shore of the peninsula. The first point after quitting Lamorna is *Tater-du*. Thence round a bay and across a combe we reach *Boscawen Point* having again entered on the granite which is here finely piled up. Trereen Dinas now stands boldly out to sea a couple of miles to the westward. From Boscawen we turn away a little from the cliffs to avoid the bad "going" along them, and then descend into a charming little wooded valley and by it rejoin the coast at **St. Loy's Cove**. From the top of the next headland, Merthen Point, we look right into *Penberth Cove*, but before reaching it have another combe or rather pair of combes to cross this side of Pedn-sa-wanack. (For Penberth and the Logan, see pp. 132, 131.)

St. Michael's Mount.



The mount, 3 m. east of Penzance, is opposite to the long straggling street of **Marazion**. (Inns : *Godolphin, Marazion*. Post arr. 8.25 a.m., 3.25 p.m.; dep. 9.30 a.m., 4.5 p.m.) The road follows the shore-line all the way, but for the first 2 m. has the railway between it and the sea. Pedestrians will be spared this uninteresting half hour's walk, and have a better view by proceeding by rail. Marazion, or Market Jew (both names are supposed to mean markets), has a long history, but though pleasantly placed offers nothing to detain the tourist, who before or after low water can walk along the causeway to the Mount ($\frac{1}{2}$ mile), or at other times proceed by boat (*fare, 6d. per head*). The greenstone rock on the right of the causeway is called *Chapel Rock*, though the Chapel of St. Catharine, which is said once to have stood upon it, has left no traces of its existence. The Mount as we near it reveals at a glance all it has to show. Along its northern base is its village (Inn : *St. Aubyn Arms*) with the harbour on the west sheltering a few small craft. Above rises the steep granite Tor of which the Mount consists, and on its top the castle with its square central tower. The height of the top of the tower above the shore at low water is 238 ft. At low water the circuit of the island can be made, though the rough scramble is little remunerative. The ascent to the castle is by a steep rocky path, a little way up which we pass the Giant's well, that has nothing about it to interest us or to justify its name. Thence we ascend to a gate-way with the remains of a guard-house on the left and a sentry-box on the right. Still ascending we reach a platform on which are guns bearing the arms of the

St. Aubyn family who have owned the Mount for more than 200 years. On the left a flight of steps leads to the castle door. The two apartments that are of interest are the "chevy chase" **hall** and the **chapel**. The former of these was originally the refectory of the Priory, and gets its present name from the frieze, which represents the chase of a very varied quarry. The oak-roof is modern and heavy, but some of the furniture of the room is old and curious. The chapel is Perpendicular. In the south wall of the chancel a low doorway communicates with a small chamber, in which, when its entrance was discovered early in the present century, was found a skeleton alleged to be that of Sir John Arundell, who was killed in an attack on the Mount in 1471, when attempting to recover it from the Earl of Oxford, who after the Royal victory at Barnet had seized it by a ruse. These bones were buried outside the chapel on its northern side. A narrow staircase leads from the chapel to the top of the tower, whence a fine view of the bay and its shores is obtained. At the south-west angle is 'St. Michael's Chair,' so called, the ruin of a stone lantern from which a beacon-light used long ago to be exhibited for the benefit of the fishermen. The true "chair" is a rock on the west of the Mount. Lord St. Levan has spent £30,000 on alterations and additions, but architecturally the castle is unsatisfactory. We have only space for the briefest possible **history** of the Mount. Hither S. Keyne is said to have come from Ireland as early as 490 on a pilgrimage to a spot already hallowed by the vision of the archangel Michael to some hermits. In 1407 Edward the Confessor granted it to *Mons S. Michaelis in periculo maris* off the Normandy coast, and a Priory of Benedictines was established here. It does not appear to have suffered as an alien priory in the 13th and 14th centuries, nor was it suppressed under the Act of 1414, though it was afterwards assigned *temp.* Henry V. to Sion nunnery. As already mentioned, in 1471 the Mount was seized by the Earl of Oxford, who here defended himself so gallantly that his offence was forgiven. Some few years later Lady Catharine Gordon, who had been married by James IV. of Scotland to Perkin Warbeck, "Richard IV," took refuge here, and later on, when in 1549 the Cornish rose against the use of the reformed Prayer Book, the Mount passed more than once to and from the rebels and the royal forces. Like the rest of Cornwall, St. Michael's sided with Charles I., but was captured by the forces of the Parliament. The Mount, eventually, soon after the Revolution, became the property of the St. Aubyn family, and is the seat of Lord St. Levan.

Penzance by Marazion, $3\frac{1}{4}$ m.; to Helston, 13 m.

For omnibuses see *Yellow sheet*. Rail route (20 m.) is by Gwinear Road.

This route calls for no description, as it is uninteresting, and for some miles skirts the southern side of a desolate mining district. The two hills prominent on the left of the road, soon after leaving

Marazion, are Godolphin, 495 feet, and Tregonning, 596 feet, the latter of which affords a very extensive view. At $9\frac{3}{4}$ miles we pass on the left the village of Breage, and then in another 3 miles reach the bridge over the Looe river and so enter **Helston** (Pop., 3,432. Hotels: *Angel, Star*, 10 min. from station. *Omnibuses to Falmouth, the Lizard, Penryn and Penzance*; see *Yellow sheet*), an uninteresting town consisting mainly of one long and very steep street. From the station-road, turn to the right and keep on straight down. At the foot of the street is a memorial-archway. The hotels face each other a little higher up.

We are already quite outside the limits of the district of which this volume professes to treat in detail, and it must therefore suffice to mention that the coast-walk (described fully in *S. Devon and S. Cornwall*) from Cuddan Point as far as Looe Bar, and thence by the side of Looe Pool to Helston, 14 to 15 miles from Marazion Station, according to the exactness with which we hug the shore line, is of much beauty and interest. The pedestrian with plenty of time (there is a small inn at Porthleven: *Commercial*) will be amply rewarded for his fatigues, and if he wishes to push on towards the Lizard without going to Helston, he can by crossing Looe Bar (follow cart track, so as to avoid soft spots) proceed along the coast by Gunwalloe and sleep at Mullion, 19 m. to 20 m. In this way, by an early start the next morning, the best of the Lizard coast, viz., from Mullion Cove round to Cadgwith (good inn) some 12 miles, in and out, and up and down, might be included and the omnibus to Helston met where the road from Ruan Minor runs, $2\frac{1}{4}$ m. from Cadgwith, into the one direct to the Lizard.

The Lizard.



Approaches: rail to Helston, Penryn, or Falmouth; for 'bus services see *Yellow Sheet*.

Under this name is included the whole of the peninsula south of the Helford estuary. The isthmus, measuring from Gweek, at the head of that tidal arm of the sea to Looe Pool, is a trifle over three miles in width. As seen either from the east or west the skyline of the district is singularly unbroken, and a closer acquaintance reveals the fact that the peninsula is a tableland, with only comparatively minor undulations, and averaging from 200 to 300 feet above the level of the sea. Its greatest elevation is on *Goonhilly Downs* in the centre, where according to the Ordnance survey it reaches 368 feet. Geologically the peninsula consists of two formations, the division between them, to speak roughly, being a line drawn from *Polurrian Cove* on the west, to *S. Keverne* on the east. North of this line the rocks are Devonian, south of it Trappean, of which last group Serpentine, so called from its resemblance to the skin of a serpent, is largely represented.

It is owing to this latter formation that the southern portion of the district is so generally barren, whilst its flora is distinguished by the abundant growth of the Cornish heath, *Erica vagans*, a plant only to be found in England in this district and, according to Mr. Blight, on Connor Down, near Gwinear Road Station.

Most persons visiting the Lizard District proceed direct from Helston to Lizard Town, and from thence make such examination of the eastern and western sides of the peninsula as their time allows. This is certainly the best thing to do if limited to a day or two, because within walking distance of Lizard Town are some of the most beautiful and interesting portions of the coast. Those with more leisure are recommended to make *Mullion* on the western side, and *Cadgwith* on the eastern side, as well as *Lizard Town* on the south their resting places. At each of these good accommodation is to be had, and in their immediate neighbourhoods are coast scenes that will reward the traveller who explores them deliberately. There is little or nothing in the interior of the peninsula to interest the tourist, but its coast-line is as attractive as its inland portions are the reverse.

Helston to Lizard Town, $10\frac{1}{2}$ m.

This is the only route for which public conveyances are available. It requires but the briefest description, as it is singularly devoid of interest. Leaving Helston, the road at once begins to ascend to the watershed bounding the basin of the Helford river on the west. It keeps along this watershed for some $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, when it crosses a depression to *Cury Cross Lanes* ($4\frac{3}{4}$ m. ; Inn).

Here a road goes off on the right to *Cury* (1 m.) and *Gunwalloe* (2 m. ; p. 138), and a little further on, another on same side to *Mullion* ($1\frac{3}{4}$ m. ; p. 133).

Cury Church, restored, has a Norman south-door with an enriched tympanum. The north aisle-roof is of carved oak, and at the junction of the Bochym aisle and the chancel is a hagioscope. The rood-loft stairs remain, and in a bench-end near the door is a curious alms-box. A cross, 9 ft. high, is close to the entrance gate of the churchyard.

Shortly afterwards, as the road dips to the stream running to *Poljew*, on the left are the grounds of *Bonithon*, and on the right those of *Bochym*. At *Bochym*, a many-gabled and picturesque mansion, amidst pleasant woods, are preserved some stone implements that, in 1869, were found in a quarry hard by, and on the lower part of the estate, in a small plantation just outside the lodge gates, is a group of fine rocks, the topmost of which is called the Fire Rock. *Goonhilly Downs* are now on the left hand, and Cornish Heath tells us that we have reached the magnesian soil which alone contents it.

We are now about half-way to Lizard Town, and the road thither is for the rest of the distance straight and in a direction due south. The tower-like object on the right of the road, just after passing *Ruan Major*, half a mile on the left, is the remnant of an old windmill. In the bare featureless district we are crossing, this almost becomes an object of interest, and apart from being a good landmark for those who, rambling, may have lost their way, it indicates to the traveller along the road we have

come, that he is now 2 miles only from **Lizard Town**. (Inns : *Hill's Lizard Hotel, Lugg's. Post, del. abt. 10 a.m. ; desp. 2.50 p.m., weekdays only.*)

This, in spite of its designation, is a mere village, consisting of a few cottages, some fair lodgings and boarding houses, and the inns above named. It is situated about half-a-mile from the sea on the west and south, and half as much again on the east. The *bathing place* is Housel Cove (p. 142), just east of the lighthouses.

Coast Walk round the Lizard Peninsula.

We now proceed to make the circuit of the peninsula, commencing at the north-west. The tourist, with either Mullion, Lizard Town, or Cadgwith, as his head-quarters will, with the aid of the index, readily turn to the description of such portions as he proposes to visit.

Helston by Penrose, Looe Bar, 3 m. ; Gunwalloe, 6 m. ; to Mullion, 7 m.

For nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ -mile after quitting Helston we keep the Cober river on the right hand to the head of *Looe Pool*, a narrow lake about $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. long, formed by the damming up of the river by Looe Bar, and formerly noted for a peculiar kind of trout. We then cross the stream and follow the west side of the pool, and through the Park of *Penrose* to *Looe Bar* (3 m.), a delightful walk. Looe Bar is formed of pebbles cast up by the sea. In times of flood it has to be cut through to relieve the pool, but this seldom happens more than once a year.

Carminowe Mill and all that remains of the Manor-house and Chapel of **Wynanton**, are on the bank of Carminowe Creek, on the east side of Looe Pool.

Crossing the bar, for the next mile the shore consists of a small shingle and sand, and by following the wheel tracks quicksands will be avoided. Soon, after the cliffs approach the water-line, we reach *Gunwalloe Cove*, bounded on the south by *Halzaphron Cliffs*. Hence we get a pleasant view across Mount's Bay. Crossing the headland and skirting another small bay we arrive at **Gunwalloe Church** (6 m.), which occupies a dip, sheltered but slightly by the promontory called *Castle Mount*. The Church (restored) dates from the early part of the 15th century. The belfry-tower, formed of the solid rock of the hill-side on the N., S. and W., is detached from the rest of the building. The bowl of a Norman font is under the west window, and has broad-arrows, symbolical of the Holy Trinity, round it. At the south-east corner of the chancel wall is a Cross.

Proceeding onward we still follow the cliffs till, in half-a-mile, we are overlooking the sandy inlet of *Poljew*. Passing round its head we quit for a time the coast and mount the hill to *Mullion*. If continuing by coast, instead of going inland to Mullion, then Mullion Cove (p. 139) is $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Gunwalloe Church.

Mullion (Inns: *Old, King's Arms*), about 7 m. from Helston.

This church-town is 6 miles from Helston and $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Lizard Town by road. Its claims on the traveller are threefold: the church; the cove, and the cave; and last, but not least, the excellent "Old Inn," happily still under the rule of Miss Mary Munday. Here, taking care to bespeak accommodation, the tourist will do well to tarry awhile. The *church*, Perpendicular, restored in 1870, is of considerable interest. Over the west window of the tower is sculptured a crucifix with St. Mary and St. John. Some portions of the old *rood screen* still remain, and the carved *bench ends* are considered by competent judges to be among the best, if not the very best, in the county.

Mullion by Mullion Cove and Kynance Cove to Lizard Town (cliff walk, $7\frac{1}{2}$ m.).

From Mullion the coast-walk can be resumed at the pretty sandy *Polurrian Cove*, which is about $\frac{3}{4}$ m. from the village, or at *Mullion Cove*, a trifle over a mile, south-west, where is a life-boat station. If possible choose a falling tide, towards low water, and if proceeding to Kynance, which also needs low water for its thorough exploration, there is no time to lose. *Mullion Cove* is very picturesque, and on the left a narrow natural archway leads to **Mullion cave**. This is a splendid recess, hollowed out by the waves, in the serpentine, and the view from within it is particularly beautiful. The entrance, like an irregular low pointed arch, exactly frames *Mullion Island*, which lies about a mile off the shore. In the mid-distance is an irregular islet, and the foreground is filled in by a smooth bit of sea, a patch of sand and a few rocks. To the left of Mullion Island we just catch sight of the Mullion Gull Rock. Returning to Mullion Cove by the way we came, a steep little climb lands us on the high ground, and we proceed southward towards *Pradunack Head*. If we are to reach Kynance before the tide flows we must make haste, for there is yet a good $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles to traverse, by the cliffs.

The view from the high ground across the bay is delightful. We make out St. Michael's Mount, and beyond it Penzance. *Mullion Island*, a cliff-girt little triangle rising to a point at its western apex, is now overlooked, and close under the headland is the *Gull Rock*, above named, standing up boldly.

Vellan Head is the next point passed, and then we skirt the margin of *Gue Graze*, which involves a descent to near the sea-level. Mounting again we have before us the curiously profiled *Horse*, which, as we proceed, we shall see in an "edge" far too sharp to tempt us aside to peril our necks by trying to ride it. On our way to it we can peer over a sheer, black precipice bounding a small semi-circular cove. Here, accessible only by boat, is a large cave called *Pigeon Hugo*.

The bold promontory next after the Horse is *Rill Head*, itself worthy of notice, but most in favour for the fine view obtained from it of Kynance Cove. **Kynance Cove** ($1\frac{1}{4}$ m. direct from Lizard Town; *small lodging houses*; *refreshments*) however viewed, is certainly a remarkable spot. Perhaps it appears best from the Rill Head when the tide is high. It then and thence presents

itself as a cliff-bound bay, guarded on its further side by *Old Lizard Head*. From the midst of the bay rise numerous rocky islands of various shapes, all of fine outline, and most of them apparently so steep as to be unclimbable, and certainly so on their western fronts. Viewed from *Tor Balk*, on the other side of the cove, the scene is so different as hardly to be recognised as that of the same place, especially if now the tide has ebbed. We then have below us a sandy little cove, to which runs down a rocky irregular shore with two or three cottages, and across the cove what from the west appeared as islands now seems to form a continuous headland. This is the view of the cove which on the whole most commends itself to us, and it is one which those approaching from Lizard Town and ascending the pile of rocks called the *Tor Balk* (corrupted into *Tar Box*) obtain. Nothing more varied and picturesque in outline than the "promontory" occurs on the Cornish coast. It appears nearly severed from the mainland, from which it at first stretches as a huge round-backed mass with turf on its summit, and cave-pierced cliffs on its eastern face. This is *Asparagus Island*. Thence seaward it suddenly rises in a ragged tor—the *Kynance Gull Rock*—beyond which, across a sharp dip, is the elevated and precipitous mass which forms its extremity. When the tide is out there are several caves that can be reached. Two, called the *Drawing Room* (or *Kitchen*) and the *Parlour*, are on the mainland opposite *Asparagus Island*.

Asparagus Island itself has a cavern (*Devil's Throat*) that pierces it, and a couple of blow-holes known as the "*letter box*" and "*post office*." It is easy to scramble on to *Asparagus Island* from the west, and not very difficult from the east. The *Gull Rock* is divided from it by a narrow channel, which the sea never quits.

We have hurried along to reach Kynance at low water. It is certainly not a cove to be hurriedly contemplated. The tourist will hardly fail to make some small purchases of serpentine or of the still more beautiful steatite as a tangible memorial of his visit. Those who care to be "personally accompanied" round the cove will in the season find a choice of guides.

Leaving Kynance to resume our walk along the cliff, we first ascend to **Tor Balk** for the view of the cove described above, and then, crossing a tiny rill, climb for a little way. **Yellow Carn**, a sheer cliff of 200 ft. in height, is next on the right, and off it the isolated rock of *Enys Vean*. We then skirt the cliffs overlooking *Pentreath Beach*, after passing which a descent has to be made to another little stream at *Caerthillian* (see next paragraph). We are now only half-a mile from *Lizard Town*, and probably feel that we have earned refreshment. If so, our course is up the valley.

Coast route continued from Caerthillian by Lizard Light-houses to Lizard Town, 2 to 2½ m.

The pedestrian, anxious to push on and see as much as possible of the west of the peninsula before proceeding to Lizard Town,

can from Caerthillian still keep to the cliffs. The serpentine is there quitted, and the patch of mica-slate which forms the south-west of the peninsula, entered upon. In $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile he will pass the little cove called *Crane*, and, $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile beyond that, arrive at *Old Lizard Head*. This is the name given to the westernmost of the three adjacent points that form the south-west angle of the peninsula. The view back, past Kynance to Rill Head, is now particularly fine. On the way to the next cove we pass *Pistol Meadow*. Here were buried such of the bodies, some 200 in number, as were washed ashore from a terrible wreck that occurred in the early part of the last century. Anyone in the neighbourhood will tell the gloomy tale, but we have failed to get definite particulars as to date and name of vessel. Off the old Lizard Head, a little to the east, will have been noticed two groups, or rather broken ridges, of rocks. On the easternmost of these a Government transport with some 700 men on board struck, every man of whom, with the exception of two, perished. The reef thenceforward has been known as *Men of War Rocks*, a name sufficiently like the old one, *Mên-an-cawr* (great stones).

Polpeer Cove is now close by. This is one of the little fishing ports of the neighbourhood, and a lifeboat station. At low water a remarkable *cave* may be visited that runs through the western boundary of the cove. Just east of Polpeer we arrive at the southernmost point (lat. $49^{\circ} 57' 32''$), locally known as *the Batha*. It does not appear to ordinary mortals to project further seaward than its immediate neighbours, but we do not venture to question the accuracy of the Ordnance surveyors. Above us now rise the twin towers of the **Lizard Lighthouses** (visitors admitted, except on Mondays and after the lamps are lit). These are connected by a range of buildings, and stand on ground nearly 200 feet above the sea. They exhibit two fixed (electric) lights, and are provided with a siren fog-horn against thick weather. Until the erection of the lighthouse on the Wolf Rock, off the Land's End, they were of even more importance than at present, as a ship coming up Channel by keeping the two lights in line thereby gives a wide berth, of some 4 miles, to that dangerous rock.

Off the point just east of the lighthouses, to the edge of which the turf slopes rapidly, is the isolated rock called the *Bumble*, the base of which can be reached at low water. The bay to the east is Housel Cove, and the fine headland on its far side Penolver. Before striking inland to Lizard Town, the pedestrian should proceed a little way beyond the lighthouses to the **Lion's Den**. This is a pit similar to the Funnel near Tol-pedn-Penwith (*p.* 130). It was formed suddenly during the night of February 19th, 1847, by the giving way of the roof of the innermost portion of *Daws Huga*, a sea-cave that here runs under the cliff. At first its sides were sheer and its bottom level, and covered with the turf that had quietly sunk down some 40 feet. By degrees the sea washed out the soil, whilst the sides of the pit cracked and crumbled. It is

now a square, rough-sided funnel communicating directly with the sea by the cave, and is interesting chiefly as showing the manner in which these cavities have been formed. We shall, near Cadgwith, see another example—the Frying Pan (*p.* 143)—of the same phenomenon. It is about half-a-mile by a rough road from the lighthouses to Lizard Town (*p.* 137).

Lizard Town by Housel, Belidden, and Lizard Coves to Landewednack, 2 m., and back to Lizard Town, 2½ m.

The distances given in this and other cliff-and-cove excursions are only approximate, and are merely intended to furnish the visitor, unacquainted with the neighbourhood, with a rough estimate. **Housel Cove** is at the head of the bay of the same name. It is now approached from Lizard Town by a much better road than formerly, and is the recognised *bathing place*. Penolver is a fine object on its eastern side. From the head of the gully leading down to Housel we take the coast-path that runs eastward to **Penolver**. This rugged headland rises at its extremity in a pile of hoary lichen-covered rocks. On either hand the view is delightful—on the west the bay and cove of Housel, with the lighthouses and the Lizard Point and the Bumble on the far side. On the east we look down into the amphitheatre and narrow cove of **Belidden**, from which the Direct Spanish Cable is laid to Bilbao. On the opposite side of this bay projects *Beast* (or Bass) *Point*. Leaving Belidden, in a short distance we reach, near the edge of the cliff, an arrangement of rock slabs that is known as *the chair*, from which we get a noble view of the east side of Penolver. On *Beast Point* are the offices of the Direct Spanish Telegraph Company, and the Lizard signal station, with the name **LLOYDS** in enormous letters. Still keeping the coast-path we reach, after leaving *Beast Point*, *Hot Point*. Here is a *huer's hut*, such as we found on the headland at New Quay. It is used by the fishermen as a look-out, from which to observe the arrival of pilchard shoals. The watchman from this point commands a magnificent prospect eastwards of the gently curving bay that extends to *Black Head*, its eastern limit, 4½ miles distant in a bee-line. The flagstaff on the cliffs on the left, 1½ miles off, marks the Cadgwith coast-guard station. To the right of this the cliffs give place at *Kenack Cove* to a strip of sand. To the right of *Black Head* is seen *Dodman Point* beyond *Falmouth*, and in the extreme distance *Rame Head* on the west of the entrance to *Plymouth Sound*. The next cove—a small one, and though rocky not in any way remarkable, is *Kilcobben*, and then in a few hundred yards we descend sharply to **Lizard Cove** or, as it is marked on the Ordnance map, *Perran Vose*. This, like *Polpeer* already noticed (*p.* 141), is a little port, if such a term can rightly be applied to a cove where an occasional cargo of coals is landed and a few fishing boats are hauled up on the shore. From the cove we ascend by a steep road, ½-mile, to **Landewednack**—the Church Town of the parish. The church has several points of

interest, the chief of which are the groined roof of the porch, the Norman doorway surrounding a smaller Perpendicular doorway, and the font, bearing the name of the rector, Richard Bolham, who carved it at the beginning of the 15th century. There is also a hagioscope. Landewednack is reputed to have been the church in which the last sermon in the Cornish language was preached, "not long before the year 1678." *Borlase*. It is the most southerly church in England. Returning to Lizard Town, an old and rude *Cross* may be seen about half-way.

Lizard Town to Cadgwith. Weather permitting, and it needs a calm sea, this expedition should be made by boat from Lizard Cove. Thence along the coast the row is not more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The coast-guard path follows the top of the cliff, and is indicated in places by whitened stones. It calls for no particular description. The main object of interest on the route is the *Frying Pan*, near Cadgwith, and an account of this will be found below. Supposing the tourist to have taken a boat at Lizard Cove, the first noteworthy object is the precipitous cliff, called the *Balk*. Half-a-mile beyond this he is off *Polbarrow Core*, where is a small cave (accessible only at low water) showing serpentine, hornblende, and diallage. Just beyond this, under *Carnbarrow*, is a natural archway, and then immediately we are opposite **Raven's Hugo**, so called from the birds that frequent a ledge on the face of the cliff above its mouth. This cave is of no particular interest, but its narrow entrance is draped with *Asplenium Marinum*, which here grows more luxuriantly than at any other spot we remember, except perhaps Mousehole (*p.* 133).

Dolor Hugo is the next cave but one. It is always filled by the sea, and hence the necessity of a calm day if the tourist is to visit it. It is a grand cavern in the serpentine, and the colours of the rock at the entrance are singularly rich. The boat can enter but a short distance, and the recesses of the cave have in consequence never been explored. Less than a quarter of a mile beyond this is the **Frying Pan**. This originally was doubtless a cave, but the waves, having eaten away the rock till a softer stratum was reached, the roof fell in, and, the *débris* having been gradually washed away, the recess assumed its present form—a huge funnel communicating with the sea by an archway. On its landward side it is nearly 200 ft. deep. The boat enters by the archway, and a landing can be made on the little patch of shingle at the bottom. The bushes growing from the cliff, high up, are tamarisk, and are said to be portions of a hedge which subsided. A short pull from the Frying Pan brings us to

Cadgwith (Inn: *Star Hotel*; Post, arr. about 11 a.m., *desp.* 1 p.m. week-days only. Post Town: *Ruan Minor R.S.O.* Telegraph Office: *The Lizard*, portage 1s.) is a delightful little fishing village at the mouth of a picturesque valley with a brook. It is a good stopping place for those who wish to explore the coast

by *Ynys Head*, just north of the village, *Caerleon Cove*, the *Poltesco Valley* (Serpentine works), *Black Head* and **Coverack** (7 m.; lodgings and small Inn). From Coverack *viâ St. Keverne* (5½ m.; small Inn), and *Helford Ferry* (8½ m.; Inn, with 3 or 4 beds, on N. side) to *Falmouth* is about 14½ m. See our *S. Devon and S. Cornwall*.

Scilly Isles.

Map facing page 152.

Penzance to Scilly Isles.

Distance to St. Marys, 40 m. Time 4 hrs.

Steamer from Penzance Pier (abt. $\frac{3}{4}$ m. from station), twice a week in winter, thrice or oftener in summer, abt. 10 a.m. Letters arrive and depart by the steamer. Telegraph Office at St. Marys.

Inns: St. Marys, *Hugh House Hotel*, *Tregarthen's*; Tresco, *Canteen*; Bryer, *Mountain Maid* (no beds).

Agnes and St. Martins are the only other inhabited islands of the group.

On leaving the extension pier at Penzance, an excellent view is obtained of the shores of Mount's Bay, and of Penzance, Newlyn, and Mousehole. Further on, Castle Trereen, capped by the Logan Rock, and bristling above and below with rocky peaks, makes its appearance, and soon after leaving it, we pass the bell-buoy which marks the **Rundle stone**. The cliffs and islets around and about the Land's End now begin to appear, first Tol-pedn Penwith, then in the distance Enys Dodnan, Land's End, and the Longships Lighthouse. As far as the Rundle stone the steamer keeps a course fairly close to the Cornish Coast, but when Tol-pedn Penwith is passed our way is more seaward, and clearing the Land's End we open up Cape Cornwall. About half-way from Penzance to Scilly we pass to the right of the **Wolf Lighthouse**. The Wolf rock, on which the lighthouse stands, was so called because of the roaring which wind and sea made when driven through a narrow aperture. This aperture was filled up with stones and pebbles by the fishermen, who imagined that the noise frightened away the fish!

Long before the cliffs of the mainland have faded from view an experienced look-out will make out the Scilly Isles. These appear as low breaks upon the horizon, at first undefined, then showing themselves to be rocks and low banks. The rocks will shortly be found to be the eastern islands, Great Ganilly and Hanjague, and of the low lying-banks, that to the right, with a conical daymark

upon it, is the eastern end of St. Martins, that to the left the island of St. Marys, with a telegraph tower upon its highest point. To Hugh Town, the chief collection of buildings in St. Marys and the destination of the steamer, there are two approaches by sea, and it depends upon the state of the tide which will be taken. By the direct approach we enter the Scilly Archipelago from the east, and pass through *Crow Sound* into *St. Marys Pool*, leaving St. Martins and Tresco on our right. Owing to the shallowness of the water at Crow Sound (Crow Bar, which extends from St. Marys towards St. Martins and Tresco, being at low tide little more than knee deep) this route, although the shortest, is not always available. The other approach to Hugh Town enters the archipelago on the south-east between the Gugh of Agnes and the south-western side of St. Marys, known as the Garrison, by way of *St. Marys Sound*, and so to St. Marys Road.

The Scilly Islands form an archipelago extending about 10 miles in length from N.E. to S.W. and with a maximum breadth from N.W. to S.E. of half that distance. By far the greater number are rocky islets, and the Scilly Rock, which lends its name to the group, is only one acre. The rock everywhere is granite, which weathers rapidly under the combined action of sea and air. Regarded merely as scenery the islands do not rank high, but the seas are often grand. The climate is very equable in temperature, but fogs and storms are common. The soil, so far as there is enough to cultivate, is fairly fertile, and after having long sent us our early potatoes, it now produces, in early spring, immense quantities of narcissus, which are gathered in bud and sent off to Covent Garden. The early potato culture fell off when the increase of railway facilities made the yet earlier grounds of Southern Europe the source of our supplies.

Herodotus mentions, but not of his own knowledge, "the islands Cassiterides (*i.e.* tin islands) from which tin is brought to us," and Diodorus Siculus distinguishes between the islands and Cornwall as sources of supply. It is, however, more than doubtful if the former ever yielded any quantity of the metal, and the probable explanation is that Scilly was credited with the tin brought by sea, and Cornwall with that which arrived through Gaul.

The Arthurian legends place the Land of Lyonesse between the islands and the mainland; *cf.* Tennyson's *The Passing of Arthur*, 57-62.

From the reign of Elizabeth till late in the last century the islands were held by the Godolphin family, now for many years they have been leased from the Crown by the family seated at Tresco Abbey (*p.* 150). During the Civil War the Royal cause was adhered to by the Scillonians, but the Parliamentary fleet, under Blake and Ayscue, took the islands in 1651.

St. Marys. (*Pop. abt. 1500.*)

The chief objects of interest in St. Marys, the largest and most important island of the archipelago, are :

- (a) Peninnis Rocks. (b) Old Town with its bay and cemetery.
- (c) Giant's Castle, Porthellick Bay, and the Cromlechs on Clapper Down. (d) The view from Telegraph Tower.

To a tolerably diligent pedestrian one day will suffice to inspect the lions of St. Marys. As a preliminary, however, it is advisable to walk around the *Garrison Hill*, which need not take up more than $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ hr. We start from the Terrace, in front of *Hugh House Hotel*. Beneath us lies **Hugh Town**, with its empty streets and its gardens. On the ridge or table-land to the left stands the Tele-

graph Tower with its flagstaff beside it. Hugh Town is seen to occupy an isthmus, which connects the Garrison Hill with the main body of the island. The bay to the left, as you look towards St. Marys Church, is St. Marys Pool. This is divided into two coves by Carn Thomas, a bold stack of granite 80 feet high. The farther Cove is called Pormellin Cove, and the bay to the right hand is Porcrasa Bay, and, overlooking it to the north-east, is Buzza Hill, with a windmill. About a mile to the right, the rugged rocks of Peninnis ("end of the island") form the eastern horn of Porcrasa Bay. Having thus noted the view at starting, we proceed to make the circuit of the garrison, proceeding southwards. An excellent road runs round the hill, and, for the greater part of the way, follows the line of the fortification wall. For the first 300 yards or so it skirts the western side of *Porcrasa Bay*, on the opposite side of which, towards its south-eastern horn, the Tooth Rock and the Monk's Cowl, granite rocks, so called from their shape, stand out on Peninnis Down. At the point where the road is cut for a yard or two through the granite the island of Agnes first comes into view, and then, as we bend round to the right, we see the Gugh of Agnes, a peninsula separated from Agnes at high tide. Then we notice Agnes' Lighthouse, and in the distance beyond and over Agnes, the Bishop Lighthouse. As the road still bears steadily to the right, the island of Annet appears, and is easily recognised by the Haycock Rocks which stand out upon the horizon, and mark its north-western extremity. From the Haycocks, for a space, the open sea towards the west forms the horizon. Then the rugged islet of Minalto, with its satellite rocks, followed immediately by the southern hill of Samson, comes into view. At the point we have now reached, the Garrison Walk diverges from the fortification walls and begins to slope upwards. When the top of the ascent is reached, the northern hill of Samson makes its appearance, and apparently—but only apparently—continuous with it the island of Bryer. Bryer is separated from the adjacent island of Tresco by a pretty little strait with winding shores. Hangman Island, like a miniature St. Michael's Mount, rises from the water in its narrowest part. The white sand beaches of Tresco, behind them Tresco Abbey, the residence of the Lord Proprietor of the islands (T. A. Dorrien-Smith, Esq.), the island of Tëan, and the island of St. Martin complete the views to be had from the Garrison Walk. From the sights of this walk we must not omit the **Star Castle**, which we shall pass as we again approach our starting point. It is at present the residence of the Lord Proprietor's steward (Mr. Allen), but was originally a fort, built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Over the portal the date 1593 and the initials E. R. (Eliz. Regina) may be read. The higher part of the wall is pierced for the ponderous muskets which formed the lighter artillery of the day. From the date and initials placed over the lower gateway, by which the Garrison precinct is entered, we learn the date of the walls and platforms, G.R. (*i.e.*, George II.) 1742.

(a) **Peninnis** is approachable from Hugh Town in two ways. One, a make-shift path, skirts *Porcrasa Bay*, another, commanding better views of the sea and of the Western islands, ascends *Buzza Hill*, passes the windmill and leads, by a lane which turns to the right, to a gate half-a-mile distant from the mill, and opens on *Peninnis Down*. Passing through the gate we make for a group of rocks a little to the right, and then below are seen the two points east and west of Peninnis, the latter, with its piled-up granite, being a very picturesque promontory. Midway between these points are the *Tooth Rock* and the *Monk's Cowl*, so called from their shape. These are part of a bold pile that, seaward, forms a precipice whose base is washed by the sea. The rocks here are everywhere fashioned by weathering into fantastic shapes, and their upper surfaces are occupied by rock-basins in various stages of formation or decay; some just forming, some fairly hollowed out, containing water and a few grains of granite, others disappearing, the outflow of water, at a particular point of the edge of the hollow, disintegrating the granite at that point and in time widening and deepening more and more, and turning the cup into a deep stone channel. A hundred yards or so onward is the **Pulpit Rock**, so named from its likeness to the sounding-board of a pulpit. This freak of nature is a slab of granite, kept in position by a block of the same material upon its northern end. The approach to the top of the sounding-board is easy, but to get beneath it involves a scramble. From the Pulpit Rock, northwards, a bay will be seen, alongside of which a tolerably-defined path takes us past *Carn Lea* to the old church at the head of the bay.

(b) This bay is called **Old Town Bay**, from the hamlet at its head, which was long ago the chief town of the island. The *Church*, part of which has been pulled down, formerly the only church on the island, now serves as a cemetery chapel. Inside, it has nothing of interest. The **Cemetery**, from its situation one of the most striking in the kingdom, has not been improved in appearance by the memorials which have been erected within the last few years. The gratuitous ugliness of two obelisks, which have not even the justification of marking the resting-places of persons buried within the cemetery (one is to the memory of the late Lord Proprietor, who is buried at St. Buryan, on the mainland, and the other to a lady who was lost in the *Schiller*, in May, 1875), is remarkable. Many other monuments tell the sad tale of wrecks. The visitor will notice the Australian palms and the aloes which thrive here. There is nothing remarkable about Old Town, except, perhaps, the *carn* of rocks which stands in the middle of it, called *Castle Carn*, and on which is said to have stood the chief stronghold of the islands. No traces of this remain.

From near *Castle Carn* an opening in the houses to the south takes us by a path through the fields to the head of the eastern cove of Old Town Bay, called *Permynis Bay*, and from this point

a rough path, hardly recognisable from time to time, goes along high-water line to the western slope of *Sallakey Down*.

(c) To reach **Giant's Castle** one can either walk round the coast, turning to the left from the head of *Permynis Bay*, or make a short cut up the hill across the Down. Giant's Castle may be easily recognised as the highest point of the Down overlooking the sea. It is one of those mysterious remnants of antiquity called "cliff-castles," and is the only one in the Scilly archipelago, though on the mainland of Cornwall and Wales they abound. Cliff-castles consist of some promontory or eminence abutting on the sea, and defended on the seaward side by inaccessible precipices. On the landward side they are defended by ditches and ramparts. *Trereen Dinas* (*p.* 131), on which is the famous Logan Rock, is one of the largest of such cliff-castles. By whom or for what purposes they were made is utterly unknown. Giant's Castle seems to have been defended by a series of terraces one above the other. Three at least may be made out, and these were formed partly by excavating the soil and partly by heaping up stones and builders of granite wall-wise. The accommodation offered by it must always have been of the smallest. The granite shelves, on the summit, afford interesting examples of rock-basins past and present, and the sea-view thence is good. At our feet lies *Porthellick*, "the bay of willows," of which Giant's Castle forms the western horn. Opposite, across the bay, are the Clapper Rocks, and behind, to the north, Clapper Down. On a ledge a little below the castle and to the west of it, rests a *Logan Stone*, which by continued pushing may be made to "log" very distinctly. From Giant's Castle to *Porthellick* the path lies along the western side of *Porthellick Bay*. Here the brig *Nerina*, of Dunkerque, came ashore keel upwards in the night 18-19 Nov., 1840. Four of her crew were in her and were saved, after an entombment of 70 hours. The upper part of the bay towards the north is left dry at high-water, and its eastern side is studded with granite boulders. At its northern end it is bordered by a strand of granite grains. Behind the strand is a slope of turf which stretches towards Holy Vale to the north, and is terminated by a large marsh-like pond of fresh water. The turf borders the granite strand the whole width of the cove, broken only by a strip of naked sand towards the east end, near where a little stream runs from the pond into the sea. Upon this little strip of sand hangs a tale, the only bit of romance that, as far as we know, clings to the islands. Let those who will, discredit it. This is how the tale was told us years ago:—

"When Admiral Shovel was sailing across the main on his way back to England, there was on board his ship a common seaman who kept for himself a reckoning of the vessel's course. This in itself was an unusual proceeding, very few sailors in those days possessing the necessary knowledge. The man declared that the ship's course would take her upon the rocks of Scilly, and this conclusion was brought to the knowledge of the officers. The

unfortunate man was court-martialed on a charge of inciting to mutiny, and then and there convicted and sentenced to be hung at the yard-arm. Before execution he asked, and got leave, to read aloud a portion of Holy Scripture. The portion he chose was the 109th Psalm. It spoke of him who 'remembered not to show mercy, but persecuted the poor and needy man, that he might even slay the broken in heart.' It invoked upon him, among many other woes, fewness of days, fatherless children, and a posterity cut off. In a few hours the reckoning of the unhappy man was proved to be correct; the vessel struck upon the Gillstone Rock, and was lost. The body of the admiral, still alive (it is whispered that he was murdered for the sake of a ring he wore by the tenant of Sallakey farm), was carried by the sea to Porthellick, and for a while rested on the spot of ground marked by that strip of sand, and ever since that time the grass has refused to grow there!"

On Clapper Down, close to Porthellick, and bordering the bay to the east, some dozen barrows, called by the inhabitants *giants' graves*, are worthy of a visit. Their sides and ends are of small stones rudely built up, and the tops are covered by large granite slabs laid across. The earth seems to have been mounded around them, and this makes them conspicuous as we ascend from Porthellick to the Down. No remains of flint or other implements have been discovered, which might serve as a clue to the builders, or as to the state of Scilly civilisation that witnessed their erection. From Clapper Down, a walk across the island, north-west, along some of the excellent roads, which preserve the memory of the late Lord Proprietor far more worthily than the ugly erection in Old Town cemetery, brings us to the

(d) **Telegraph Tower.** This tower, stationed on Telegraph Hill, the highest point in the island, is worth a visit solely on account of the extensive view of the islands which it commands. Its name is now misleading, as it has nothing to do with telegraphing, except as concerns the arrival of the Penzance steamer. It is a coast-guard station, and the coast-guard's man in charge readily permits visitors to ascend to the top of the tower, and is both willing and able to give the names of the numerous islands and islets in sight. To the north-east rises the eastern group of islands, Great Ganilly, Hanjague, and their satellites. To the north, St. Martins, stretching out low and long towards the west, then Tëan, St. Helen's, and Mën-an-vawr, "great stones." The last named isle is seen from this point to great advantage. From these the eye passes to Tresco, Bryer, Samson, and the north-western rocks; and last of all in the far south-west, the Bishop Lighthouse, the Haycock Rocks, Annet, the Western Rocks, and Agnes, conspicuous by its light-house. There is nothing of sufficient interest along the north-east shore of St. Marys to require description. Should the tourist be at Scilly on St. John's Eve, he will witness a miniature carnival, such as is held at Penzance. Bonfires are lit in the square at Hugh Town and on St. Martins.

Remaining Islands.

The interest of the remaining islands of the Scilly group is mainly that attaching to the varied rock-forms which granite assumes when exposed to perpetual wind and rain, to lonely sequestered bays everywhere fretted by the sea into the land, and to the varying colour, under sunshine, of the water, according as it covers rock or sea-weed, or white sand. To these attractions the island of **Tresco** (Pop. abt. 400; *Canteen Inn*, 8s. a day) adds those of the Abbey Gardens and the Piper's Hole. The **Abbey Gardens**, together with the House, are the creation of the late Lord Proprietor, Augustus Smith, Esq. The gardens are opened to tourists, accompanied by one of the gardeners, at all times; fee according to the discretion of the visitor. They are remarkable in two ways. For the products proper to a garden,—flowers, shrubs, and dwarf-trees of the most various kinds,—and for an unrivalled collection of figure-heads and other memorials of wrecked ships, which either singly or in groups meet the eye at every turn. Of the vegetable products only a botanist or gardener could give an adequate account. To see the gardens to the best advantage they should be visited towards the end of June or the beginning of July. The mesembryanthemums, which will have been observed in great beauty and profusion on the walls and hedges of St. Marys, grow to still greater perfection, and in still greater variety here. There are said to be upwards of thirty species. Besides mesembryanthemums there are tree-ferns from Australia (somewhat dragged), rock plants from Madeira, a musk-shrub, a twig of which will retain its fragrance for weeks, and the largest but one, it is said, eucalyptus in Europe.

Piper's Hole (5s. for a party; apply at *Canteen Inn*), the other lion of Tresco, is somewhat disappointing. The local guide books lead one to suppose that it must be a vast underground cavern containing a considerable pool or lake, whereas it is, in reality, nothing but a somewhat narrow passage or shaft which runs underground for about 200 yards. About 100 yards from the entrance the passage dips and rises again, and the water which drips unceasingly from the top collects in the depression, and has to be traversed in a boat. The depth of the water varies according to the time of the year, and in winter in places is said almost to reach the roof. When the water, which extends for a length of some 20 yards, has been passed, the visitor is landed upon a beach of fine granite gravel which extends to the end of the Hole. The only noticeable thing about this point of the cavern is the disintegration of the granite, which here takes place from below and not from above as in the rock basins. The walls glisten with moisture and crumble to the touch for a depth of $\frac{1}{4}$ in. In returning, the visitor, whose eyes by this time will have become used to the gloom, will notice boulders in the roof, seemingly ready to fall down. Between the water and the entrance the floor of the

cavern is strewn with similar masses that have fallen down in times past, and which, added to the darkness, make the entrance to this cave a rough walk.

Bryer (*Pop. abt. 100. Inn: Mountain Maid*; no beds), the island next to Tresco to the west, separated from it by a narrow strait fordable at low spring-tides, is worth visiting by those who can afford the time, on account of the views of rock and sea to be obtained in a walk round its shores, particularly to the west and north. To the south is **Samson**, the largest uninhabited island of the archipelago, separated at all times by deep water from Bryher, but at low spring tides approachable from Tresco along a narrow reef of rocks. Samson was converted by the late Lord Proprietor into a rabbit warren. One or two ruined cottages remain as vestiges of the few inhabitants some 40 years ago, and one or two barrows which were opened by the late Mr. Smith witness to a more remote occupation. To the west and south-west from Bryer an archipelago of rocks and islets, perpetually "laced with foam," opens upon the view, the most noticeable of which are Castle Bryer, so called from its shape, Gweal, Maiden Bower, and last, and among the least, the **Scilly Rock** (area 1 acre), from which the whole group takes its name. As seen from the north of Bryer this rock appears as a dark wall slightly elevated at two points towards its ends.

St. Helens. To the north-east of Tresco, separated from it by reefs and a deep sea-channel, rises St. Helens, or St. Elids, the latter the more ancient name. *Boatman's charge from St. Marys, 7s. 6d.*) To reach it, a Lizard Point in Tresco, said to be exactly in the same latitude as the better-known Lizard Point, has to be passed. The boat lands one on a strand of fine white sand, on the south of the island, some few feet in width, between two rough boulder walls. Close to the landing-place is the *Pest House*, now long disused, and far on the way to ruin. On the top of the island, 135 ft. above the sea, are the relics of a church, said to be that of St. Helen, or Elid. Enough remains to show that there was once a building, but not enough to give any clue to its character, or even, indeed, to the lines of its foundation. Troutbeck, if we rightly remember, says that in his time the church was one of a double nave—the ruins at present to be seen suggest rather a single-aisled church, with a cell for the resident hermit at the west end. From the site of the church there is a magnificent view of the adjoining islands, particularly of those to the north. To the east is the low length of St. Martins. Still nearer, between us and it, and almost at our feet, the islet of Tëan, with its many bays—not unlike an immense cuttle-fish, petrified and grass-grown. To the north, rise—sheer out of the sea—the seemingly inaccessible heights of Round Island, the summit of which is a few feet higher than the spot on which we stand. But the most remarkable object to be seen from this point is Mën-an-vawr, commonly called Man-of-War. In shape it is a

pyramid, roughly-hewn and storm-scarred, divided into two segments by a narrow chasm, through which, from our position, the light streams and illumines the restless waters of the narrow strait beneath. On the north side of St. Helens, those who are disposed for a scramble will find a *blow-hole*. Two caverns, one above the other, have been fretted into the granite. Through the floor of the higher and the roof of the lower cave, into which the sea enters, there is an aperture, and through this the air is either expelled or sucked into the lower cave, according as the advancing or receding waves fill it or leave it empty.

Agnes. (*Pop. abt. 200.*)

In Agnes, the southernmost of the inhabited islands, the most interesting objects are the lighthouse, the Punch-bowl, and the dried-up well of Sancta Warna. The **Punch-bowl** is a huge boulder of granite perched upon another boulder. It contains a rock-basin some 3 feet deep. A ladder is needed for inspecting it.

The **Well of Sancta Warna** is dried up, and is more interesting for its associations than for its surroundings. Here Sancta Warna is said to have landed after her voyage in a coracle across the Atlantic from Ireland; and here, in by-gone times, on Sancta Warna's day the natives of Agnes gathered together to pray for wrecks! The old fisherman, who years ago showed the well, expressed great doubts as to this latter fact: "They were very bad in old times," he said, "but not bad enough for that." Perhaps, as at Morwenstow, the petition was modified: "If wrecks there must be, let them be here." The coast of Agnes is low and uninteresting. Near the well is **Bead Bay**, so-called from the beads which strewed its shores after the wreck of a vessel bound for the coast of Africa. This wreck took place many years ago, but a bead can still, from time to time, be picked up on the sands. As one walks along the coast, carns or low-lying oblong heaps of stones, some of them nearly grass-grown, may be noticed. These, we were told, marked the resting-places of bodies thrown upon the shore by the sea, which were buried where they were found, until an Act of Parliament was passed directing the burial of such bodies in parish burial grounds. The *Gugh of Agnes* is a promontory, on the east of the island, that at high spring tides is turned into an islet.

To the west of Agnes, as far as the Bishop Lighthouse, are the Western Islands, the largest group of the Archipelago. They are full of interesting rock forms, infinite variety of sea birds, and many seals. **Annet** is the chief accessible haunt of sea-birds.

St. Martins (*Pop. abt. 180*) is in itself devoid of special interest, but affords from the comparatively high ground (147 ft.), on which its day-mark stands, a good view of the archipelago.

N.B.—**Boatmen.** The men who pester tourists, on their arrival at the new quay with cards, are quite capable of making





a voyage to the nearer of the adjoining islands, such as Agnes, Tresco, or St. Martins. But among them there are some more qualified than others, and some are merely boatmen in the intervals of cobbling or gardening. For a longer voyage to the outlying islands, tourists are recommended to engage none but experienced men, and on no account to attempt boating by themselves. The seas of Scilly abound in lurking rocks, which only come out of their hiding when the boat is some two or three feet away from them. To the risk of reefs must be added that of capricious weather, which is often fatal to Scillonian navigators themselves. The best plan is to take counsel of mine host before embarking on a distant cruise.

Ferns. Scilly has a few ferns not easily procurable elsewhere. *Asplenium lanceolatum* is found on St. Marys and Agnes; *Lastrea æmula* and *L. spinulosa* in Hugh Town Marsh; *Ophioglossum lusitanicum* and *Botrychium lunaria* on St. Martins. *Asplenium marinum* is found on all the islands, and grows to great perfection at Peninnis, and *Osmunda regalis* flourishes on Hugh Town marsh.

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Express Trains from St. Pancras to Edinburgh and Glasgow, with connections to all parts of Scotland. Ordinary Return Tickets between London and Stations in Scotland are available for one month.

Tourist Tickets.—From May 1st to Oct. 31st Tourist Tickets are issued from LONDON, and all principal Stations on the Midland System, to Glasgow, Edinburgh, Greenock, Ardrossan, Oban, Inverness, Aberdeen, and other places of Tourist Resort in Scotland; to Malvern, Matlock, Buxton, Ilkley, Harrogate, Scarborough, Morecambe, Blackpool, Southport, Isle of Man, the English Lake District, and all the principal places of Tourist Resort on the Yorkshire and Lancashire Coasts; and to Belfast, Portrush, Londonderry, Connemara, and the North of Ireland. Full particulars of the Fares, and arrangements respecting the issue of Tourist Tickets, are given in the Programmes inserted in the Company's Time Tables, or can be obtained at any of the Stations on the Midland Railway, on application, during the season.

All Tourist Tickets issued to places in Scotland by Midland Route, at any time during the season, are available for the Return Journey, on any day, and by any train, up to and including the 31st of December.

Carriages.—The through Trains of the Midland Railway Company are formed of Carriages of the most improved description, fitted with an efficient continuous automatic brake, and all the most approved modern appliances.

Drawing Room Saloon Cars & Sleeping Saloon Cars.

Drawing Room Saloon Cars are run in the principal Express Trains of the Midland Company between St. Pancras and Nottingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Manchester, Liverpool, Carlisle, and Glasgow (also Edinburgh, during the summer months); and *Sleeping Saloon Cars* between St. Pancras and Manchester, Liverpool, Carlisle, Stranraer, Greenock, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, (also Perth during the summer months). Passengers holding First Class Tickets are allowed to ride in the Drawing Room Saloon Cars attached to the Day Express Trains, *without extra payment*. A charge of 5s. per berth in the Sleeping Saloon Cars is made in addition to the First Class Fare.

Dining Saloon Cars

Are attached to the 5 p.m. Train from London (St. Pancras) to Manchester, (passengers for Liverpool change into the other portion of the train at Manchester) and to the 5.15 p.m. Train from Manchester to London (St. Pancras), into which Passengers from Liverpool, etc., can change at Derby; and to the 5.40 p.m. St. Pancras to Nottingham, Sheffield, Leeds, and Bradford, and to the 4.55 p.m. from Bradford, and 5.25 p.m. from Leeds to St. Pancras. No extra charge, beyond the sum payable for the dinner will be made.

Third Class Tickets are issued by all Trains over all parts of the Midland system.

Saloon, Family, and Invalid Carriages, fitted with Lavatories, and every convenience, can be engaged for the use of parties, by giving a few days' notice at the Station, or to the Superintendent of the Line, Derby.

Pic-Nic, Pleasure, and School Parties are conveyed by the Midland Company at Reduced Fares, particulars of which can be obtained at the Stations on the line.

Excursion Trains at very low fares will be run at intervals during the summer season to and from London, Liverpool, Manchester, Yorkshire, Birmingham, Nottingham, Derby, Lancaster, and Carlisle, and all the principal parts of the Midland system, particulars of which will be announced fourteen days prior to the running of the Trains.

Derby, 1888.

JOHN NOBLE General Manager.

Eastern and Midlands Railway.

TOURS ON THE NORFOLK COAST.

CROMER.

This Company's New Line to

Cromer Beach and Sherringham

affords the most expeditious route with the

MIDLAND & NORTHERN COUNTIES & LONDON,

viâ South Lynn, Spalding (G. N.) and Peterborough, or

viâ South Lynn, Wisbech (Mid.) and Peterborough,

and also with

NORWICH, FAKENHAM, LYNN,

and other places in

CENTRAL AND NORTH WEST NORFOLK.

WEEK-END, FORTNIGHTLY, AND TOURIST TICKETS

are issued to

Cromer Beach and Sherringham

from

LONDON (King's Cross)

and all the principal Towns in the Midland Counties.

Cromer Beach Station

(with commodious Refreshment & Dining Rooms)

is within 3 minutes' walk of the Cliffs and Beach, and of the principal Hotels and Boarding Houses.

FISHING and BOATING on the celebrated

NORFOLK BROADS.

DAILY EXCURSIONS TO

Stalham for Barton Broad.

Potter Heigham „ The Thurne, Kendall Dyke, Heigham Sounds

„ „ Kickling and Horsey Broads, &c.

Martham „ Martham Broad

Great Ormesby „ Ormesby and Rollaston Broads

from

LYNN, FAKENHAM, YARMOUTH, NORWICH,
and other principal Stations on the Eastern & Midlands Railway.

For full particulars with respect to furnished apartments, board and lodging, and other accommodation to be obtained at the houses adjacent to the Broads, see the Company's Public Time Table Book.

Traffic Manager's Office,

BY ORDER.

King's Lynn, May 1888.

CALEDONIAN RAILWAY. TOURS IN SCOTLAND.



THE CALEDONIAN RAILWAY COMPANY have arranged a system of TOURS—over 100 in number—by Rail, Steamer (on Sea, River and Loch), and Coach, comprehending almost every place of interest either for scenery or historical associations throughout Scotland, including—

Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee, Inverness,
Greenock, Paisley, Dumfries, Moffat, Peebles, Stirling,
Perth, Crieff, Dunkeld, Oban, Inveraray,
*The Trossachs, Loch-Katrine, Loch-Lomond, Loch-Eck, Loch-Earn,
Loch-Tay, Loch-Awe, Caledonian Canal, Glencoe, Iona, Staffa,
Skye, Balmoral, Braemar, Arran, Bute, The Firth of Clyde,
The Falls of Clyde, &c., &c.*

TOURISTS are recommended to procure a copy of the Caledonian Railway Company's "Tourist Guide," which contains descriptive notices of the Districts embraced in the Tours, Maps, Plans, &c. They can be had at any of the Company's Stations, and also at the chief Stations on the London and North-Western Railway. They are also supplied gratis to the chief Hotels, Hydro-paths, Steamboats, &c., in Great Britain and Ireland.

Tickets for these Tours are issued at the Company's Booking Offices at all the chief Towns. The Tourist Season extends from JUNE to SEPTEMBER inclusive.

The Caledonian Company also issue Tourist Tickets to the English Lake District, the Isle of Man, Counemara, the Lakes of Killarney, &c.

The CALEDONIAN RAILWAY, in conjunction with the LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY, forms what is known as the

WEST COAST ROUTE BETWEEN SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND.

DIRECT TRAINS RUN FROM AND TO

*Glasgow, Edinburgh, Greenock, Paisley, Stranraer, Stirling, Oban,
Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, and other places in Scotland.*

TO AND FROM

*London (Euston), Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Preston, Pen-
rith (for Lake District), Leeds, Bradford, and other places in England.*

Sleeping and Day Saloon Carriages. Through Guards and Conductors.

The Caledonian Company's Trains from and to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Carlisle &c., connect on the Clyde with the "Columba," "Iona," "Lord of the Isles," "Ivanhoe," and other Steamers to and from Dunoon, Innellan, Rothesay, Largs, Millport, the Kyles of Bute, Arran, Campbeltown, Ardrishaig, Inveraray, Loch-Goil, Loch-Long, &c., &c.

An improved train service is now run between Edinburgh and Glasgow—the journey being performed by Express Trains in 65 minutes.

An express service of Trains is also run from Edinburgh and Glasgow to Stirling, Oban, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, and the North, and *vice versa*.

For particulars of Trains, Fares, &c., see the Company's Time Tables.

The extension of the railway from Greenock to Gourock Pier will, it is expected, be opened during the season of 1889. This route will be the best and most expeditious for Passengers to and from Dunoon, Kilm, Hunter's Quay, Holy Loch, Loch Long, Loch Goil, and the watering places in that district, from and to Glasgow, Edinburgh, London, Liverpool, Manchester, and other places in England and Scotland.

The Caledonian Company's large and magnificent
CENTRAL STATION HOTEL, GLASGOW,
is under the Company's own Management.

General Manager's Office,
Glasgow, 1888.

JAMES THOMPSON,
General Manager.

Glasgow & South-Western Railway.

Direct Route between Scotland and England.

EXPRESS and Fast Trains, fitted with all modern conveniences between GLASGOW (St. Enoch Station), and LONDON (St. Pancras Station), afford direct communication between the WEST and SOUTH of SCOTLAND, and ENGLAND generally.

Drawing-Room and Sleeping Saloon Carriages are run by the Morning and Evening Express Trains between Glasgow and London, and a Sleeping Saloon by the Evening Train between Greenock (Princes Pier) and London.

Family Saloon Carriages, fitted with Lavatories, &c., provided on application to the Superintendent of the Line,
St. Enoch Station, Glasgow.

THE FIRTH OF CLYDE, & WESTERN HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

(Via Greenock, Princes Pier Station.)

PRINCES PIER STATION, GREENOCK, is the most convenient point at which Tourists from all parts of England and Scotland can join the far-famed Steamers "*COLUMBA*," "*IONA*," and "*LORD OF THE ISLES*," and other Steamers, in visiting the Watering Places on the FIRTH OF CLYDE, and the WESTERN HIGHLANDS and ISLANDS of SCOTLAND.



LAND OF BURNS.

THE GLASGOW AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY traverses Districts rich in attractions to the Tourist, and intimately associated with the Poet BURNS—his Birth-place at Ayr, Alloway Kirk, and Brig o' Doon, being reached only by this line.

A Service of Express Trains is given between GLASGOW AND THE AYRSHIRE COAST, in connection with which Steamers are run daily during the season to the ISLAND OF ARRAN from Ardrossan, and to MILLPORT from Fairlie.

The **Station Hotels** at Glasgow (St. Enoch), Ayr, and Dumfries belong to, and are under the management of the Company.

JOHN MORTON,

Secretary and General Manager.

SECRETARY AND GENERAL MANAGER'S OFFICE,
GLASGOW, 1888.

SUMMER TOURS IN SCOTLAND.

THE

ROYAL



ROUTE.

GLASGOW and the HIGHLANDS

Via Crinan and Caledonian Canals.

Tourists' Special Cabin Tickets issued during the Season, valid for six separate or consecutive days' sailing by any of Mr. David Macbrayne's Steamers, **£3.**

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

Columba	Pioneer	Claymore	Islay
Iona	Glengarry	Clansman	Handa
Fusilier	Glencoe	Clydesdale	Mabel
Chevalier	Lochawe	Gladiator	Fingal
Grenadier	Lochness	Cavalier	Ud a
Gondolier	Lochiel	Staffa	Countess
Mountaineer	Linnet	Ethel	Inveraray Castle

THE ROYAL MAIL SWIFT PASSENGER STEAMER

'COLUMBA' or 'IONA'

Sails daily from middle of May till middle of October, from Glasgow at 7 a.m., and from Greenock about 9 a.m., in connection with Express Trains from London and the South, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, &c., for Kyles of Bute, Tarbert, and Ardrishaig, conveying Passengers for Oban, Glencoe, Inverness; Lochawe, Staffa and Iona, Mull, Skye, Gairloch, Lochmarea, Lochinver, Stornoway, &c., &c.

TOURS TO THE WEST HIGHLANDS (occupying about a week)

BY STEAMSHIP

'CLAYMORE' or 'CLANSMAN,'

Via Mull of Kintyre, going and returning through the Sounds of Jura, Mull, and Skye, calling at Oban, Tobermory, Portree, STOKNOWAY, and intermediate places.

Cabin Return Fare with superior sleeping accommodation 45s.
or including meals 80s.

The Route is through scenery rich in historical interest and unequalled for grandeur and variety. These vessels leave Glasgow every Monday and Thursday about 12 noon, and Greenock about 5 p.m., returning from Stornoway every Monday and Wednesday.

The Steam-Ship 'CAVALIER'

will leave Glasgow every Monday at 12 noon and Greenock at 4 p.m., for Inverness and Back (via Mull of Kintyre), leaving Inverness every Thursday morning; Cabin Fare for the Trip, with First-class Sleeping Accommodation, 30s.; or including Meals, 60s.

Official Guide Books, 3d.; Illustrated, 6d.; Cloth Gilt, 1s.

Time Bill, Map and List of Fares, sent free on application to the Owner

DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

Caithness, Orkney, and Shetland Steamers.

The North of Scotland and Orkney and Shetland Steam Navigation Company's Steamships, "St. Rognvald," "St. Magnus," "St. Nicholas," "St. Clair," "St. Olaf," and "Queen," are intended to sail during the *SUMMER MONTHS* as under, but the arrangements are subject to alteration from month to month:—

From Leith in the morning, and from Aberdeen same afternoon or evening:

To Lerwick every Wednesday and Friday.
To North Isles of Shetland every Wednesday.
To Scalloway and West Side of Shetland every Monday.
To Kirkwall every Wednesday and Friday.
To Stromness every Monday.
To St. Margaret's Hope every Monday.
To Thurso every Monday.
To Wick every Monday and Friday.
To Stornoway, during May and June, every Monday.

Returning South:

From Lerwick every Monday and Saturday.
From Scalloway every Wednesday evening.
From Kirkwall every Tuesday and Thursday.
From Stromness every Thursday.
From St. Margaret's Hope every Thursday.
From Stornoway every Wednesday evening.
From Thurso every Thursday morning.
From Wick every Tuesday forenoon and Thursday afternoon.


The Royal Mail Steamer "St. Olaf," from Stromness every week-day during April, May, June, July, and August, at 3 p.m., touching at Scapa Pier (Kirkwall), thence to Scrabster Pier (Thurso). From Scrabster Pier (Thurso, on receiving the Mails, about 8 p.m., landing Mail-bag by Boat at South Ronaldshay, and touching at Scapa Pier, thence to Stromness. Throughout the rest of the year, the "St. Olaf" leaves Stromness at 5.30 a.m. for Scrabster Pier, returning from Scrabster Pier about 10.30 a.m., touching at Scapa Pier going and returning.

PASSAGE FARES.

From Albert Dock, Leith.

From Aberdeen.

	1st Cabin.	2nd Cabin.		1st Cabin.	2nd Cabin.
To Wick - - - -	18s.	9s. 0d.	To Wick - - - -	12s.	7s. 0d.
To Thurso - - - -	18s.	9s. 0d.	To Thurso - - - -	12s.	7s. 0d.
To St. Margaret's Hope	20s.	9s. 0d.	To St. Margaret's Hope	16s.	7s. 0d.
To Stromness - - - -	20s.	9s. 0d.	To Stromness - - - -	16s.	7s. 0d.
To Kirkwall or Scapa Pier	20s.	9s. 0d.	To Kirkwall or Scapa Pier	16s.	7s. 0d.
To Lerwick - - - -	26s.	10s. 6d.	To Lerwick - - - -	21s.	8s. 6d.
To Scalloway - - - -	26s.	10s. 6d.	To Scalloway - - - -	21s.	8s. 6d.
From Scalloway to places on West Side	- - - -	- - - -	- - - -	5s.	2s. 6d.
From Lerwick to places in North Isles	- - - -	- - - -	- - - -	6s.	3s. 0d.

 Return Tickets available to return within three Calendar Months, are issued at the rate of a Single Fare and a half, with liberty to the holders to break the journey at any of the Ports of Call.

Scrabster to Scapa and Stromness,	First Cabin, 6s.	Second Cabin, 3s.
Scapa to St. Margaret's Hope & Stromness	2s.	1s.
St. Margaret's Hope to Stromness	3s.	1s. 6d.
St. Margaret's Hope to Scrabster	4s.	2s.

Return Tickets issued to or from Orkney and Shetland by the other Vessels belonging to the Company, are NOT AVAILABLE by the Mail Steamer "St. Olaf" across the Pentland Firth. Return Tickets are issued for that passage only, at the usual rate.

First-class Hotel accommodation at Lerwick, Scalloway, Kirkwall, Stromness, Wick, and Thurso.

For further particulars, including days and hours of sailing, see Monthly Sailing Bills, which may be had on application to GEORGE HOURSTON, Agent, 64, Constitution Street, Leith CHARLES MERRYLEES, Manager, Aberdeen.

Steamers.

LOCH LOMOND & LOCH LONG

Commencing 1st June.

SALOON



STEAMERS

Loch Lomond.—Leave BALLOCH PIER daily about 9.0, 10.40 a.m., 12.30 and 5 p.m. HEAD OF LOCH on Mondays at 6.15 a.m.; daily (except Monday) at 8.25 a.m.; daily at 10.55 a.m., 1.20 and 4.10 p.m.

THOMAS McLEAN, *Manager*,
99, Main St., Alexandria, N.B.

Coach.

SCOTLAND—ROSS-SHIRE.

ROYAL ROUTE,

Shortest and Cheapest, from Auchnasheen to Gairloch.

Mr. MAC IVER, Auchnasheen,

begs to inform the public that he has now began to run his **Large Coaches** for the season.

The Coach leaves Auchnasheen Station and Hotel daily at 12.30, proceeding by Loch Rosque, through the pass of Glen Docherty, thence along Loch Maree to Loch Maree Hotel; by Victoria Falls to the heights of Slattadale, whence only the Islands of Loch Maree can be seen to advantage, with a beautiful view of the loch and Ben Slioch in the background; then by Feurlloch, through Kerrysdale with its charming falls, arriving at Gairloch Hotel at 5.30. p.m., and returning from Gairloch the next morning about 10 a.m., reaching Auchnasheen in good time for lunch before the departure of trains.

A **Passenger Mail Car** leaves Auchnasheen, on the arrival of the 2.20 train, for Kinlochewe, Loch Maree, Gairloch, Poolewe, and Aultbea, returning to Auchnasheen to meet the 12.10 train next day.

Fares, from Auchnasheen, including driver (coach or car):—to Kinlochewe, 3s., Loch Maree Hotel, 6s., Gairloch, 9s., Poolewe, 10s. 6d., Aultbea, 12s.

Auchnasheen, June 25th, 1888.

Derbyshire.

A S H B O U R N E.*(The nearest Railway Station to DOVEDALE.)***GREEN MAN AND BLACK'S HEAD****H O T E L.***(Family and Commercial Posting House.)***OMNIBUSES** to and from **EVERY TRAIN.****B I L L I A R D S.**

Extract from Boswell's "Life of Dr. Johnson,"
September, 1771:—

"After breakfast I departed and pursued my journey northwards. I took my post chaise from the GREEN MAN, a very good Inn at Ashbourne, the Mistress of which, a mighty civil gentlewoman, courtseying very low, presented me with an Engraving of the sign of her house, to which she had subjoined in her own handwriting an address in such singular simplicity of style, that I have preserved it, pasted upon one of the boards of my original Journal at this time, and shall here insert it for the amusement of my readers:—

"M. Killingleys duly waits upon Mr. Boswell, is exceedingly obliged to him for this favor; whenever he comes this way, hopes for a continuance of the same; would Mr. Boswell name the house to his extensive acquaintance, it would be a singular favor conferred on one who has it not in her power to make any other return but her most grateful thanks and sincerest prayers for his happiness in time and in a blessed eternity."

FANNY WALLIS, Proprietress.

Derbyshire.

DOVEDALE.

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK HOTEL,

Pleasantly situated close to this
beautiful valley.

TESTIFIED CUISINE,

NICE APARTMENTS,

HOME COMFORTS,

MODERATE TARIFFS,

AND GOOD FISHING.

CARRIAGES by order meet trains at Ashbourne,
North Staffordshire Railway.

G. POYSER, Proprietor.

Postal Address:—Thorpe, near ASHBOURNE.

Nearest Telegraph at Ashbourne, 4 miles.

THE FOUNTAIN BATHS
(MATLOCK BATH).

LARGE SWIMMING BATH

68 degrees Fahrenheit.

600,000 gallons of clear spring water flow through this
Bath daily. Swimming taught.

HOT BATHS, SHOWER & DOUCHE BATHS.

For further information apply to W. E. HOWE, the
Library, Matlock Bath.

Derbyshire.

MATLOCK BATH.

TYACK'S NEW BATH HOTEL,

Recently enlarged and newly furnished.

A first class family house, with every comfort and modern improvement. Beautifully situated amidst its own charming grounds of twelve acres, from whence the most lovely views in Derbyshire can be seen. Very large Dining room, Drawing room, Billiard room, and private Sitting rooms. A large Swimming Bath in the hotel, and Hot Baths. Fishing. Lawn Tennis. A Bus to meet each train. Terms strictly moderate.

T. Tyack, Proprietor.

BUXTON.

1, Hartington Terrace.

Superior and select apartments, every comfort and excellent cooking. Elevated situation nearly 1,100 feet above the sea level, and south-west aspect. At the south end of the **Broad Walk**, close to the Pavilion and Gardens, and five minutes walk from the Baths.

Train or coach to Chatsworth, Haddon Hall, Matlock, Dove Dale, Castleton, and the romantic scenery of the Peak of Derbyshire. Express trains to London $4\frac{1}{4}$ hours, Manchester 40 minutes.

Personally recommended by the author of the "Thorough Guide" Series.

ADDRESS:

Mrs. A. A. BRADBURY,
1, Hartington Terrace, West Street, Buxton.

BUXTON.

AT THE SOUTH END OF BROAD WALK.

A BEAUTIFUL

Tepid Swimming Bath of Mineral Water,

18 yards by 12 yards; depth, 5 feet.

Open from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admission 6d. No Tickets.
Pay at Entrance.

THOMAS WILSON, Proprietor.

**** Private Apartments** at the **Bath House**, in an open situation and close to the Pavilion Grounds.

Devon—Cornwall.

THE OLDEST, LARGEST, & PRINCIPAL HOTEL in the TOWN

NEW INN FAMILY HOTEL,

BIDEFORD,

Family, Commercial, and General Posting House.

HENRY ASCOTT, Proprietor.

11 miles from Clovelly, pleasantly situated in the most central part of the town, and commanding very extensive views of the river Torridge and surrounding country.

PENZANCE.

SEA-SIDE.—THE QUEEN'S.

(On the Esplanade. Facing due South).

Patronized by Her Majesty the Queen of Holland.

THIS Hotel is the Principal and Largest, and is most comfortably furnished. It has a frontage of over 170 feet, all the rooms of which overlook the Bay and St. Michael's Mount. For Families, Ladies and Gentlemen only. Apartments *en suite*.

Penzance stands unrivalled for the quiet beauty and variety of its scenery, whilst the mildness and equability of its climate are admirably adapted to invalids. Ladies' Drawing, Reading, Coffee, Smoking and Billiard Rooms. Hot and Cold Baths. Table d'Hôte. An Omnibus meets every train. Posting in all its branches. Yachts, &c.

ALEX. H. HORA, Proprietor.

PORLOCK.

PORLOCK WEIR HOTEL

(Via Minehead, Somersetshire).

This Hotel is situated on the shore of Porlock Bay, close by the sea, and in the rich and lovely Vale of Porlock. It is in the centre of the Stag and Fox-Hunting country, and at the foot of Exmoor, whose wild and beautiful recesses are most conveniently visited from it.

Good Stabling, Post-Horses and Carriages.

R. GODDARD, Proprietor.

* * The Proprietor has also a Private Lodging House.

Devonshire.

COACHING.

LYNTON, LYNMOUTH, and BARNSTAPLE.



THE WELL-APPOINTED FAST
FOUR-HORSE COACH

“TANTIVY”

(CARRYING THE MAIL). RUNS DAILY THROUGHOUT THE YEAR
(Sundays excepted), in connection with the Trains of L. & S. W. Railway,
passing through some of the finest Scenery in Devonshire.

Up.				Down.			
Lynton	dep. 8 0 a.m.	Waterloo	dep. 9 0 a.m.
Barnstaple	arr. 10 55 "	Barnstaple	arr. 3 21 p.m.
"	dep. 11 3 "	"	dep. 3 40 "
Waterloo	arr. 5 17 "	Lynton	arr. 6 30 "

also convenient for train leaving Paddington 9 a.m., arriving at Lynton
6 30 p.m.

AN ADDITIONAL COACH OR CHAR-A-BANC

will run daily (Sundays excepted) during the months of July, August, and September between Lynton, Lynmouth, and Barnstaple, in connection with the London and South Western Trains, as under, being convenient for Great Western Trains also.

Up.				Down.			
Lynton	dep. 12 0 noon	Waterloo	dep. 11 0 a.m.
Barnstaple	arr. 3 0 p.m.	Barnstaple	arr. 4 43 p.m.
"	dep. 3 21 "	"	dep. 4 50 "
Waterloo	arr. 10 10 "	Lynton	arr. 7 40 "

THROUGH TICKETS issued at all L. & S. W. Railway Stations.

Booking Office, opposite VALLEY of ROCKS HOTEL, LYNTON.

JONES BROS., House Agents,
Proprietors, Lynton.

SIMONSBATH, EXMOOR

(near the “Doone” Valley).

FRY'S “WILLIAM RUFUS” HOTEL,

situated in the heart of Exmoor (famed for its stag-hunting, fishing, romantic and secluded scenery, and bracing climate),

has recently been much enlarged and improved.

Families accommodated. New and extensive Stabling.

MODERATE CHARGES.

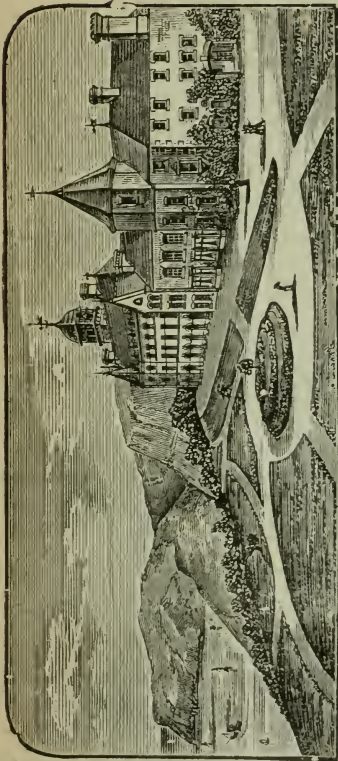
POSTAL ADDRESS:—“James Fry, William Rufus Hotel, Simonsbath, South Molton.”

Nearest Railway Station; South Molton, 10 miles distant.
Conveyances sent to meet parties.

Devonshire.

THE VALLEY OF ROCKS HOTEL.

ESTABLISHED 1800.



THIS well-known favourite and beautifully situate **FIRST-CLASS HOTEL** is built on one of the Finest Sites in the neighbourhood, 500 feet above the level of the sea, with a full view of it, also the Foreland, the Tors, the Valleys of the Lyns, Cliffs, &c., &c.

It has been lately considerably enlarged, Remodelled, Improved, and fitted with the most modern conveniences.

The splendid **Table d'Hôte** and **Coffee Room**, **Reading Rooms**, **Ladies' Drawing Room**, and several **Private Sitting Rooms**, replete with every comfort, range in a long front facing the Sea, and looking into the extensive private grounds of the Hotel, &c.

Handsomely-fitted Billiard Room open during the Season for Residents in the Hotel only.

**Home Comforts, Good Fare, Prompt attention,
Moderate Charges. Tariff on application.**

POST HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

LYNTON, NORTH DEVON.

JOHN CROOK, Proprietor.

Devonshire.

LYNTON.

THE

ROYAL CASTLE FAMILY HOTEL.

PATRONISED by H.R.H. the PRINCE of WALES, and other Members of the Royal Family. The finest Sea and Land Views in the World. This Hotel standing in its own ornamental grounds of about 70 acres, 500 feet above the level of the sea, overlooking the Bristol Channel, commands uninterrupted views of the Valleys of the East and West Lyn, Lyn Cliff, Brendon and Countisbury Hills, The Tors, the Village of Lynmouth, the Foreland, the Welsh Coast, and the far-famed Valley of Rocks. Having been under the management of the present proprietor nearly fifty years, the Hotel has been recently and extensively enlarged to meet the requirements of modern society, and combines the comforts of a private house with the conveniences of a first-class Hotel. Elegant Suites of Private Apartments. Table d'Hôte. Coffee Rooms, and Ladies' Drawing Rooms, to which have been added, this season, new and commodious Smoking and Billiard Rooms, all facing the Sea. Excellent *Cuisine*. Moderate charges. Shooting (Blackcock and other game) for gentlemen staying at the Hotel only. Salmon and Trout fishing.

*Post Horses and Carriages of every description. First Class Stabling.
Coaches in the Season to Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, and Minehead.*

THOMAS BAKER, Proprietor.

Tariff on Application.

Exmoor Ponies for Sale.

Devon and Cornwall.

"Thorough Guide" Publications.

NORTH DEVON AND NORTH CORNWALL.

15 Maps and Plans (including quite new ones of Land's End and Lizard districts). 3s. 6d.

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14 Maps and Plans. 4s.

London:—DULAU & Co., 37, Soho Square, W.

Devonshire.

Lynmouth, North Devon.

LYNDALE HOTEL

AND

TORS PARK PRIVATE HOTEL

(Under the same management),

First Class, with every convenience for Families and Tourists, is most beautifully situated on an eminence, with all front rooms commanding the grandest uninterrupted views of the Harbour, Bristol Channel, Woods and Hills, and the best Landscape Scenery in the North of Devon; also overlooking the East and West Lys, and within three minutes' walk to the Beach; standing in its own very extensive grounds. Good Trout and Salmon Fishing. Posting House with good Stabling and Coach Houses. Lawn Tennis. Cheap Boarding terms. Write for Tariff with Photo' showing position of Hotels.

WILLIAM BEVAN, Proprietor.

P.S.—The Tors Park Hotel is well adapted for families wishing to make Lynmouth a winter residence, having a southern aspect and sheltered position with mild climate. Cheap winter terms after the 1st of October.

English Lakes.

A. HOULDIN,

Bookseller, Stationer, and Dealer in Fancy Goods,
LAKE ROAD,

AMBLESIDE.

—:o:—

Frith's Photographs of the Lake District.
London, Liverpool, Manchester and other Papers
supplied.

English Lakes.

CONISTON LAKE.

SLY'S

WATERHEAD HOTEL.

Tel. Address : " Sly, Coniston."

This first-class Establishment is one of the most delightfully situated Hotels in the district. It stands in its own pleasure grounds, which are tastefully laid out, and has a large private frontage to the Lake, with shaded and beautiful walks.

CROQUET AND TENNIS LAWN.

BILLIARDS.

Postal Telegraph Station at Coniston.

Open and closed Carriages. Post Horses.

An Omnibus meets all Trains.

ELIZABETH SLY, Proprietress.

DUNGEON GHYLL NEW HOTEL,

GREAT LANGDALE,

NEAR AMBLESIDE,

The nearest Hotel to Dungeon Ghyll and the Langdale Pikes.

Most conveniently situated for the ascent of Scawfell and Bowfell; or for crossing the Passes to Wastwater, Borrowdale, &c. The best guides, conveyances, and mountain ponies may be had at the Hotel; also all information respecting mountains and mountain passes.

JOS. YUDELL, Proprietor.

Board and Lodging (except in August) 35s. a week

This Hotel holds the Official Appointment of the GENERAL TOURIST'S CLUB. It is also Head-quarters of the C. T. C.

English Lakes.

WOOLPACK INN, ESKDALE.

Postal Address :—Eskdale, Holmrook, viâ Carnforth.

This ancient Inn has been recently enlarged and fitted up with Hot and Cold Baths, also refurnished for the accommodation of Tourists and Visitors. It is centrally situated in the beautiful valley of Eskdale between Scawfell, Scawfell Pikes, Bowfell, and Harter Fell. E-k Falls and Stanley Gill, the finest scene of its kind in the country, are within easy reach.

One mile from Boot Station.

Conveyances kept.

Dixon Sharpe, Proprietor.

GRASMERE.

Visitors to the English Lakes should make Grasmere their Head-quarters. Being the very centre of the District it is the most convenient place from which to make Excursions to all the other Lakes and Mountains (see Maps in Lake Guide Books).

PRINCE OF WALES LAKE HOTEL.

Patronised by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, Prince Arthur,
and the Nobility.

Well appointed and beautifully situated
on the margin of the Lake.

Hot and Cold Baths. Billiards, Lawn Tennis, &c.

Posting in all its branches.

Mountain Ponies and Guides.

Coaches, Omnibuses, and Public Conveyances
from the Hotel daily during the Season for all parts of the Lake
District. Tariff, &c. on application.

Mrs. BROWN, Proprietress.

English Lakes.

(The Central point of the Lake District.)

ROTHAY HOTEL, GRASMERE.

Delightfully situated in its own grounds of several acres, on the banks of the Rothay, and the nearest hotel to the resting-place of Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge in Grasmere Churchyard.

This Hotel is under entirely new management and has been refurnished and redecorated.

Its position in the very heart of the loveliest scenery of English Lakeland, and on the coach-route from Windermere to Keswick, renders it an unsurpassed head-quarters from which to make **excursions in all directions**. The places conveniently visited from it by *carriage* include Rydal (the home of Wordsworth), Ambleside, Windermere, Conistone, the Langdales, Thirlmere, Keswick, and Patterdale (Ullswater); there are direct *pony-tracks* to Easedale Tarn, Borrowdale, Derwentwater, Ullswater, and the tops of Helvellyn and Fairfield; while the *pedestrian* has the greatest possible choice of routes.

Omnibuses to and from the Hotel every half-hour in connection with Windermere Steamers.

PONIES AND GUIDES.

Lawn Tennis. Spacious Billiard Room.

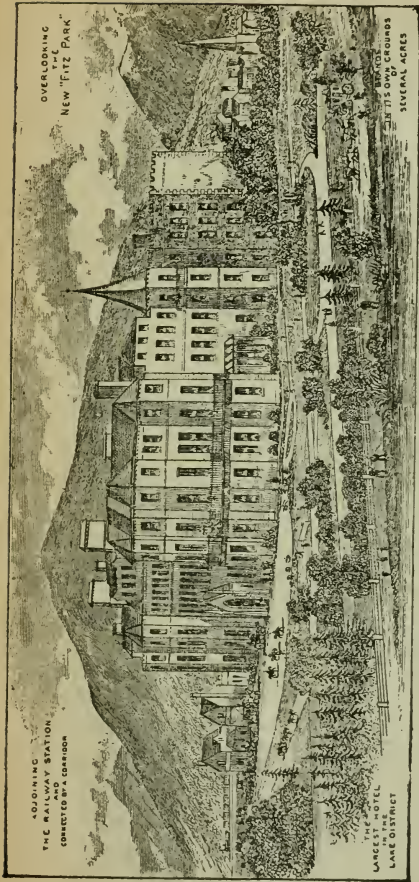
Parties, coming to the Hotel or to other places in the village, can have conveyances to meet them at Windermere, Ambleside (Waterhead), or Keswick on application.

Telegraph: "Rothay Hotel, Grasmere."

J. COWPERTHWAIT, Proprietor.

Late of Mr. Fraser's Loch Awe Hotel, Argyleshire.

English Lakes.



THE KESWICK HOTEL.

This Hotel is pleasantly situated, in its own grounds, on an eminence immediately overlooking the new Fitz Park, and commanding views of unsurpassed loveliness, including the heights of the principal mountains of the District, and is within a few minutes' walk from Lake Derwentwater. It is connected with the Railway Station by a covered way; porters attend all the trains, and the guests virtually alight at and depart from the Hotel. Spacious COFFEE and DRAWING ROOMS; also, lately added, a commodious READING ROOM, well supplied with Books, Periodicals, and Newspapers. The Kitchen is supervised by an experienced Chef.

WILLIAM WILSON, Lessee.

English Lakes.

LAKE DERWENTWATER.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, KESWICK.

This Hotel is the principal and largest in the town, is entirely under new management, and will be found replete with every comfort, having been redecorated and refurnished throughout.

Extensive and uninterrupted views of Skiddaw, Saddleback, Lake Derwentwater, and the surrounding scenery. Billiards, Hot and Cold Baths, and every accommodation required in a First Class Hotel.

Head Quarters for the Cyclist Touring Club.

COACHES TO ALL PARTS OF THE LAKE DISTRICT.

Posting in all its Branches.

An Omnibus and Porters meet all Trains at the Station Door.

PARTIES BOARDED BY WEEK OR MONTH.

R. BOWNASS, Proprietor.

Ireland.

WANDERINGS IN COUNTY DONEGAL. By a young Victorian.

Price, One Shilling.

"This sketch describes the incidents of a walking tour through the County of Donegal. Full justice is done to the country scenery, and the wanderings will doubtless answer their purpose, which is to attract public attention to the pleasures as contrasted with the dangers of Irish travelling."—*City Press*.

"An instructive and readable little volume."—*Ulster Gazette*.

"A very interesting record of pleasant rambles and shrewd observation."

Sheffield Independent.

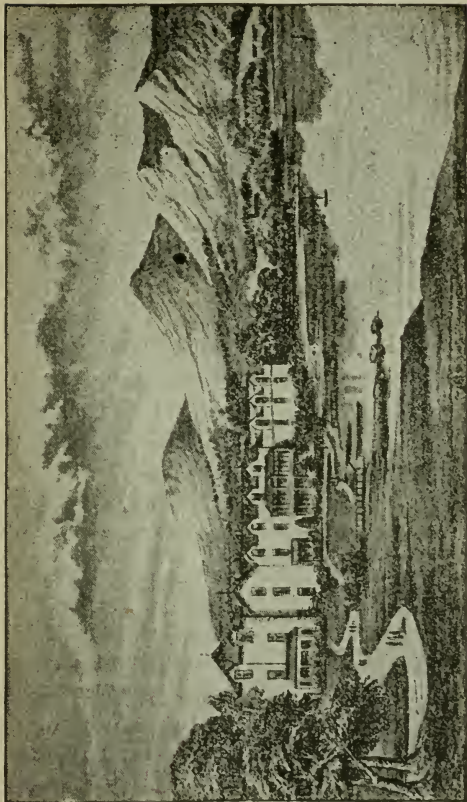
"Lively, unconventional and distinctly interesting."—*Journalist*.

LONDON: Tean & Son, 160a, Fleet St., E.C.

English Lakes.

BOATS. PONIES.
LAWN TENNIS.

DERWENTWATER HOTEL, Portinscale, Keswick.



Close to the Church.

COACHES TO ALL PARTS

Beautifully situated in its own grounds which slope down to the Lake, and surrounded on all sides by delightful walks and driving excursions.

Tel. Address (Office on the premises): "Harker, Portinscale, Keswick."

(Mrs. HARKER late M. E. BOWNASS of the Ullswater Hotel.) **Mr. & Mrs. HARKER, Proprietors.**

ULLSWATER HOTEL, Patterdale, Penrith,

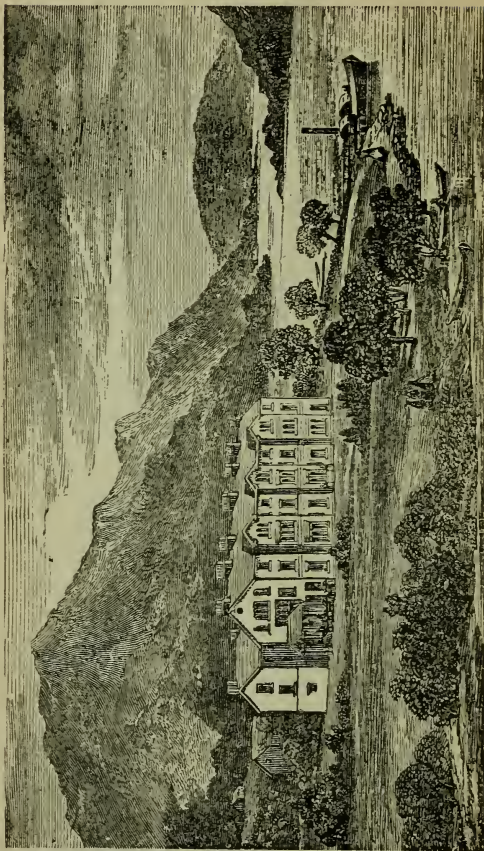
Is one of the largest and best situated first-class Hotels in the district for Families and Tourists, delightfully placed on the shores of Ullswater, within a few yards of the Steam Yacht pier, and commands most charming

28

English Lakes.

Tariff on Application.

TABLE D'HOTE 7 P.M.



Conveyances to all Parts of the District.

BILLIARDS, BOATS, &c.

and varied Views of the Lake and of the wild secluded glens and lofty rugged heights with which this picturesque and beautiful neighbourhood is surrounded. Helvellyn and Aira Force are in close proximity. The Steam Yacht and Coaches start from the front of the Hotel several times a-day.

Tel. Address : "Bownass, Patterdale."

M. BOWNASS, Proprietress.

English Lakes.

HOWTOWN HOTEL.

POSTAL ADDRESS—POOLEY BRIDGE, PENRITH.

Howtown is situated by the side of the beautiful bay at the end of the first reach of Ullswater. It is 4 miles from Pooley Bridge (nearest *Tel. Off.*), 6 from Patterdale, 9 from Penrith Station, 5 from the majestic "High Street," and $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours' walk from Haweswater.

Good fishing may be enjoyed in the Lake close by. Pleasure boats and Guides. Steam-yacht calls 3 times a day both ways.

Parties taken in to Board and Lodge on reasonable terms.

Mrs. FARRER, Proprietress.

LOW WOOD HOTEL, WINDERMERE.

ONE OF THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED HOTELS
IN THE LAKE DISTRICT.

(Fully restored.)

Beautifully situated close to, and overlooking, the finest expanse of Windermere Lake, with the loftiest cluster of English mountains, including Scawfell, Bowfell, the Langdale Pikes, and the Coniston Old Man, in the background; also within a few minutes' walk of the famous Troutbeck Road view of Windermere.

Centrally situated for excursions, on the high road from Windermere to Keswick, and easily accessible from all parts of the district.

Steamboat pier, at which all steamers call, opposite the door. Coaches and omnibuses to and from Windermere Station (3 miles) for every train.

June, 1888.

JOHN LOGAN, Proprietor.

English Lakes.

WINDERMERE HYDROPATHIC.

The only Hydropathic in the Lake District.

Situate on the east side of Lake Windermere. Panoramic Views of Lake, Wood and Mountain. Four-in-hand Coaches start from the House every morning. The largest Dining and Drawing Rooms in the district. First class Cuisine.

Perfect in Baths and Hydropathic appliances.

Address : THE MANAGER.

RIGG'S WINDERMERE HOTEL, WINDERMERE.

*(Nearest First Class Hotel in the Lake District to the
"West Coast" route to Scotland.)*

At this establishment Families and Tourists will meet with every accommodation. The Hotel is most beautifully situated on an eminence, commanding views of the Lake, Mountain, and Landscape Scenery, which are unsurpassed by any in the Lake District; and also within a convenient distance of the Windermere Railway Station. Spacious Coffee and Drawing Rooms, Private Drawing Rooms, also Billiard and Smoking Rooms. Postal and Telegraph arrangements excellent. Tariff, with full information, forwarded upon application.

The Royal Mail Four-Horse Stage Coaches run from this Hotel and the Windermere Railway Station daily (Sundays excepted), to and from Ambleside, Rydal, Grasmere Lake, Grasmere, Wythburn, Thirlmere, and Keswick-on-Derwentwater. For times of arrival and departure see London and North Western Railway Time Tables at all their Stations. Private Carriages or Omnibuses can be secured to meet the Trains at Windermere to convey families to other parts of the Lake District.

Tel. Address : "Rigg, Hotel, Windermere."

APRIL, 1888.

JOHN RIGG, Proprietor.

English Lakes.

OLD ENGLAND HOTEL, BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE,

(Telegraphic Address: "Old England, Windermere.")

Within a hundred yards of the steamboat pier.

A First-class Hotel, patronised by the Nobility and best English and American families.

The Grounds extend to the Lake, with private Boat-Landings.

Billiards, Hot and Cold Baths, Lawn Tennis, &c.

Head Quarters of the Windermere Yacht Club.

LIST OF FIXTURES SENT.

Four-in-Hand Coaches daily throughout the season to Coniston, Keswick, Ullswater, and the district generally.

Omnibuses attend all Trains at Windermere Station; also, at the steamboat pier, the boats from Lake Side (terminus of the Midland and Furness route) and Ambleside.

TARIEFF ON APPLICATION.

Mrs. RICHARDS, Proprietress.



THE ROYAL HOTEL

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE,

IS THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED HOTEL IN THE LAKE DISTRICT.

A Coffee Room is set apart for Ladies and Parties.

Coaches to all parts of the District.

Private Conveyances of every Description.

Tel. Address: "Royal, Bowness, Windermere."

English Lakes.

WINDERMERE.



LAKESIDE HOTEL

(under new management).

Postal Address: "near Ulverston"; *Telegraphic,* "Walker, Hotel, Newby Bridge."

Opposite Steamboat Pier and Railway Terminus
(Furness and Midland).

Fast Service of Trains from all parts; direct from St. Pancras.

COMMANDS A FINE VIEW UP THE LAKE.

Acknowledged to be the most artistic entrance to the District.

Boats. Billiards. Lawn Tennis. Good Fishing.

BOARDING TERMS: 9s. a day, 60s. a week; Week-end, 18s.

Taylor B. Walker, Proprietor.

WASTWATER HOTEL,

WASDALE.

GREATLY ENLARGED FOR THIS SEASON.

Postal Address:—"Wasdale, Gosforth, viâ Carnforth."

Situated 1 mile above the head of the famous Wastwater, at the foot of the loftiest cluster of mountains in England, including Scawfell Pike, Scawfell, Great Gable, and the Pillar, and approached by the most romantic pony tracks in the kingdom from all parts of the Lake District; also by road from Drigg (13 miles) and Seascale stations on the Furness Railway. Five miles by pony-track from Boot Station.

Conveyances, Guides, and Mountain Ponies.

Ireland—Killarney.

THE LAKE HOTEL,

THE ONLY HOTEL IN KILLARNEY SITUATED ON
THE LAKE SHORE.

It is essential to inform Tourists that there is at Killarney but *one* Establishment called "THE LAKE HOTEL." It is situated in the Bay of Castletown, on the Eastern shore of the Lower Lake, in the centre of the varied scenery of the Lake, within ten minutes' drive of the Railway Station, and two minutes' walk of the public road where Glengarriffe car takes up and puts down travellers. The waters of the Lake approach the hall door, and hence the distinctive title, "The Lake Hotel."

BILLIARDS. BATHS. LAWN TENNIS.

Boats and Vehicles of every description supplied at Fixed and Moderate Charges.

No Gratuities allowed to Boatmen, Drivers, &c., as all are paid ample wages by the Proprietor. The Lake Hotel Omnibus attends the arrival and departure of the Trains.

E. M. BERNARD, Proprietor.

"Adjoining the Hotel is the Abbey of Muckross—access at all times. The situation of the Hotel is unsurpassed, occupying the centre of the circle described by the mountain ranges of Mangerton, Torc, Eagle's Nest, Purple Mountains, Glenna Toonies, Dunle Gap, and Carran-tual. It concentrates in one view all that is graceful, picturesque, and sublime in the scenery of Killarney. The Bed rooms and Sitting-rooms face the Lake, and the arrangements of the Hotel are all that can be desired."—*Harpur's Hand-book for Travellers in Europe and the East*, p. 59.

LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

By Her Gracious Majesty's Special Permission

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL,

Patronized by the principal Royal Families of Europe
and leading American Families.

Magnificently situated on the lower lake, and highly
recommended for its superior comfort.

HOTEL OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

Ireland—North Wales.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, BRAY, County Wicklow.

This First Class Hotel is situated near the Railway Station, Sea beach, and Esplanade, central to all the far-famed Scenery of the County of Wicklow.

Visitors to this fashionable place will find THE INTERNATIONAL HOTEL replete with every comfort, and the *Cuisine* and Wines of the best quality.

All Charges are fixed and moderate.

Boarding Terms per week may be had on application to the Manager. *Telegraphic Address*:—International, Bray, Ireland.

C. DUFRESNE, Proprietor.

North Wales.

THE GEORGE HOTEL, BANGOR FERRY.

Bangor is the best centre for visiting all the best scenery in Snowdonia, etc.

The position of the Hotel is unrivalled, standing in its own extensive grounds on the banks of the Menai Straits, overlooking the famous Tubular and Suspension Bridges.

OMNIBUS MEETS TRAINS AT BANGOR STATION.

LAWN TENNIS, BOATS, BILLIARDS, POSTING, &c.

Tel. Address : "George Hotel, Bangor."

W. DUDLEY DANCE, Manager.

"Come unto these yellow sands."—SHAKESPEARE.

BARMOUTH,

The Favourite Watering-Place on the West Coast of Wales.

TAL-Y-DON (Private) HOTEL. HIGH STREET,

Near the Station and the Beach.

(ESTABLISHED 1876.)

JAMES KYNOCH, Proprietor.

North Wales.

BETTWS-Y-COED.

ROYAL OAK HOTEL

Tel. Address : " Oak, Bettws-y-Coed."

This celebrated Hotel has an unrivalled situation, and is very suitable as a centre from which the most beautiful scenery in North Wales may be visited.

PRIVATE ROAD TO STATION.

Omnibus meets all Trains.

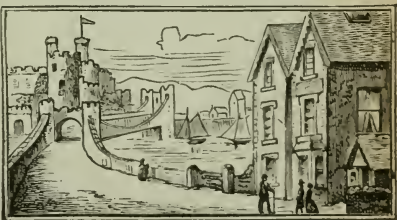
The Coaches for Llanberis, Beddgelert, Bangor, &c., start daily from this Hotel.

Posting. Lawn Tennis. Billiards. First-class Stabling.

EDWARD PULLAN, Proprietor.

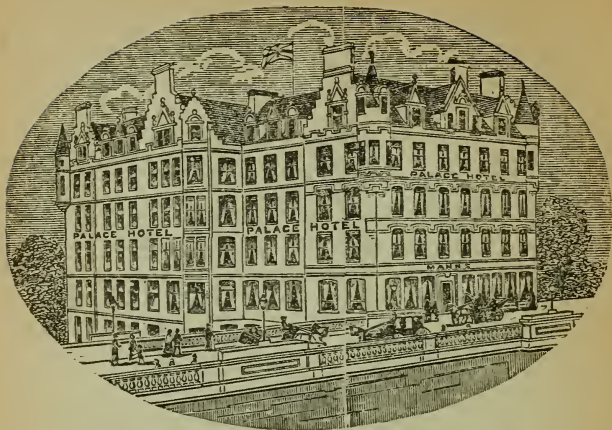
JUNCTION HOTEL, near CONWAY.

Within five minutes' walk of Conway Castle, immediately opposite Llandudno Junction Station and within ten minutes' Train to Llandudno. Families, Tourists, and Commercial Gentlemen will find every comfort at this Hotel. Charges Moderate. Excellent Coffee and Private Sitting Rooms. With good view of Castle, River, and Town of Conway. Posting. Choicest Wines, Spirits, and Cigars.



C. JONES, Proprietress.

Scotland.



PALACE HOTEL,

UNION STREET & BRIDGE STREET
ABERDEEN.

*One Hundred Yards from the Station and
overlooking the Open and Ornamental Space of
Denburn Gardens.*

**One of the largest, most recently erected,
and best appointed Hotels in Scotland.**

*Hotel Omnibus and Porters attend the arrival and
departure of Trains.*

**HANDSOMELY FURNISHED DRAWING-ROOM,
with Chickering Grand Piano.**

Under the Patronage of the Courts of Europe.

CHARLES MANN,
Proprietor and Manager.

Scotland.

ABERFOYLE.

BAILIE NICOL JARVIE HOTEL.

Tourists and Families will find every comfort at this Hotel, which has recently been enlarged. It is situated amidst enchanting scenery on the banks of the River Forth, at the *Starting Point* of the *New Road* to the Trossachs and Loch Katrine, over which Coaches are run daily during the summer. Boats on Loch Ard and Loch Chon for Fishing and Pleasure Parties. Tennis Lawn.

Railway Station, Post and Telegraph Offices within two minutes walk of the Hotel.

POSTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

JAMES BLAIR,—Proprietor.

BLAIR ATHOLE.

ATHOLE ARMS HOTEL

(ADJOINING THE STATION).

Tel. Address : "Hotel, Blairathole."

Now one of the largest and best-appointed Hotels in the Highlands. Situation unrivalled as a central point from which to visit the scenery of the Perthshire Highlands, such as Killiecrankie, the Queen's View of Loch Tummel, Lochs Tay and Rannoch, Glen Tilt and Braemar, the Falls of Bruar, Garry, Tummel and Fender, Dunkeld, &c.

The bridge across the Tarff now being open, the delightful excursion through Glen Tilt to Braemar can be made with perfect safety.

This is also the most convenient resting place for breaking the long railway journey to and from the North of Scotland.

Posting Department extensive and complete. Guides and Ponies for Braemar or Mountain Excursions.

D. MACDONALD & SONS,

Proprietors.

Scotland.

B R A E M A R.

THE

INVERCAULD ARMS,

THE FINEST HOTEL SITUATION IN
SCOTLAND.

*Recently Re-erected after Plans by J. T. WIMPERIS, Esq.,
Sackville Street, London.*

Magnificent Dining Hall,

Elegant Ladies' Drawing Room,

AND
Numerous Suites of Apartments.

POSTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

By appointment Posting Master to the Queen.

 **Coaches during the Season to
Blairgowrie, Dunkeld, and Ballater.**

EXCELLENT SALMON FISHING

In connection with the Hotel.

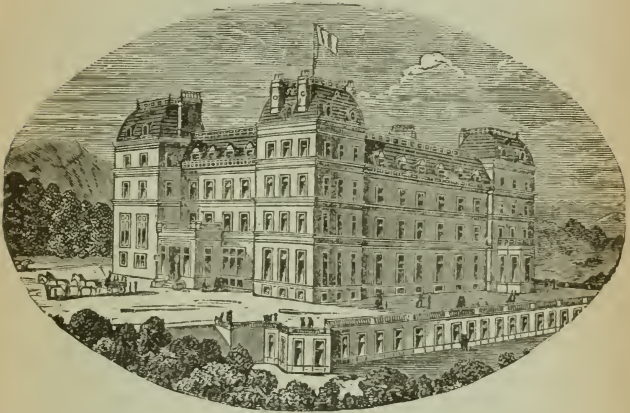
Letters and Telegrams punctually attended to.

Tel. Address: "Invercauld Arms, Braemar."

A. MCGREGOR.

Scotland.

CALLANDER AND TROSSACHS HYDROPATHIC, CALLANDER.



This Magnificent Establishment, situated in the centre of the Loch District of Scotland, has been acquired by a new Company of Proprietors, and has undergone extensive alterations and improvements. It has been entirely re-painted and decorated. Gas has been introduced throughout the Building, and special attention has been given to have a complete system of drainage.

Accommodation for over 100 Visitors.

Special Coach Excursions each day to different places of interest in the neighbourhood.

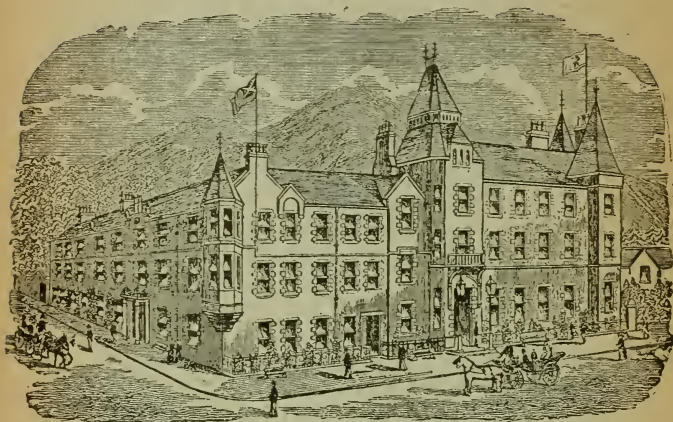
Terms :—From £2 12s. 6d. per week, or 8s. 6d. per day.

Table d'hôte Dinner 6.30 p.m.

'BUS AWAITS ALL THE TRAINS.

Scotland.

DREADNOUGHT HOTEL, CALLANDER.



This Old-Established and Favourite Hotel adjoins the Callander Railway Station, and is the most convenient and comfortable place for Tourists to and from Oban and the Trossachs to break their journey.

LARGE POSTING ESTABLISHMENT.

COACHES TO THE TROSSACHS.

Fishing on the River and Lochs Free to Visitors.

Accommodation for over 100 Visitors.

MODERATE CHARGES.

TARIFF :—Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 2s. 6d. ; Dinner, 4s. ; Tea, 1s. 6d. ; Bedroom, 2s. 6d. and upwards ; Table d'Hôte Dinner at 6.30. Attendance per Day, 1s. 6d. ; Private Parlour, 5s. and upwards.

Special Coach Excursions Daily at Low Rates.

Scotland.

EDINBURGH.

Nearly opposite
the General Post
Office, and only a
few minutes' walk
from General
Railway Termi-
nus.

Special terms
for board during
Winter Months.



DARLING'S REGENT TEMPERANCE HOTEL, 20. WATERLOO PLACE, PRINCES STREET.

Edinburgh.

THE

WINDSOR HOTEL.

FIRST CLASS.

100, PRINCES STREET,
OPPOSITE THE CASTLE.

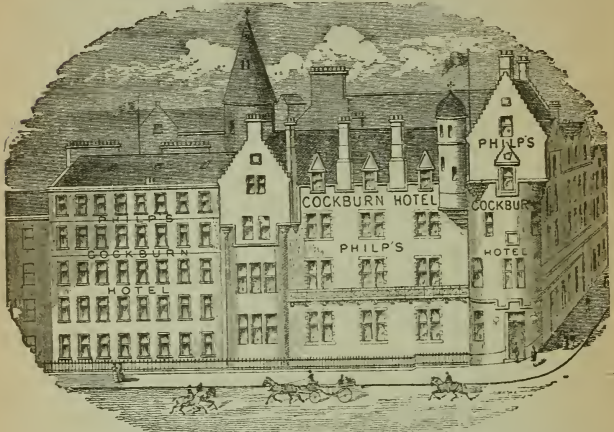
A. M. THIEM,
PROPRIETOR.

Scotland.

EDINBURGH.

COCKBURN HOTEL,

Adjoining the WAVERLEY STATION.



Bed and Attendance from 2s. 6d. Tariff equally moderate.

JOHN MACPHERSON, Proprietor.

No Spirituous Liquors.

Edinburgh.

LONDON HOTEL

Is conveniently situated, ST. ANDREW SQUARE, being in the most central position of the New Town. The spacious Square in front is a great attraction.

The Hotel has been handsomely redeccorated, and will now be found one of the most comfortable, quiet, and best arranged houses.

The Wines and Cuisine are of the best.

J. J. MEPHIUS, Proprietor.

Scotland.

CHEVALIER HOTEL,

FORT-WILLIAM, N.B.

THIS HOTEL IS UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

Mr. Alex. CAMPBELL (late of Caledonian Hotel, Oban),

And is the only First-Class Hotel convenient to Steamboat Pier.

Passengers leaving Oban for Inverness would do well to break their journey at Fort-William, and leave next morning by steamer at 9 a.m., thus avoiding the *early* start from Oban (6 a.m.).

The Hotel is largely patronised by Tourists and Commercial Gentlemen, and is the nearest point to start for the ascent of Ben Nevis, where Guides and Ponies are always kept in readiness.

Arrangements can be made to board by week or month.

Charges Strictly Moderate.

POSTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Telegraphic Address: "CAMPBELL," FORT-WILLIAM.

Boyd's GUIDE TO OBAN

by

M. J. B. BADDELEY, Editor of "Thorough Guide" Series.
Plan of Town and 4 Maps.

One Shilling.

THOMAS BOYD, 54, 56 and 58, George St., Oban.
Edinburgh:—JOHN MENZIES & SON, 12, Hanover St.

Constable's GUIDE TO GLASGOW and neighbourhood
by M. J. B. BADDELEY and others.

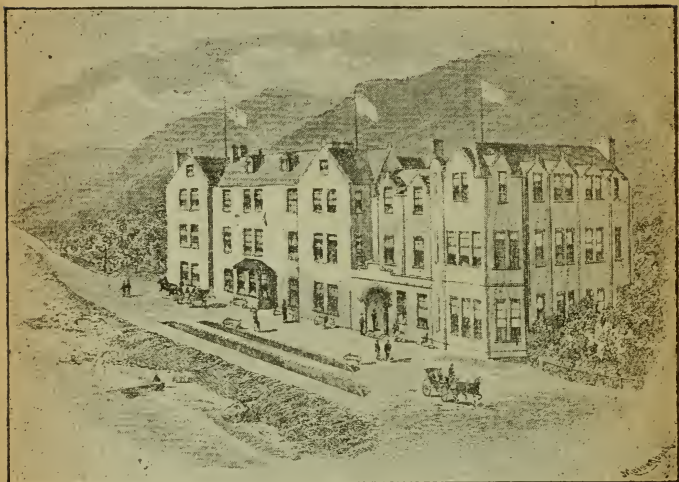
Maps and Plans.

One Shilling.

JAMES MACLEHOSE & SONS, 61, St. Vincent St., Glasgow.

Scotland.

GAIRLOCH HOTEL, ROSS-SHIRE.



THIS Favourite Hotel has been acquired by a new Company of Proprietors who will endeavour to make it one of the most Popular and Comfortable Hotels in the Western Highlands. It has been entirely Overhauled, Re-Decorated, and largely Re-Furnished.

The Hotel is reached on the West Coast by Mr. David MacBraynes well-known Steamers going *viâ* Oban, Portree, and Strome Ferry, and from the East by the Highland Railway to Auchnasheen, thence by Mail Coach. Circular Tourist Tickets will be issued.

The New Route by Steamer "MABEL," on Loch Maree, returning by Coach, or *vice versâ*, and which is worked by Mr. David MacBrayne, is sure to be a favourite and attractive one.

The Hotel itself is situated amid the most magnificent Highland Scenery, while Sea-bathing, Boating, Fishing, and Driving can be enjoyed to perfection.

A special feature of the New Management will be Moderate Charges.

G. FABER, Manager,

Late of Balmoral Hotel, Edinburgh.

Scotland.

GLASGOW.

PHILP'S COCKBURN HOTEL,

141, BATH STREET.

Charges
Strictly
Moderate.

PASSENGER
ELEVATOR.

BILLIARD
ROOMS.

Turkish
& other Baths.



100 Rooms.
High Class
Temperance
House.

During
Exhibition :

PHILP'S
HOTEL ANNEX
218, BATH ST.

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This Hotel is beautifully situated on the river Cannich, and in one of the most romantic Glens in Scotland; is under New Management, and has recently undergone thorough repair, newly furnished throughout, and a fresh supply of water by gravitation added. Parties patronising this house will receive every attention and comfort, with cleanliness and moderate charges.

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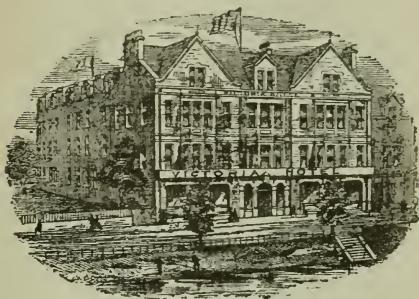
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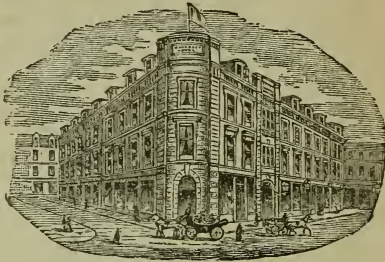
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Moderate
Charges.

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Canal Steamers.

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PROPRIETOR.

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Three minutes' Walk from the Pier.*

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TERMS MODERATE.

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Scotland.

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(Under the same Management as the Dalmally Hotel, Loch Awe.)

This large and magnificently situated Hotel, at the foot of Ben Cruachan, and commanding a full view of the upper reaches of Loch Awe, with its beautiful islands, and Kilchurn Castle, has been fitted up with all the most modern improvements. The Loch Awe Station of the Callander and Oban Railway, and the Pier which forms the terminus of all the steamer routes, adjoin the grounds.

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Numerous Daily Excursions of Great Interest and Beauty.

Special arrangements made with families and large parties. Boats and boatmen in attendance.

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DALMALLY HOTEL

(connected by Telephone with Loch Awe Hotel, 2½ m. distant),

is in the beautiful valley of the Orchy, half-a-mile from Dalmally Station. It has been much enlarged, and a handsome Dining Hall has been added.

THE CHALET.—On a fine site close to the Hotel there is erected a commodious Villa, which is used in connection with the Hotel, and where families can enjoy all the privacy of a home.

The Dalmally, Lochlomond (Tarbet), and Inveraray Coaches arrive at, and depart from this Hotel daily, and Tourists are booked to Dalmally by the splendid Steamer "Lord of the Isles."

LAWN TENNIS.

The Salmon-fishing in the Orchy, free to visitors at the Hotel, is amongst the best near the West Coast.

The following is a favourite route to the Highlands: Train to Greenock; steamer "Lord of the Isles" to Inveraray; coach to Dalmally; train to Oban.

Tourists will find the above Hotels most convenient for breaking the journey to and from Oban and the Western Highlands, and most desirable starting-places for the excursions to Staffa and Iona, Glencoe, Loch Etive, Inveraray, Loch Awe, Falls of Orchy, &c., all of which can be made in a day.

D. FRASER, Proprietor.

Scotland.

PORTSONACHAN HOTEL, LOCH AWE.

The proprietor of this well-known and favourite Hotel has had it enlarged this season, and it now contains spacious Dining Room, Smoking Room, Drawing Room, Private Sitting Rooms, and superior Bedroom accommodation.

The Hotel is delightfully situated, commanding views of Lake and Mountain Scenery which are unsurpassed in the west of Scotland.

Its Position is also very central, and many places of interest can be visited daily, including Oban, Inveraray, Loch Etive Head, Falls of Blairgour, Ford, and the Pass of Brander. All the steamers on the Lake call at the Hotel Pier, and the Hotel Steamer, besides visiting the various places of interest on the Loch, plies three times daily to and from Loch Awe Station in connection with trains from Oban and the South (*see Time-table below*). The Hotel can also be visited from Oban by the beautiful new route through Glen-Nant, originated by the proprietor.

The Fishing on Loch Awe is free, as also on several Hill Lakes, and first-class boats and experienced boatmen are reserved for the use of visitors.

A *Post Office* has now been established in the Hotel, and letters and telegrams are received and despatched three times daily during the season.

Letters and Telegrams receive prompt attention.

Postal Address :—

PORTSONACHAN HOTEL,

LOCH AWE,

PORTSONACHAN, ARGYLLSHIRE, N.B.

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PORTSONACHAN HOTEL,

LOCH AWE.

STEAMER SAILINGS.

Approximate.

("KILCHURN CASTLE.")

Leave Leave

Portsonachan. Lochawe Station.

*8.0 a.m. †9.30 a.m.

12.40 p.m. 1.50 p.m.

4.0 p.m. 5.20 p.m.

HOTEL TARIFF.

Breakfast 2/6

Lunch, from 1/0

Dinner 3/6

Tea (plain)... .. 1/6

Bedroom, from 2/6

Attendance... .. 1/6

Fishing boat...pr. diem. 1/6

THOMAS CAMERON, Proprietor.

*Up to 1st July, 10 a.m.

† Up to 1st July, 11.30 a.m.

Scotland.

Free Trout, Salmon, & Salmo-Ferox Fishing on Loch Awe.

TAYCREGGAN HOTEL, NORTH PORTSONACHAN.

First-Class Hotel for Families and Anglers, close to Loch Awe at Portsonachan half an hour's sail from Loch Awe Station, and one hour's drive from Taynult Station. Replete with every convenience. Is the *nearest* First-Class Hotel to Loch Awe, Loch Avich, Loch Nant, and ten other Hill Lochs, all Free to Visitors and mostly within easy walking distance, and some of which have been stocked with Loch Leven Trout and can only be fished by staying at this Hotel. All Steamers call at the Hotel Pier. A Coach in connection with the Steamer, 'Countess of Breadalbane,' leaves the Hotel daily in the season, running through Glen Nant. Passengers booked for Taynult, Oban, Head of Loch Etive and Loch Awe *via* Pass of Brander.

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Coaches to and from Inverary, Loch Awe, and Oban daily.

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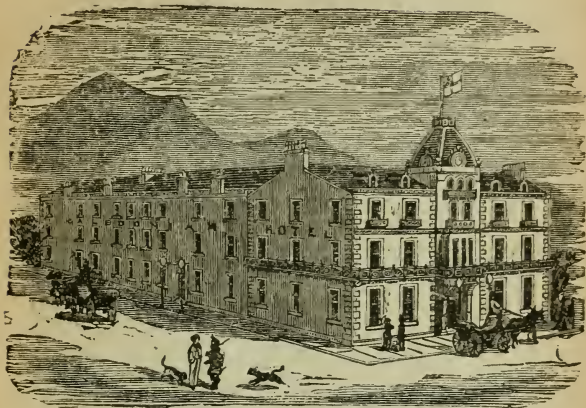
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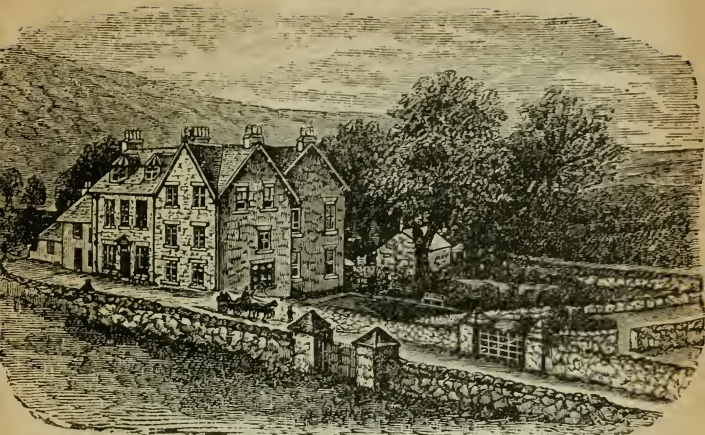
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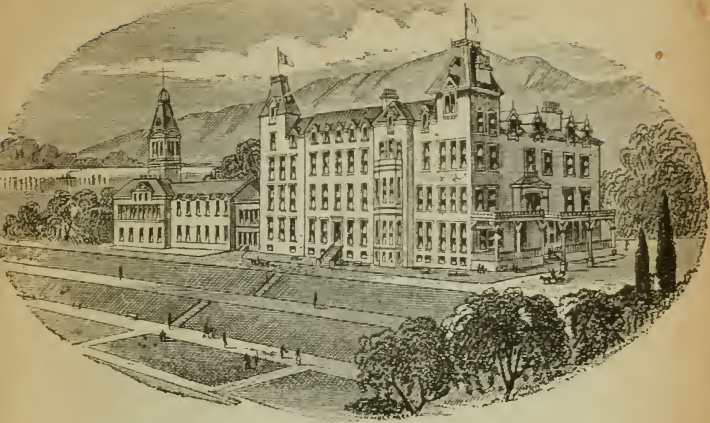
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